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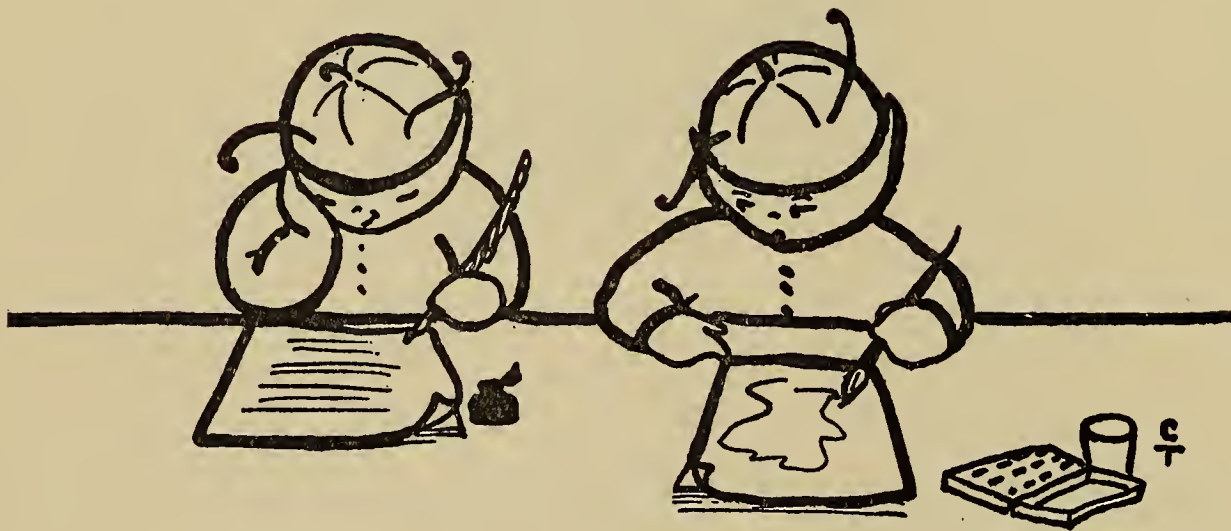
ALUMNAE



Is our civilization at its peak now? Will it now fall? Many people ask this question with fear in their hearts—as well there should be. Did not Rome fall at her greatest moment? Did not Athens? Carthage? It is hard to believe that this tragedy could happen to us—yet it might . . .

How can we save this culture of ours? By digging deeper than just the crust, by finding more substantial solid beneath the sand, by finding the essence of life itself. If we live off the sand of the earth and only scrape the surface of life—then all our castles will tumble down. For we all know that when the water rushes up and over our sand castles, they crumple—and all we have left is a shapeless mound. Will that be our civilization when the waters of time have washed over it—a mound of sand? Or will it be that, because we have dug deeper and built our castles of a firmer substance, our civilization will withstand the onrushing waters . . .

Literary



and Art

THE ICY DEPTHS

The fog over the waterfront was spread like a heavy blanket on a cold winter's night. The lights, which were few and far between, looked like tiny fireflies caught in a trap. It was January; the night was very cold.

The man sat on the wharf, listening to the waves lapping the sides like an animal eagerly searching for its food.

Presently he stood up and looked around. Seeing nothing, he crept cautiously along the wharf back towards the street. Looking up the street he could see the search lights scanning the ocean carefully—oh, so carefully. No escape there! One more quick glance showed him the police cars blocking every street and the policemen methodically searching every possible place of hiding for the escaped convict. No matter, he was too smart for that kind of thing anyway.

Frantically, for such a self-assured and calm man, he ran back to the wharf and hanging over the edge, managed to hold on to something under the wharf. The water was cold . . . so cold.

Come, let us walk in hand with fate and get a glimpse into this "brilliant" young operator's mind. Come, do not be afraid. Fate has no favorites—or does he???

"Ha!" he thought to himself; "they'll never find me here, I'm too smart for them. I've got brains. They will never be able to catch me again. Never!!! This water's cold, but just so long as they don't catch me . . ."

But hush! Aren't these footsteps coming down the wharf? Does he hear them? Why isn't he afraid? Oh, I forgot myself, he's too smart, even for fate.

Clack, clack, clack, the footsteps resounded in his ear. "They'll never find me; they'll never take me. I won't let them!" he cried out to himself.

One of the officers looked under the wharf. "See anything, Jim?" said the other one. "Nope! Nothing here; can't imagine where that fella's gone. Guess he wasn't kidding when he told us that he was too smart for everybody," the one called Jim replied. Slowly the two men left, leaving the wharf in emptiness.

The water is very cold, but he doesn't notice it now. Yes, he was too smart for them. They never caught him, and they never will. It's a good thing the water doesn't bother him now. There seems to be a lot of it . . .

PAMELA HOLLINGWORTH, '54



OLD FINERY

'Twas in a dark and musty attic
That an aged dress was found.
And on it lay some old high shoes
Which also were quite brown,
A tie a trifle dirty
On which some moths had lunched,
And a handsome once-white dickey
Which they had also crunched.
As I gazed with amazement and wonder
Upon this sad array,
The old dress stirred and a distant voice
Came from where it lay:

"Oh, stranger, once my shoes were white
 And I was a nice dark blue;
 The tie was then a brilliant red
 And also very new.
 But soon I became quite shiny
 And my hem was held with pins,
 The nice red tie was spotted;
 But worse than all these things,
 I with my fellow creatures,
 High shoes, dickey, and tie,
 Were all wickedly discarded
 And left alone to die
 In this dark and cobwebbed chamber
 Which is our new abode—
 All because Lady Fashion
 Introduced a smarter mode."

CECELIA SMITH, '55

THE SUN'S RAYS

I watched you rise behind that hill,
 Your fingers reaching, searching;
 Those boneless hands would never cease
 Their ever-turning, twisting.

I saw you creep up to my door,
 You lay there resting, blinking,
 And then you pushed your way inside
 And stalked me, jesting, winking.

But when the time to go came nigh,
 You seemed to disappear and die.
 You slunk away without a sound,
 And then just melted in the ground.

MARTHA MILAN, '55

SUMMER STORM

The summer had begun. The white sails had sprung up almost overnight on the blue mirror of the harbor. Christine could see almost the entire harbor through the immaculate white ruffled curtains tied with gay yellow ribbons. If she looked southward at night she could see the bright lights of the yacht club, and, if the wind blew north, she could hear the dance music. And, if she turned her head away from the window, she could see the wheel chair that she didn't even have the strength to use anymore.

Yes, the summer had indeed begun. Chris watched the girls in bright shorts and gay halters climbing around the docks, while boys in dungarees clambered over small, sturdy crafts, and later aimed the boats seaward. The sailboats all looked the same from that distance; one might never notice the loss of the Whippoorwill. They would never notice that a boy named Andy, in a pair of patched dungarees and with a cowlick that would not stay down, never came to take a girl named Christine, who wore bright shorts and gay halters, out sailing anymore.

Chris lay back in the bed and closed her eyes.

* * *

It had been the first of the summer then, too, and the yacht club was alive with the city people coming for the season. The natives had begun to put their "Room for Rent" signs up, telling each other they hoped none of the city folk would come, yet inwardly longing for the excitement the city folk would bring.

It was then that Andrew Fairman and Christine Bolton began to paint the Whippoorwill. It was Andy's boat, but Chris crewed for him, and sometimes they took tourists out sailing. But mostly they would just laze around the harbor, laughing with the other kids, or they would sail over to Potter's Island.

So that summer hadn't started out any differently, and that day, too, had been the same. There had been a slight suggestion of thunder from the west, but the wind was blowing in toward the harbor and the sun was visible at times. The Whippoorwill had gone toward Potter's Island, the two young people on board singing merry popular tunes and laughing gayly.

But the storm blew up quickly, and the waves that had seemed so friendly and calm a moment before donned ugly white hats and tore ruthlessly at the newly painted Whippoorwill. Even Andy's strong hand on the tiller couldn't keep the boat on a steady course, and he yelled, "Down in the bottom of the boat, Chris! Get down!"

Chris had half-leaned, half-fallen into the bottom. She began to bail, but the salt water flew back at her as fast as she bailed it out. Her long curls



stung her cheeks as the wind whipped them wildly across her face. Once she tried to look up at Andy, but all she could see were the torn sails. Then the wind seemed to snap her neck and she saw the sails coming toward her. She grabbed at them.

They picked her up in the motor boat from the club. Her father was there, and Andy's father, and a steward. They had seen bits of the crumpled mast against the rocks at Potter's Island and had gone over at the risk of the crashing waves to inspect. She was hanging on to the mast, and more dead than alive. She was all they ever found of the Whippoorwill and its passengers.

And a year had passed. A year when the "nearer dead than alive" had gone from bad to worse. Another summer had come, and all that lived of the Whippoorwill in the harbor were the warnings of mothers to their children, "Remember what happened to the Whippoorwill." Only one person would ever really remember that wild yell, "Down, Chris, Down!" and would remember the tall boy with the cowlick and the sturdy craft named the Whippoorwill.

It didn't matter whether Christine looked at the harbor or the wheel chair. It was better, now that the summer had come again, to close her eyes.

CYNTHIA IRELAN, '54

A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

I guess all teen-agers all of a sudden begin to think about their parents like this: Before, they have always been just Mom and Dad who bought my clothes, cooked my meals, and tucked me into bed at night. But now as I begin to grow up, I begin to realize who they really are. To put it into teen-age talk, they are the "neatest" two people that ever lived. Just tonight I heard them say that they are sorry that they can't help me with French or Latin. Greater than my French or Latin are the lessons that they have taught me. Through them I have learned the meaning of faith and love. And what is greater than this combination? Do you suppose I could ever love and have faith, if from my cradle up they hadn't loved me and had faith in me? I know I couldn't have.

And so, Mom and Dad, if ever in this life of mine I find success, the credit will not go to the French or the Latin which I have learned, but to you who have taught me how to live.

A DAUGHTER

ME

Small

Insignificant

Alone

.
.
.
.

Except for God.

ANN COOK, '54

TURNCOAT

"Sorrow's for someone else," I said,
"Not for the young and free.
It's for those whose lives are dead
Or have not commenced to be.

"The world is gay for love is near—
Life's like a happy song."
You left the other night, my dear,
And proved me wrong.

SALOME RINGLING, '54

ADVENT OF AUTUMN

As the crisp tingle of the air closes about
my being,
I feel that all conflicts from my heart and
mind are fleeing.
While a brisk fall wind tugs at the painted
foliage I see about me,
I feel that never before has a season
experienced such glee.
The gardens that once bloomed with pastel
softness are now dying,
And in their place a blanket of leaves is
multiplying.
As I shuffle through the fallen leaves which
playfully collect below my feet,
I think—God, life, happiness, nature, peace—
complete.

BARBARA ANN MORSE, '56



SPLINTERS

LIFE

I see you with a bitter tear
So small upon your face—
So very small, so crystal clear,
Yet something I cannot erase.

Can you not see, my friend, my friend?
Are you blinded by this sorrow?
Do you not know, my friend, my friend,
That there is always tomorrow?

Too often you know only gladness,
You know not the meaning of strife,
But, friend, without a share of sadness,
Your life would not be life.

HELEN Yafa, '55

THE NIGHT GOD SPENT AT OUR HOUSE

God sat by her bedside into the night
Watching her feeble, weak life flow
Gently out and her heart beat slow.
He held her pulse till morning light
Skillfully forced the night to go.
The pulse-beat grew weaker still—
Life flowed out with the ebbing will.
Perhaps God knew it must be so.
And I, in my light-hearted youth,
Strolled in to face life the next morn
And found myself facing sterner truth!!
Remembering back before the dawn—
I must have awakened when God arose:
I heard, I swear it! a door softly close . . .

CYNTHIA IRELAN, '54





THE CATASTROPHE OF WINTER

The air is chilly.

I'll have to wear a coat outside.

Why, the sky is terribly gray.

It's a horrible-looking day!

It's getting colder all the time.

I'll have to get my mittens out.

Why can't the weather make up its mind??!

It changes as fast as you can spend a dime!

Why—are my eyes deceiving me?

Can it really be snowing now?

Why it can't!! I don't have my snow boots here—

I left them home—Oh dear!?!!

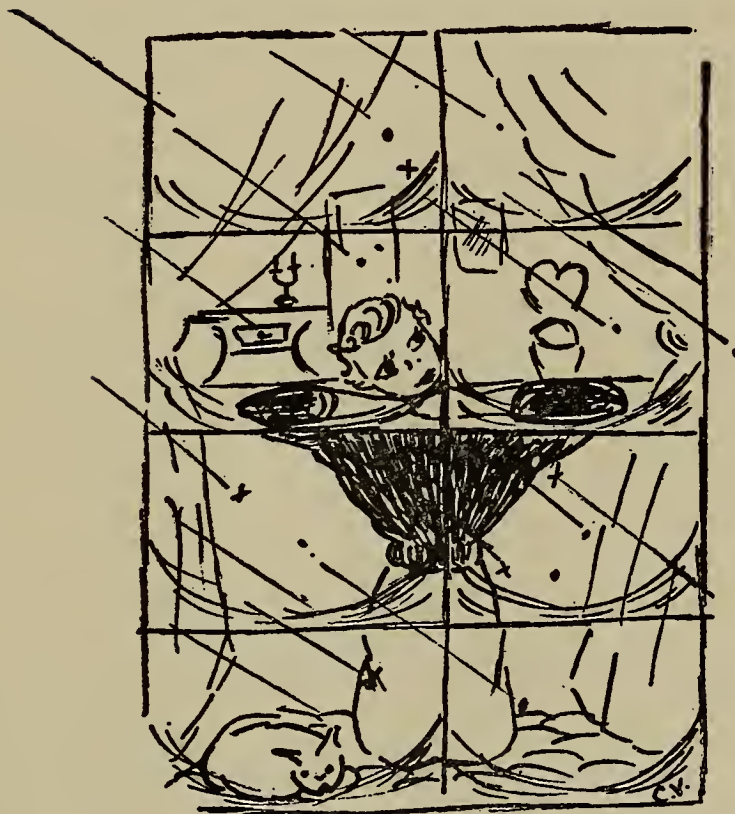
I hope it doesn't snow for long.

I don't know what I'll do.

The snow could stop and prove me wrong—

It could continue, too!!!

BARBARA SCOBIE, '55



THE HARD WAY

Time crawled by. It seemed as if that final bell would never ring. The study hall was quiet except for occasional stirrings and turning of pages.

It was Friday afternoon and I was unusually nervous and excited. I had always dreamed of belonging to the popular group at our school and now, suddenly, my dream had come true. The other day Bill MacRay had invited me to a party given by Marcia Jeffers, one of the popular girls.

My eyes kept jumping to the clock whose hands seemed to sit there immovable. Finally the bell rang and I was up and three-quarters of the way across the room before I heard Bill's voice, "Pick you up at eight, Sally." I turned around, "All right, Bill," I said, "See you then."

I raced home and whisked myself upstairs to do my homework. Every minute brought eight o'clock closer and by the time we had finished dinner, I was a nervous wreck. Dad remarked, "If this boy puts you in such a state, perhaps you shouldn't go. You realize you've hardly eaten a thing?" Before I could answer Mom had come in to announce that a car had driven up. As Bill and I were starting out the door I heard Dad yell, "Have fun, you two, and be careful."

It turned out that there really wasn't much of a party. The gang was just assembling at Marcia's and then proceeding to the basketball game. It was fabulous and, of course, Central won.

A little after eleven o'clock all of us piled into cars and began to drive around, proclaiming our victory. It was within that short lapse of time, as we drove, that I discovered a new side to this popular gang—one, I was sure, none of the other kids had seen. They craved excitement and speed and found it in racing madly down long stretches of highway. What happened in the next few minutes no one knows; I can only vaguely remember, but it all started this way.

We had been shouting our victory for at least a half an hour when one of the fellows, Bart, yelled to the carload behind us, "How about Death Curve, fellas?" The driver of the other car yelled in return, "Sure, we'll beat you by a mile!" "You think so?" yelled Bart and the car, with a squeal of tires, tore off. I was frightened and I'm not ashamed to admit it, now. But at the time I was afraid of what the kids would say. I had often read in the papers about the "Hot-Rod Gangs", but I never thought I'd be part of one.

The darkness tore by as we plummeted toward Death Curve. I kept hearing Dad's parting words as I left the house earlier that evening, "Be careful!" I always had taken that very lightly. It was the same every time I went out. Now, as I watched the deserted highway fly by, I realized why he said it.

I could hear screams of laughter and encouragement around me. Then someone shouted, "They're gaining on us, speed it up!" Turning around I

could see the headlights coming closer. The curve was there before us and as we started around it the two cars were right together. I wanted to scream at them to stop, that we would all be killed, but nothing would come out. I just sat there paralyzed by fear.

As we rounded the final curve I could see that the road ahead was clear. "Thank heaven," I whispered. But I had no sooner uttered those words than suddenly, without warning, a pair of headlights loomed up before us. The other car immediately dropped behind us but it was too late. A screech of brakes, a crash and then silence . . .

JOAN KUPPENHEIMER, '54

TRANSITION

The black stillness of night,
Leaving its traces within the soul,
Erases all memories of life's fight
And charts the courses of death's toll.

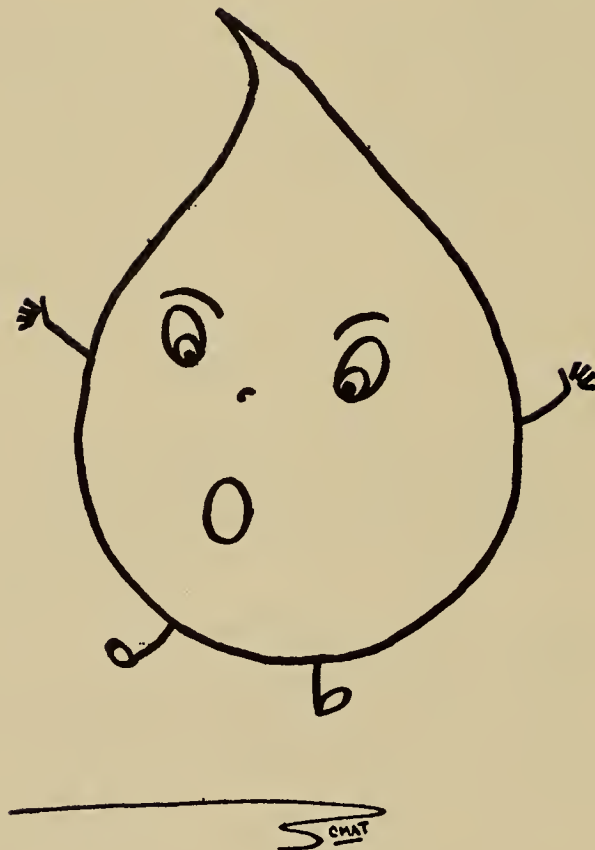
God, I know, that someday too,
Death will call on me,
And when it does, and my breaths are few,
Let my mind and heart rest free.

BARBARA ANN MORSE, '56

?

Peace . . .
That which I have never known,
That which the world rejects with scorn.
Peace . . .
What is it?
A dove?
Joined hands?
Love?
Love is not peace, but strife—
A constant turmoil.
Yet they say love is the answer to war.
Perhaps,
But love is not peace.

ANNE WELLESLEY HOWES, '54



STORY OF A DRIP

Raindrop falling all day long,
Hitting earth it makes a song,
Falls in puddles, sees its friends—
Here is where its short life ends.

Puppy dog who wants a sup
Comes and drinks poor raindrop up.

ANN COOK, '54

SQUISH!!

I was a Bug
Sitting on a rug.
Then someone stepped on me.
. . . The *big Lug!*



SADNESS

I am sad
'cuz you went away.
But that sure don't mean
I'm gonna cry all day.

LEAVES

The leaves are falling . . .
Gently. . . Sadly . . .

Darn It—The lawn
Needs raking badly.

CORNELIA M. A. THOMPSON, '54

RENDEZVOUS

My heart is stained with many tears,
Its bitter pulse is but a joke.
It beats a count to my wasted years
When it used to listen to words you spoke.
You left me alone in the silent night,
But the wind whispered soft in my ear,
"He'll return when the moon is bright."
Then the sorrow left with but one tear.

I return when the moon makes night as day;
With her silver light shine sea and stone;
When the phantom of dark is at his play,
I stand where you left me, sad and alone.
Tonight is the last time I shall walk this path,
For my back is bent with age.
Death awaits me; I hear his voice, I feel his wrath.
So my life remains an empty page.

JANET TIPTON, '55

IS THIS LIVING?

What is life—an empty shell,
a cup of happiness? Funny how
one day it can be one, the next
another. How suddenly your cup
can become cracked and all the
joy leak out leaving a hollow
shell.

... And yet *not* funny—for what
point is there in a shell of an
existence, in the mere outline
of a life . . .

ANNE WELLESLEY HOWES, '54





GOD

God is our help.
 God is our light.
 Never let His light go out,
 For it is hard to find a guiding hand in the dark.

JANET TIPTON, '55

ETERNITY

A plant . . .
 growing
 Winter sky . . .
 snowing
 Gay laughter . . .
 tears
 War-torn lands . . .
 fears.

 Yet life goes on eternally.

ANN COOK, '54

I SAW IN THE DARKNESS . . .

A silver ball of light
 A halo about His head
 A crystal tear upon my cheek
 Faith
 Love
 Peace of mind
 God . . .

VICKI KISER, '56

**Noel To You, Too, or
The Case Of The Housemaid's Knee.**

If you had by any chance entered the Thompson domicile the evening of December twentieth, last year, you would have seen and heard several things which would have led you to believe that one of the students of Rogers Hall had an appointment in Danvers in the *very* near future.

When you first entered you would have observed a wild-eyed mad-woman kneeling upon the kitchen floor and pounding something with her fists. Then you would have seen the mad-woman rise to her feet . . . a fiendish triumph gleaming in her eyes. You would have heard her yell, "At last, at last!!! I have done a perfect . . ."

"Crime," you say—But no . . . look again. She is holding up a Christmas card—a block print made with a linoleum cut! Alas, the recipient of that card will never know that it was the result of long weeeeeeeks of labor!

The first step in making that masterpiece was buying the equipment—the blocks and the carving tools. Simple as it may seem, this process is in itself a minor ordeal. Naturally, there are at least ninety different kinds of blocks, inks, and tools. Furthermore, the salesman confuses you (purposely, I think) so . . . when you are ready for the next delivery to the home for delinquents and the insane . . . he can sell you the most expensive and useless equipment on the market. *I* know, for I am the proud possessor of five knives whose immediate purpose *and* function will forever remain a mystery to me.

After several days of chipping, carving, scraping, chiseling, and gouging—the block is finished . . . and, according to the instruction booklet, "*we* are ready to print". "*We*" roll the ink on the block with what looks like a modified version of a steam roller, and "prepare to print". In order to do this, the *artiste* must obtain—yesterday's, thedaybeforeyesterday's and thedaybeforethe-daybeforeyesterday's newspapers. These "*we*" place on the floor or "any convenient flat surface". I haven't yet figured out why "*we*" do this, but . . . it's in the directions. Next—take the folded piece of paper which, in a few short seconds, (if nobody has stepped on it) is to be transformed into a beautiful(?) Christmas card . . . and place it on the newspapers. "*We*" now take our inked block in our hand, and start to print. If your first print looks sort of hairy, that's because the dog is lying on the papers. Kick him off. Wash the dog hair off the block. Wash the ink off the dog. Re-ink the block. Place it carefully on the "card-to-be". Step on it. Hit it with a hammer. Jump on it. Pound it. Kneel on it. Kneel on it with right knee. Kneel on it with left knee. Kneel on it with both knees. Rub sore knee. Remove block. Print is smudged. Contemplate suicide. Repeat this process three hundred an' forty times, for total of seventy acceptable prints. (Note *acceptable*.)

By five A.M. next morning, the printing process is over and "we" can now begin to address envelopes. *Full* of the Holiday Spirit "we" trip lightly to the table where we have stacked our prints. We discover that they have stuck together, leaving an interestingly messy design on the inside. But "we" hope that everyone else is filled with Joyous Good Cheer, and laughing lightly (ha? ha?) "we" try to find some envelopes for our little gems. Our Good Spirits are somewhat dampened after three or four futile telephone calls, and are quite wet by the end of twenty. At last we find a quaint little place that has envelopes. Too big, of course, but envelopes none the less.

The cards are now ready to address and sign, but are we-all a-gonna do that? *Not-on-your-tintype!!!!* We is gonna rest!! So when December comes again good cheer, for a Merry Xmas an' A Happy(?) New Year.

CORNELIA M. A. THOMPSON, '54

THE ADVENT OF WINTER

As the colored leaves of fall
Begin their downward trend,
You hear the voice of winter call
From just around the bend.

As cold winds whistle through barren trees
And hearths brighten by warming fires,
The soft brown earth begins to freeze
And chimney smoke forms gray-black spires.

The shades of night fall early;
The nights are cold and slow;
The cloudy skies grow burly
And winter comes with snow.

MARY ANN MORGAN, '55

UNIMPORTANCE

I am
Free.
I have no bonds.
Nothingness.
Unimportance.

ANN COOK, '54



CROSSES

It was on a soft spring day
Two thousand years ago—
Across a sea and far away
In a land we do not know.

There were three crosses on a hill,
Three crosses, and lilies fair—
Soft breezes were that death can't still—
And He wore thorns in His hair.

Three white crosses long ago,
A far-off, distant land—
A place that we will never know,
And yet, we understand.

For in the battle's distant roar
In lands not half so fair—
Breezes carry sounds of war,
And there are crosses there:

Sticks of wood under lonesome trees,
 Markers in forests deep,
 Stones stretching o'er green leas—
 Crosses—and final peace;

Handmade gravemarks, a silent prayer,
 And each a comrade's loss—
 In wartorn lands and lands so fair,
 We all know a cross.

These crosses have but one shadow
 Thrown out in a lonesome land—
 By sun, by moon, by starlight, we know . . .
 And we understand.

CYNTHIA IRELAN, '54

LIFE

Stillness
 Quiet of night
 Twinkle of icy stars
 Serenity of a full moon

We walked on and on and on—out to the very end of the rocks. Here they were covered with seaweed, and it was slippery; so we stood still and followed the path of the full moon with our eyes. Beneath us was the cold strength of rock and beyond, the wavering depths of the sea. We stood silent, awed by the great power surrounding us. At our backs was nothing but a craggy mass, while before us was this unknown deep. The moon seemed to open another world to us with its path. We were alone—alone as though there were no one else in the world. Somehow, then, I seemed to realize more fully the power of Him Who created us—how great it is and how very small we are in comparison. For truly, at that moment we were tiny beside the huge boulders dropped by God's hand. And that vast expanse of ocean made us feel like seeds scattered by the wayside and expected to continue in our growth.

* * *

Silently we turned and struggled back over the slimy rocks, cursing at each scratch or tear made by some jagged protuberance.

ANNE WELLESLEY HOWES, '54



trial . . .

They came a-riding conceited into our little town,
One man dismounted, swaggered easy-like up to the marshal,
He shot the Law man in the back—th' guy didn't have a
chance . . .

And laughed like the Devil when he went down.
I seen it—With my own eyes I seen it.

He announced to the crowd—the people gathered to watch
the Killer—

Announced he was takin' over—him an' his pal—
Said we'd all do what he told us and shot a feller t'prove
he wa'rn't fooling.

Th' man's wife screamed and fainted—he called her yaller.
I seen this . . . I seen it with my own eyes.

When I was younger, I seen lots of things . . . Injuns coming
to massacre and kill . . .

Seen armies fite—with dead men strewn all over . . .
I seen wolf packs attack a deer herd—and bite and tear,

And seen 'em go away . . . leaving mangled bodies after havin'
eaten their fill.

Seen many things in my day . . . seen 'em with my own eyes.

But I never seen a man come to a little town like our'n
Swagger in an' take over—just like that,
An' laugh at the grief of the woman whose husband he killed
in cold blood,

'Long with another man who didn't have a chance to turn
around.

I seen it now, though . . . With my own eyes.

The Killer turned and shattered my chance to run.

"No, sir," I says "No, I ain't goin' no place—"

"Yes, sir, I'll stay here . . . won't move an inch."

"Less'n you want to have a drink—'course y' don't have
to come . . ."

I seen that look in his eyes . . . I seen him weaken . . .

"Be a pleasure, Mister—this 'un's on me, of course."

"After you, Mister." an' we walked thru the swingin' doors.

Saw the bartender inside—scared and frightened—shakin'
in his boots—

Then I fed drinks into him 'till his voice was thick and
hoarse.

Saw him get drunker and drunker with my own eyes.

Th' man held them drinks well, but by evenin' he was deaf
an' dumb,

An' he lay sprawled on the table . . . out cold.

So he didn't feel it when the bullet came—he died rite
away . . . you can hang me for it

But I didn't care if he was helpless . . . I thought of all
the things he'd done.

The things I seen him do with my own eyes . . .

Seen him swagger into town—set for his day of "fun",

Seen him laugh and swear and make me crawl an' lick his
boots,

Seen him drunk—boastin' and hollerin'—couldn't stand it . . .

'Cuz he'd killed that day—killed two men. One was
my only son.

An' I seen him do it with my own eyes.

CORNELIA M. A. THOMPSON, '54

STARLET

She was scared stiff. So terrified that she was barely able to walk. Chorus-girls and prop men bustled about the stage.

"One side, little girl!" bawled a man carrying scenery. "Ya wanna get hurt?" Her lips and eyes quivered nervously. Hurt? More than the man would ever know, this girl knew what it was to be hurt.

For months as a child she had lain in a hospital with a fractured skull and damaged spine. She had been given up for dead. Who would ever think that a fall from a bicycle could do so much harm?

"She'll never walk again," the doctors had said to the family. They didn't tell her, but she knew . . .

They finally brought her home. There was pity in the eyes of friends who came to see her. Sweet, unbearable pity. They didn't realize it, but every kind word cut her heart like a knife. She fought back the tears and said, "I'll walk again. I know I will. Nothing can stop me!" One day the world was wonderful again. She walked. The struggle with her body had been won. She returned to school. Self-consciousness, an aftermath of the injuries, and a naturally shy temperament made her days almost as dreary as the ones in the hospital. "Look at the way she walks," the cruel ones said. "Can you imagine a boy wanting to dance with that!?"

In front of an attic mirror, as she had learned to walk, she had learned to dance. "I can dance," she told the cruel ones triumphantly. But the cruel ones never change. "So you can dance," they said. "What are we supposed to do—bow down?!" They showed her a chorus-girl ad. "Go dance, Smartie."

She was snapped back to the reality of the rehearsal stage by the sound of her name. "You're next, kid. Can ya dance? Sing?" The small blonde girl nodded. "Okay—hit it!"

The small blond girl hit it, all right, and she kept on hitting it . . .

CAROL SUE ROSENBLUM, '56





Alumnae News



Engagements

Millicent Cotter to Mr. James D. Hogan of "Will-O-Mar", Forrest Hills, Columbia, Tennessee. Mr. Hogan is assistant treasurer of the Shea Chemical Corporation and office manager of their Columbia plant. The wedding will take place on April 24th. Claire Hamel will be one of Millicent's bridesmaids.

Betsy Herrick to Mr. George W. Harris, Jr., of Pelham, New Hampshire. An autumn wedding is planned.

Ann Ranger to Mr. Ronald Joseph B. Fleming of Swansea, Massachusetts. Mr. Fleming is now on duty with the United States Air Force at the Air Force Cambridge Research Center and was employed by Stone and Webster Engineering Company before entering the service.

Anne Russell to Mr. Peter A. Brooks of Worcester, Massachusetts. At present Mr. Brooks is attending the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration.

Deborah Smith to Mr. David Hyde Lord of Port Elizabeth, South Africa. Mr. Lord is a student at the General Motors Institute of Technology in Flint, Michigan.

Marriages

August 24, 1952—Sally Piper to Mr. Robert Newell. The Newells make their home at 7 Maple Street, Reading, Massachusetts.

July 17, 1953—Virginia Fitz Taylor to Mr. Lane W. Fuller in Wakefield, Massachusetts. Joanne Fitz Burton was her sister's matron of honor.

June 27, 1953—Jane Baketel to Mr. Kenneth Tomlinson. Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson are living at 200 Massachusetts Avenue, North Andover, Massachusetts.

September 5, 1953—Lynne Patrick to Mr. Henry Little Griggs, Jr., in Madison, Connecticut.

September 12, 1953—Thalia Johnson to Mr. William John Lamparter in Haverhill, Massachusetts.

October 3, 1953—Joanne Reed to Mr. Charles Frederick Spring of Wellesley, Massachusetts. Two of Joanne's bridesmaids were Susan Halsted and Betty Lou Wise. Mr. and Mrs. Spring are now living in Wellesley.

October 31, 1953—Shirley Coburn to Mr. Walter Chadbourne Wilson in Glencoe, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are at home at 52 Clark Road, Lowell, Massachusetts.

October 31, 1953—Beverly Cooke to Dr. Wojciech Jerzy Nowaczynski in Montreal, Province of Quebec, Canada. Dr. Nowaczynski is doing biochemical research in Montreal and has been awarded a Rockefeller Foundation fellowship. He received his doctorate in sciences at the University of Fribourg in Switzerland in July 1952. The Nowaczynskis live at 430 Willowdale Avenue in Montreal.

November 21, 1953—Barbara Beard to Mr. William Austin King in Rye, New York.

November 28, 1953—Jeanne Wise to Mr. Daniel Thomas Kelly, Jr., in New York, New York. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly will make their home at 531 Palace Avenue, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

January 9, 1954—Barbara Fletcher to Mr. Robert Arthur Grant in Bay City, Michigan.

January 30, 1954—Elizabeth Lamb to Mr. George Secor Stranahan in Perrysburg, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Stranahan will be at home at 4617 Forbes Street, Apartment A, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

January 30, 1954—Elrene Osterman to Ensign Richard Lowell Thomas, United States Naval Reserve, in Lowell, Massachusetts.

Births

A son, John David, to Mr. and Mrs. Earl B. MacCuish (Marianne Robertson) on March 3, 1953.

A son, Edward C. Balcke, III, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Balcke, Jr., (Stephanie Winship) on April 30, 1953, in Portland, Oregon.

A daughter, Margaret Osborn, to Mr. and Mrs. George Gerrish (Jean Sutherland) on June 19, 1953. The Gerrishes now live at 552 B Allenhurst Road, Buffalo, New York.

A son, Stephen Edward, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald J. Post, Jr., (Janice Smith) on June 29, 1953, in Ithaca New York. Mr. and Mrs. Post make their home at 129 Grandview Court in Ithaca.

A son, Gregory Whitman, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Price (Judith Ostberg) on September 3, 1953 in Madison, New Jersey.

A son, Philip Mead, to Dr. and Mrs. Henry Stevens Burlington (Charlotte McDowell) on September 10, 1953, in Detroit, Michigan.

A son, Peter Reilly, to Mr. and Mrs. James F. Conway, Jr., (Grace Reilly) on September 14, 1953, in Lowell, Massachusetts.

A son, Frederick Gould, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Draper, III, (Betty Gene Hutchins) on September 19, 1953, in Chicago, Illinois.

A son, Robert, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Habicht (Helen Robertson) in October, 1953.

A son, Robert Nesmith, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Cleverdon (Margery Guimaraes) on October 3, 1953, in East Natick, Massachusetts.

A daughter, Cynthia Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Jules B. Du Peza (Emily Palmer) on October 20, 1953, in Mobile, Alabama.

A son, Karl Eager, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald B. Methven (Sandra Eager) on December 15, 1953, in Atlanta, Georgia.

Deaths

On August 23, 1953—Mrs. Paul E. Tucker (Evelyn Porter) in Chelmsford, Massachusetts.

General

Again we have been informed that Joan Macdonald has been named to the dean's list at Smith College. Joan has also received the great honor of being elected a member of First Group Scholars in acknowledgment of her high academic standing.

Letters from Anne Kirby and Ingrid Petersen to Mrs. MacGay both tell of Louise Lee's latest plan. Louise graduated from Stephens College last June. With a friend she plans to drive to California, take an apartment in Beverly Hills, and study to be a medical assistant. Anne is spending this winter at home, having graduated from Colby Junior College in June, and is looking forward to another western trip next summer with Judy after Middlebury closes. They worked on a dude ranch last summer and loved it. Ingrid writes from Northwestern. She, too, graduated from Colby last June. She spent the summer in Hawaii where she attended summer school and incidentally had a very good time.

This Christmas our dietitian, Mrs. Simeon Cozad, visited her daughter, June Cozad Turton in Phoenix, Arizona. She brought back word of another Rogers Hall alumna, June Cunningham Lipphardt, who also lives in Arizona, in Scottsdale, which is near Phoenix. The Lipphardts have three little boys. June Turton has three boys and a girl. The two families have great times together.

Many alumnae will be interested to learn of the marriage of one of our former teachers, Miss Joan Cook, to Mr. Warren Keith Butler on October 3, 1953, in Danvers, Massachusetts.

Cynthia Mooberry Bartholomew and her husband and baby have gone to live in the Orient. They were first in Tokio, but in October they went to Okinawa, where they will be indefinitely.

The names of two alumnae should have been included in the list of Rogers Hall girls graduating from college, in our last issue. Martha Dow graduated from Bennington College and Muriel Glasgow received her diploma in physical education from the Bouve-Boston School and her B.S. degree from Tufts College. Muriel has taken a position at the Dwight School in Englewood, New Jersey.

Betty Gene Hutchins Draper has moved to Pekin, Illinois, where her husband has charge of a sub-division project for his real estate firm, Draper and Kramer. They expect to live in Pekin for about two years.

Barbara Smith, better known as "Rusty", is writing copy for the Lutheran Publishing Company in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Kay Welch has been made advertising manager of the school paper at D'Youville College. Kay is a member of the Sophomore Class.

From England comes news of the birth of a second daughter, Rosalind, to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Phillips on May 20, 1953. Mrs. Phillips was Miss Kathleen Beever, a former member of our faculty.

We have also heard from England that Carolyn Parchert Anderson is moving to Calgary, Alberta, Canada. Carolyn's husband is connected with the Royal Air Force and is being transferred to this new post.

A Christmas note from Jo Bishop Sibley to Mrs. MacGay says that she is busy writing children's radio scripts for the Evanston Junior League in her spare time. They are broadcast on the Evanston, Chicago, and Elgin stations. Jo tells us that Ellen Daniloﬀ returned from France in November. Ellen now lives with her aunt in New York and has a position with the Packard Company. Another bit of alumnae news via Jo is that Trina Spray is back at the Chicago Art Institute.

More Christmas news came from Ann Underhill Porter and her husband, Fred. The Porters write that they took down the "Swallow Farm" sign from the gatepost in East Foxboro, Massachusetts, and moved it to Essex, Connecticut. The "Farm" is a two hundred year old Colonial, modernized, and the livestock consists of twenty-two chickens and a dog!

Mary Longley Lamason is living in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. Her husband, Fielding, or as she calls him, "Tex", is with Kidder, Peabody and Company in their Philadelphia office.

Pat Keegan and her mother have moved to Washington, D. C. Their new address is 1066 31st Street, N. W.

Jane Cutler has a position with the Veterans Administration Hospital in Coral Gables, Florida. She is classed as a Medical Research Laboratory Technician. Jane writes that she loves her work and has taken all available night courses in bacteriology at the University of Miami.

Casey Callaway Cook is keeping house at 812 Golfview Avenue, Orlando, Florida. She says that she doesn't quite feel like a veteran housekeeper yet, but that some of the greenness is wearing off! Casey was married to Mr. John Richard Cook in June.

Judy Kellogg spent last summer as a tennis counsellor in a camp in Maine.

After their wedding in June, Dorothy Winship Lewis and her husband, Bob, spent the summer in Wilmington, Delaware, where Bob was employed by the Dupont Company. Now they are in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where he is a student at Lehigh University.

The Bart Strykers (Kitty Duane) and their young son "Trip" are in Gottingen, Germany. Bart is studying under a Fulbright scholarship. At first they had difficulty in finding a place to live that was both suitable and financially possible, but their troubles seemed to have been solved and of course they are having a most remarkable experience.

Myrna McElhiney has been elected President of the Freshman Class at Sargent College. Myrna and Nancy Elliott came back to school for the hockey game and banquet last fall. Several other members of last year's Senior Class have also visited us: Polly Atwood, Cynthia Burrage, Jane Baketel Tomlinson, Louise Caci, Cynthia Dadmun, Carol Ganem, Elinor Hosmer, Roberta Johnson, Judy Kellogg, Mary Lou Kilbourn, Claire Luce, Carol Robinson and Ellen Watson. We wish the entire class might be here on Founder's Day!

Priscilla Robertson Greenhalge, whose husband is with the State Department in Vienna, Austria, expects to come home to Lowell this summer. The Greenhalges will have completed a two year tour of duty in Europe at that time. The Robertsons are looking forward to a real family reunion, as, at the same time, Marianne Robertson MacCuish and her family plan to come back east for a visit from their present home in Van Nuys, California.

A letter from Margaret Sellger tells us that although she is still at East Carolina College, she has changed her course from physical education to an accounting major. Midge says she finds it hard, but interesting.

The Class of 1953 is represented at the following schools and colleges: Pauline Atwood at Cornell University; Cynthia Burrage and Bertha Simons at Skidmore College; Louise Caci at Wheelock College; Suzanne Clark and Roberta Johnson at Lasell Junior College; Cynthia Dadmun and Myrna McElhiney at Sargent College; Carol Ganem at Bennett Junior College; Elinor Hosmer and Judith Kellogg at Colby Junior College; Mary Louise Kilbourn at Becker Junior College; Claire Luce at Bradford Junior College; Carol Robinson at Pembroke College; and Ellen Watson at Boston University.

Last summer Carol Ganem played in summer stock at the Surrey Play House near Bar Harbor, Maine. We also heard that Betsy Lamb Stranahan achieved considerable success playing in summer stock with a company near her home in Perrysburg, Ohio, last year. Both Carol and Betsy were such shining lights in dramatics while at Rogers Hall that we feel sure they must have been worthwhile additions to the productions of their respective stock companies.

Nancy Elliott and Nancy Gray both have jobs and are very happy in their work. Nancy Elliott is with a firm in her home town of Franklin, New Hampshire, and Nancy Gray is working on a paper in Hackensack, New Jersey, and living with a friend in Teaneck. The most recent information that we have about Josette Racine is that she is studying at her home in Montreal in order to complete her credits for entrance to McGill University next fall.

Emily Ann Cowles Hutson has moved to La Crosse, Wisconsin. Her husband has the Chevrolet agency there and they are living in an apartment until they can find the "right" house. They like La Crosse very much. Emily Ann writes that she is getting into many community affairs and after only a year, feels very much a part of the city.

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MRS. MAC GAY'S MESSAGE TO THE SENIOR CLASS

Remember, your Mt. Everests will never be far away! Recognize and grasp your opportunities, namely, to be helpful in your homes, to make lasting and worthwhile friendships during your college life and to serve your community with interest and enthusiasm.



DEDICATION

The Class of 1954 dedicates its yearbook to you, Miss Ramsay, with our love and thanks for your guidance, your endless patience, and your warm understanding. We will not forget.

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ALUMNAE NEWS



Commencement has come and gone—not an ending but a beginning. Now that we are out in the world and starting a new life, let's stop and think about it for a few moments. We all know how fast our years here have gone—so fast that we can hardly believe it. It seems impossible that four complete years have disappeared from the calendar of time. Let's not let the rest of our lives go by so fast. Let's stop and look around us and realize what is happening each day. Let us not fail to note each kind word, each thoughtful deed, each loving act. And let's notice other things as well—the new green of a tree, the heart of a pansy, the softness of the sky, the sparkle of a stream. Let's "realize life while we live it—every, every minute."

Senior Class

MEMORIES

Tune: "Tenderly"

The years drift by
And with a sigh
We bid adieu.
Each passing day
Though bright or gray
We'll think of you.
We leave Rogers Hall,
But though we are gone
Our mem'ries of you
Live on.
We'll count on you
To carry through
Faithfully
The honor of
The school we love.

Let it be
That Kava and Cae
Keep their standards high.
We'll come again,
But until then
We say . . . Goodby.

THE ROGERS HALL QUARTETTE

SARA LEA CALLAWAY
919 Scenic Drive
Knoxville, Tennessee

President of Senior Class

Hood College

Cae Club; Student Council, '54; Second Volley Ball, '53, '54; Captain, '54; Basketball, '54; Swimming, '53, '54; Badminton, '53; Senior Life Saving, '53; Cae Cheerleader, '53, '54; Captain of Cheerleading, '54; Dramatics, '53, '54; Modern Dance, '53, '54; New Hampton Dance, '53; Halloween Party, '53; Christmas Pageant, '53, '54; Christmas Vespers, '54; Commencement Play, '54; Co-Editor of "Bear and Lion", '54; Chairman of Prom, '54; R.H., '54; Honorable mention: Bible Prize, '54.

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ELLIE

ELEANOR EYRE
727 Scranton Avenue
East Rockaway, New York

Vice-president of Senior Class

Skidmore College

Cae Club; Hockey sub, '54; Volleyball, '53, '54; Basketball manager, '54; Baseball, '53, '54; "Bear and Lion" Junior Issue, '53; Co-editor of "Bear and Lion", '54; Cheerleading, '53, '54; Senior Undergrad Party, '54; Spanish Play, '53; Glee Club, '53; Operetta, '53; Commencement Play, '54; Senior Prom, '54.

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Kava Club; Marshal for the School, '53; Student Council, '53, '54, Secretary, '53; Volleyball sub, '52, Captain, '53, Team, '53, '54; Swimming sub, '52, Manager, '54; Baseball, '52, '53, '54; Basketball, '54; Glee Club, '52, '53, '54; Operetta, '52, '53; "Splinters" Business Board, '53, '54; New Hampton Dance, '53; Exeter Dance, '54; Old Girl-New Girl Party, '53; Halloween Party, '53; Senior-Undergrad Party, '54; Backstage, '52; Dance Program, '54; Christmas Pageant, '52, '53, '54; R.H., '54.

"Her loveliness I never knew until she smiled on me."



ANNE ADAMS



SHIRL
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258 Greenmount Boulevard
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President of Kava Club, '54

Duke University

Kava Club, '53, '54; Hockey, '53, '54; Captain '54; Basketball, '53, '54; Captain '53; Volleyball, '53, '54; Badminton, '53, '54; Swimming, '53, '54; Water-ballet '54; Life Saving '53; Baseball, '53, '54; Tennis, '54; R.H., '53, '54; St. Mark's Dance, '53; Spanish Play, '53; Senior Prom, '54; Senior Luncheon, '53; "Splinters" Literary Board, '53; Badminton Award, '54; Music Appreciation Award, '53; Honorable mention: Bible Prize, '54; Honor roll '53; Student Council, '54.

*"A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."*

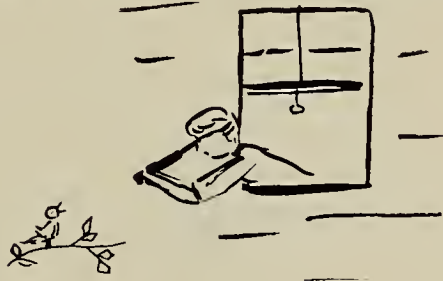


KATHARINE CHAMBERLAIN
1641 Forest Hill Road
Plainfield, New Jersey

Endicott Junior College

Kava Club; Christmas Pageant, '54; Exeter Dance, '54; Commencement Play, '54; Music Recital, '54; Winner of Spelling Match, '54; Neatness Award, '54; Honorable mention: Current Events Prize, '54; Honorable mention: Music Appreciation Prize, '54.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."



Kitty Hawk



Cookie

ANN COOK
4 Washington Square
Marblehead, Massachusetts

Skidmore College

Kava Club; Swimming Manager, '53; Saint Mark's Dance, '53; Christmas Pageant, '53, '54; Senior Luncheon, '53; Christmas Vespers, '54; Old Girl-New Girl Party, '54; Junior Issue of "Bear and Lion", '53; Operetta Stage Manager, '53; Dramatics, '53, '54; Splinters Business Board, '54; Cheerleading, '54; Andover Dance, '54; Commencement Play, '54; Shakesperean Festival, '53; Halloween Party, '53; "Silent Five," '53; "Splinters" Essay Prize, '54.

"Nimble thought can jump both sea and land."



DIANA COOLEDGE DOHERTY
87 Greenacres Avenue
Scarsdale, New York

Colby Junior College

Cae Club; Hockey, '54; Basketball, '53, '54; Swimming, '53; Volleyball, '53, '54; Captain, '54; Baseball, '53, '54; Tennis, '53, '54; Badminton, '54; St. Mark's Dance, '53; Exeter Dance, '54; Dramatic Club, '54; Christmas Pageant, '54; Commencement Play, '54; Modern Dance, '53, '54; Cheerleading, '54; Typing Award, '53, '54; R.H., '54.

"Vital spark of heavenly flame."



DEDE



BARBIE

BARBARA EMMONS
182 Berkeley Street
Methuen, Massachusetts

Endicott Junior College

Kava Club; Hockey, '52, '53, '54; Baseball Sub, '52; Glee Club, '51, '52, '53, '54; Operetta, '52, '53; Christmas Pageant, '51, '52, '53; Modern Dance, '52, '53; Tap Dance, '52; Shakespearean Festival, '53; Neatness Award, '51, '53; Andover Dance, '54; Commencement Play, '54.

"Silence more musical than any song."



ELSA FREYER
Chilpancingo #13
Mexico, D. F.

Kava Club; Second team Volleyball, '53; Volleyball, '54; Basketball, '54; Captain, '54; Hockey, '54; Glee Club, '52, '53, '54; Operetta, '52, '53; Softball sub, '53; Softball, '54; Honorable Mention in Music Appreciation, '53, '54; Senior Life Saving, '54; Spanish Play, '52; Andover Dance, '54; R.H., '54.

*"She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud."*



ELSA



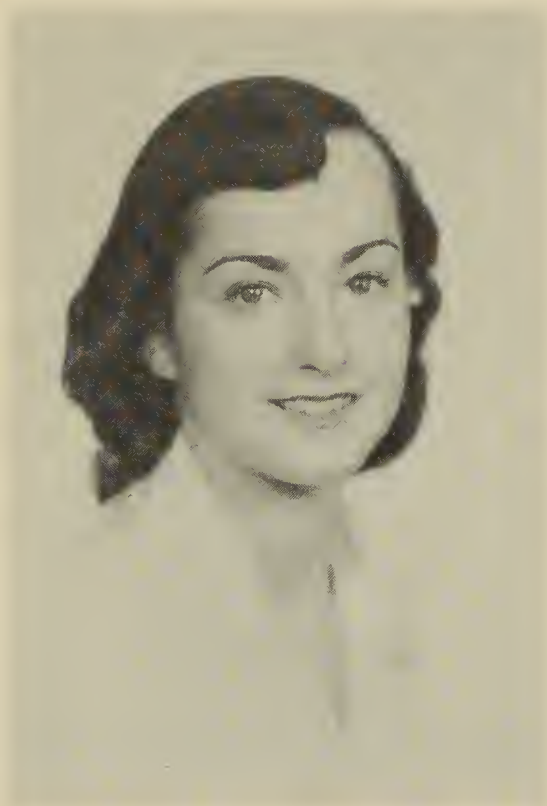
LINDA

LINDA JANE HAZZARD
179 Seven Bridge Road
Chappaqua, New York

Briarcliff Junior College

Cae Club; Hockey Manager, '54; Cheerleading, '54; Modern Dance, '53; Badminton, '54; Glee Club, '53, '54; Operetta, '53; Christmas Pageant, '53, '54; Art Editor of "Bear and Lion", '54; Dramatic Club, '54; Commencement Play, '54; Senior-Undergrad Party, '53; Andover Dance, '54.

"Nothing to wear but clothes."



PHYLLIS JOAN HEIFETZ
59 Bartlett Street
Andover, Massachusetts

Boston University

Cae Club; Modern Dance, '53; Christmas Play, '53;
Senior Reception, '53, Exeter Dance, '54; Senior Prom,
'54; Commencement Play, '54.

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"



PAMELA HOLLINGWORTH
42 Bartlett Street
Chelmsford, Massachusetts

President of Cae Club

Smith College

Cae Club; Hockey, '52, '53, '54; Captain, '54; Basket-
ball, '52, '53, '54, Captain, '53; Volleyball, '52, '53, '54;
Softball, '52, '53, '54; Badminton, '52, '53, '54, Award,
'52, '53; Tennis, '52, '53; R.H., '52, '53, '54; Drama-
tics, '53, '54; Christmas Play, '53, '54; Operetta, '53;
Commencement Play, '54; Glee Club, '53, '54; Cae
Song, '53; "Silent Five" '53; "Splinters Business
Board, '53; "Splinters" Literary Board, '54; Christ-
mas Vespers, '52; Saint Mark's Dance, '53; Prom,
'54; Senior Luncheon, '52, '53; Senior Marshall, '53;
Dramatics Prize, '53, '54; Old Girl-New Girl Party,
'53, '54; Rogers Hall Quartette, '54; Honor Roll, '54.

*"Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues."*



KARLYN HERRHAMMER

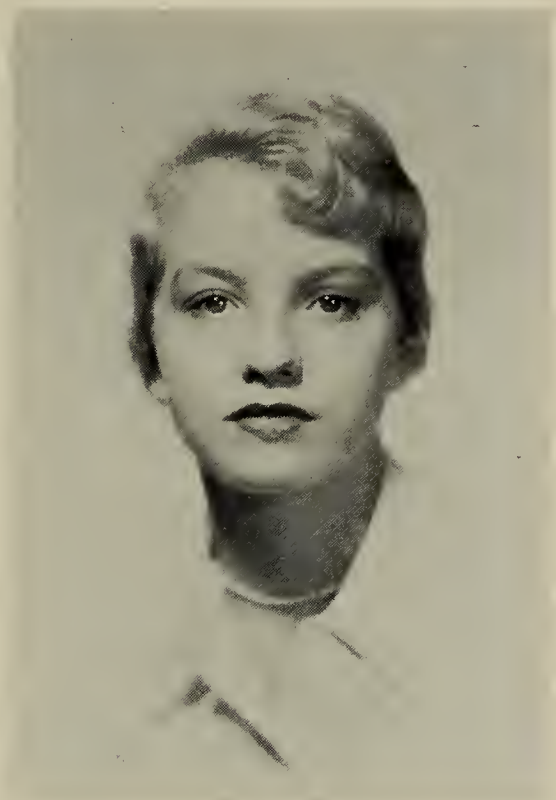
161 East 91st Street
New York, New York

Vice-president of Kava Club

Skidmore College

Kava Club; R.H., '52, '53, '54; Volleyball, '51, '52, '53, '54; Badminton, '51, '52, '53, '54; Baseball, '52, '53, '54; Captain, '54; Swimming, '51, '52, '53, '54; Hockey, '52, '53, '54; Basketball, '52, '53, '54; Tennis, '52, '53, '54; Tennis Cup, '54; Senior Life-Saving Award, '53; Water Ballet, '54; Honorable Mention in Music Appreciation, '52, '54; Glee Club, '51, '52, '53, '54; Operetta, '52, '53; Christmas Pageant, '51, '52, '53; Modern Dance, '52, '53, '54; Folk Dance, '54; Dramatics, '52, '53, '54; Hall Play, '51; New Hampton Dance '53; Chairman for Senior Reception, '53; Manager of Rogers Hall Quartette, '54; Honorable Mention in Dramatics, '53; "Bear and Lion" staff, '54; Old Girl-New Girl Party, '53; Commencement Play, '54; Athletic Cup, '54.

"Her bright smile haunts me still."



ANNE + KARLYN

ANNE HALL HOFF
Greenfields
Reading, Pennsylvania

Endicott Junior College

Cae Club; Hall Play, '51; Ping-pong, '51; Glee Club, '51, '52; Spanish Play, '53; Captain of Second Volleyball Team, '53; Sub Volleyball, '54; Manager of Hockey Team, '53; Manager of Swimming Team, '54; Modern Dance Group, '53; Typing Award, '53; Piano Recital, '51, '53; Andover Dance, '54; St. Mark's Dance, '53; Commencement Play, '54.

"How far that little candle throws its beam."

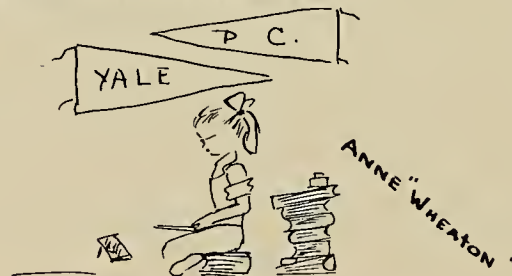


ANNE WELLESLEY HOWES
249 Marble Ridge Road
North Andover, Massachusetts

Vassar College

Kava Club; Hockey sub, '51, '52, '53, team, '54; Basketball sub, '52, team, '54; Swimming sub, '52, team, '53, '54; Softball, '51, '52, sub, '53, '54; Volleyball, '51, '52, '53, '54; Water ballet, '54; Cheerleader, '51, '52; R.H., '52, '54; Club song, '53, '54; Dance program, '52, '53, '54; Christmas pageant, '51, '53, '54; French plays, '52; Glee Club, '51, '52, '53, '54; Dramatics, '52, '53, '54; Rogers Hall Quartette, '54; Editor of *Splinters*, '54; Literary Board, '53; Operetta, '52, '53; Senior Luncheon, '53, '54; *Time* Current Events Award, '51, '52, '53; School Current Events Prize, '51, '52, '53; Music Prize, '52, '54; Honorable Mention, '51; Art Appreciation, '52; Honorable Mention: Bible, '53, '54; Honorable Mention: Dramatics Award, '53; Prix d'Honneur-American Association of Teachers of French, '54; Honor Roll, '51, '52, '53, '54.

"My heart is like a singing bird."



CYNTHIA IRELAN
223 Fox Meadow Road
Scarsdale, New York
President of Student Council

Skidmore College

Cae Club; Hockey, '51, '52, '53, '54; Basketball, '53, '54; Swimming Manager, '52; Water ballet, '51; Volleyball, sub, '52, 2nd team '53; Softball, '51, sub, '52; Cheerleading, '51, '52; R.H. Award, '52; Senior Life-Saving Award, '54; Christmas Pageant, '51; Commencement Play, '51; Dramatics Club, '54; "Shakespearean Festival", '53; Scenery, '53, '54; Senior Luncheon, '52, Chairman, '53; Mrs. MacGay's Marshal, '53; "Splinter's" Literary Board, '52, '54; "Splinter's" Art Editor, '53; "Splinter's" Poetry Prize, '51, '52, '53; Chairman of Andover Dance, '54; Chairman of Exeter Dance, '54; New Girl-Old Girl Party, '53, Chairman, '54; Chairman of Operetta Ushers, '52; "Silent Five," '53; Student Council, '52, '53, '54, Secretary, '52; Christmas Vespers, '52, '53, '54; Honorable Mention: Bible Prize, '54; Helen Hill Award, '54.

"The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light."

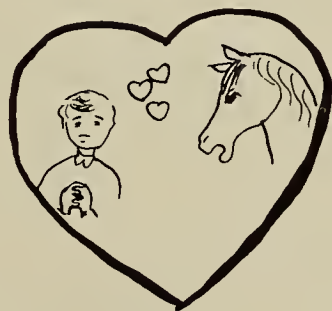


JOAN KUPPENHEIMER
1130 Laurel Avenue
Winnetka, Illinois

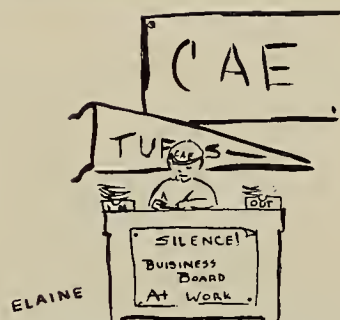
Pine Manor Junior College

Cae Club; Volleyball 2nd team, '54; Baseball, '54; Modern Dance, '54; Water Ballet, '54; Glee Club, '54; Rogers Hall Quartette, '54; Dramatics, '54; Christmas Pageant, '54; Commencement Play, '54; Andover Dance, '54; "Bear and Lion," '54; Honorable Mention: Bible Prize, '54.

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"



KUP



ELAINE CAROL LEARY
834 Andover Street
Lowell, Massachusetts

Vice-President of Cae Club

Wheaton College

Cae Club; Hockey, '53, '54; Volleyball, '53, Sub, '54; Badminton, '53; Swimming Sub, '54, Captain of Swimming, '54; Dramatics Club, '51, '52, '53, '54; Christmas Pageant, '51, '52, '53; Commencement Operetta, '52, '53; Commencement Play, '54; Glee Club, '51, '52, '53, '54; "Splinters" Business Board, '53, '54, Manager of Business Board, '54; Junior Issue of "Bear and Lion," '53; Faculty Marshal at Commencement, '53; Modern Dance, '52; Christmas Vespers, '54; St. Mark's Dance, '53; Senior Prom, '54; Tri-Chairman of "Splinters" Tea Dance, '54; "Shakesperean Festival," '53; R.H., '54; Neatness Award, '54.

"No love like mother-love ever has shown."



MARY LEONE
594 Prospect Street
Methuen, Massachusetts

Kava Club; Hockey Manager, '54; Baseball, '53, '54; 2nd Volleyball Team, '53, '54; Cheerleader, '53, '54; Dance Program, '52; Exeter Dance, '53; Andover Dance, '54; Usher For Commencement Operetta, '53; Christmas Vespers, '53; Commencement Play, '54.

"Wit is the only wall between us and the dark."



MARY



Judi

JUDITH ANNE MERENESS
316 East Dudley Avenue
Westfield, New Jersey

Rollins College

Kava Club; Volleyball Manager, '54; Exeter Dance, '54; Dramatic Club, '53, '54; Operetta, '53; "Splinters" Business Board, '54; Junior Issue of "Bear and Lion," '53; Christmas Pageant, '53, '54; Glee Club, '53, '54; Commencement Play, '54; Senior-Undergrad Party, '54; Parsons Award, '54.

"I have no superfluous leisure."



ALICE RUTH MESICS
31 Berwyn Park
Lebanon, Pennsylvania

Hood College

Kava Club; Basketball sub, '54; Senior Life-saving, '54; Swimming, '53, '54; Second Volleyball team, '54; New Hampton Dance, '53; Exeter Dance, '54; Dramatics, back stage, '54.

"Enough is equal to a feast."



RUTH



PLAISTED

ANNE WEEKS PLAISTED
Route 2
Meredith, New Hampshire

University of Vermont

Kava Club; Volleyball, Manager, '52, sub, '53, second team, '54; Baseball manager, '54; Spanish play, '52, '53; Andover Dance, '54; Christmas Pageant, '51, '53, '54; Commencement Play, '54; Operetta, '52, '53; Glee Club, '51, '52, '53; Head usher, Class Day, '53; Life-Saving, '54.

"Laugh yourself into stitches."

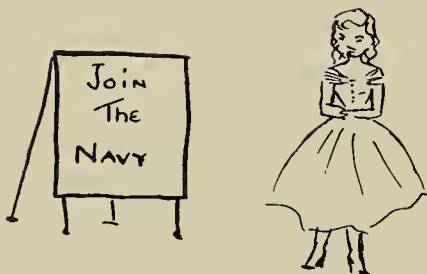


SALOME JULIAR RINGLING
201 Eighth Street
Baraboo, Wisconsin

Smith College

Cae Club; Swimming, '53; Volleyball, '54; Water ballet, '54; Senior Life Saving, '53; Modern Dance, '53, '54; Dramatics, '53, '54; Christmas Play, '53; Operetta, '53; Commencement Play, '54; Glee Club, '53, '54; Scenery, '53, '54; "Splinters" Literary Board '54; Christmas Vespers, '54; St. Mark's Dance, '53; Andover Dance, '54; Senior Luncheon Committee, '53; "Silent Five", '53; Time Current Events Prize, '53, '54; School Current Events Prize, '53; Honor Roll, '53, '54; The Underhill Honor, '54.

"To insure Peace of Mind ignore the Rules and Regulations."



ROBERTA

ROBERTA LEE SHERMAN
62 Florence Avenue
Lowell, Massachusetts

Beth Israel Hospital

Kava Club; Glee Club, '52, '53, '54; Manager, Volleyball, '53; Honor Roll, '52; Bible Award, '52; Operetta, '52, '53; Modern Dance Show, '52, '53; Andover Dance, '54; "Bear and Lion" Staff, '54; Cheerleader, '54; Student Council, '54; 2nd Volley Ball, '54; Basketball Manager, '54; School Current Events Prize, '54.

"Love's best habit is a soothing tongue."

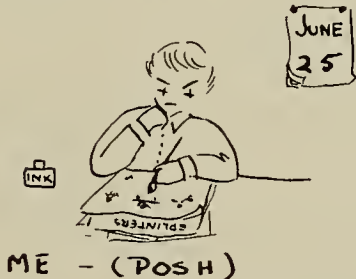


CORNELIA MARY ABBOT THOMPSON
683 Andover Street
Lowell, Massachusetts

Smith College

Kava Club; Second Volleyball, '53, '54; Senior Life Saving, '53; Glee Club, '51, '52, '53, '54; Dramatics, '52, '53, '54; Christmas Pageant, '51; Stage Manager of Christmas Pageant, '53; Christmas Skit, '52; Christmas Vespers, '51, '52, '53, '54; Stage hand for Commencement Play, '51; Operetta, '52, '53; Commencement Play, '54; Modern Dance, '52; New Hampton Dance, '53; Tri-Chairman of Splinters Tea Dance, '54; Senior Prom, '54; Chairman of Commencement Ushers, '53; Senior Luncheon, '53; Splinters Literary Board, '52, '53; Splinters Art Editor, '54; Honorable Mention Music Appreciation, '53, '54; Honorable Mention, Bible, '53; Bible Prize, '54; Essay Prize, '52; Art Prize, '53; Short Story Prize, '53, '54.

"My art is the painting of soul."



DEMETRA TIKELLIS
20 Edwards Street
Haverhill, Massachusetts

Pine Manor Junior College

Kava Club; Volleyball, '54, second team, '53; Swimming, '54; Softball, '52, '53, '54; Modern Dance, '52, '54; Modern Dance Costumes, '52; Dramatics, '52, '53, '54; Commencement Play, '54; Operetta, '52, '53; Musicales, '52, '54; Spanish play, '53; St. Mark's Dance, '53; Exeter Dance, '54; "Bear and Lion" Junior Issue, '53; "Bear and Lion," '54.

*"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair."*

Quotations by A.W.H.
E.L.
C.M.A.T.

SENIOR SUPPER

Our place cards at Mrs. MacGay's wonderful party:

SARA

Sympathetic ear
Southern hospitality
Lilacs on a spring evening

ELLIE

"Robots are a girl's best friend"
Bounce
Giggles and laughter

BARBIE

Beautiful gowns
The sidewise smile
Goldilocks

BERT

"Anchors Aweigh"
Waves of gold
Woman in white

PHYL

Spring flowers
Sunny days
Cadillacs

MARY

"Eh, Cumpari!"
Pizza
Dented fenders

SALLY

Wisconsin's Junior Senator
Politico
Horn-rimmed glasses

PAM

Father in the balcony
Dutch-boy bob
Bubbling brooks

SHIRL

Dignity
The woods in autumn
Long walks

ANN COOK

Mad beach parties
The Head and the Neck
The gift of gab

KUPP

The wild West
Haircutting
Cool saxes

SIN

The blue sweater
Simple things
Music in words

POSH

Poodles
"Green Seas and White Ice"
Baby

ANNE ADAMS

Serenity
Upper Montclair
42° 58' W.—70° 57' N. vs.
71° 7' W.—42° 40'

ELAINE

Orchids
Epitome of respect
Collecting money

DEMI

Flying locks
Ship owners
Arpège

RUTH

Angry bulldogs
Wild experimenting
Morte aux francais!

LINDA

"Know anyone in Chappaqua?"
Midnight raids
Passion for casual clothes

LITTLE ANNE

Striking clothes
So-o-o-o petite!
Black-and-white piqué

KARLYN

The Tall Girl Shop
Sincerity
"Is he tall?"

ELSA	DEDE
Viva Mexico!	Blisters
Mother of the school	"Darling, you are growing old!"
Quiet humor	Big, black spider
KITTY	JUDI
Our feathered friends	Demi's friends
Studious	Notorious giggle
Early mornings	Lavendar convertibles
ANNE PLAISTED	ANNE WELLESLEY
"A Freak!"	Golden voice
Grey hair	Gay seriousness
Fanatic dieting	The Exeter bench
MRS. MACGAY	
Of Thee We Sing	C.I.
"Mrs. MacGay, I'd like you to meet Mumble Mumble."	S.R.
Visitors today. Rooms neat???	A.W.H.

THE PERFECT SENIOR

Made up of the well-known characteristics of the Class of '54. . . .

Anne Adams	<i>Efficiency</i>
Shirley Jo Arn	<i>Posture</i>
Sara Lea Callaway	<i>Thoughtfulness</i>
Kitty Chamberlain	<i>Kindness</i>
Ann Cook	<i>Naiveté</i>
Dede Doherty	<i>Teeth</i>
Barbie Emmons	<i>Wardrobe</i>
Ellie Eyre	<i>Good Nature</i>
Elsa Freyer	<i>Dependability</i>
Linda Hazzard	<i>Quiet Sophistication</i>
Phyllis Heifetz	<i>Sincerity</i>
Karlyn Herrhammer	<i>Smile</i>
Anne Hoff	<i>Figure</i>
Pam Hollingworth	<i>Dimples</i>
Anne Howes	<i>Voice</i>
Cinnie Ireland	<i>Savoir-faire</i>
Joan Kuppenheimer	<i>Gaiety</i>
Elaine Leary	<i>Respect</i>
Mary Leone	<i>Disposition</i>
Judi Mereness	<i>Sneeze</i>
Ruth Mesics	<i>Laugh</i>
Anne Plaisted	<i>Eyelashes</i>
Sally Ringling	<i>Brains</i>
Roberta Sherman	<i>Hair</i>
Posh Thompson	<i>Artistry</i>
Demi Tikellis	<i>Eyes</i>

Class Statistics

<i>Academic Angel</i>	<i>Alias</i>	<i>Antipathy</i>	<i>Aspiration</i>
Adams	Smiley	Judi's late lights	To be even thinner
Arn	Shirl	Stupidity	Floor sander
Callaway	Tennessee	Chewing gum	To be a Rose
Chamberlain	Kitty-Hawk	Loud noises	Park commissioner
Cook	Cookie	Hollingworth	To be a toothpick
Doherty	Dede	Joan's radio	Play Bumble on the typewriter
Emmons	Barb	Her room mate	Photographer
Eyre	Ellie	President of the D.D. Club	To sing in the Met
Freyer	Elsa	Problems	A trip to Mexico
Hazzard	Cream Puff	Diets	Clothes horse
Heifetz	Phyl	Homework	Brain
Herrhammer	Karlyn	Hildegarde	To be called a dainty child
Hoff	Little Ann	Rules	To be tall
Hollingworth	Pam	Cook	Woman of the world
Howes	A.W.H.	Chemistry	Be a native dancer
Irelan	Sin	Elevators	Teach Chemistry
Kuppenheimer	Kupp	Greasy hair	Hillbilly singer
Leone	Leone	Girls	Be a wife and mother
Leary	Bleary	Quizzes	Historian
Mereness	Judi	Being short	Foreign diplomat
Mesics	Ruth	Work	Blow up lab
Plaisted	Paste head	Being picked on	Wall paperer
Ringling	Sally	Law and Order	1st woman president
Sherman	Bert	Fishwives	Pass Chemistry
Thompson	Posh	Dirty tooth brushes	Journalist
Tikellis	Demi	European men	Be a European woman

Class Statistics

<i>Assertion</i>	<i>Awful Addiction</i>	<i>Active Ardor</i>
"Sugar beets!"	Her smile	Planning
"Yeeees?"	Breaking beds	Enlarged goiter
"Y'awl, listen"	Talking in her sleep	Correspondence?
"That's life"	Cracking gum	Typing
"I'm in a TWIT!"	Peck! peck! peck!	Resting on my bed
"Can you stand it?"	Twitting	Bob
"Hold that pose!"	Posture	Hair styles
"Meet you under the clock"	Tomorrow	Returning coke bottles
"Roberrrto"	The face	Imitations
"What shall I wear?"	Charlie	Raids
"I'm sorry"	French pronunciation	Tech
"At any rate"	Asking questions	Harmony
"Oh, you. .hi, Miss Ramsay!"	Being good???	Tufts
"Cae meeting"	Blamb! blamb! blamb!	Wringing hands
"Please, pretty please. . ."	Giggle	Singing
"Shut up, you kids!"	Demerits	The military aspect
"You're cruisin' for a bruisin'"	Black Avenger	Superman
"Pizza!"	Being subtle	"Blue Slipper"
"I live in constant fear"	Color schemes	Packing other people's suit cases
"Ahhhhh-choo"	Opera	Hats
"Now wait, wait"	Pay telephone	Black convertibles
"Diet starts tomorrow, girls"	Her weight	Interior decoration
"Wisecaaahnsin"	C. L. and F. W.	Yaleharvard-princetonwilliamsandover
"O.K. let's go"	Demerit giving	The better half
"Never on Tuesday"	Bulletin board	Doodling
"Poté sou"	Men	Ships

CLASS PROPHECY

This is your roving reporter of the class of 1954. I'm standing on the corner of Hollywood and Vine reviewing the arrivals of the celebrities as they gather here tonight for the world premier of "The Bobbsey Twins on the Loose," featuring those two brilliant young actresses, Anna Welles and Pamela Worth. You know, they both gave up booming Broadway careers to come out here on the coast. Now back to the excitement. . .

A solid gold Cadillac has just pulled up and is causing quite a commotion. Why, it's Dede Doherty, dressed in the latest tiger skin. She has just returned from an African safari where she has been searching for a rare species of Sweet Pedukies. Not far behind her are those two well-known figures of the sports world. The one dressed in the baseball uniform is Anne Plaisted, newly appointed manager of the Boston Red Sox. Her companion is Ruth Mesics, long time football coach of P.A. What sounds like a U. N. conference appears to be nothing more than Demi Tikellis and Elsa Freyer having a reunion. As reporters from their respective countries, they are tonight covering this great social event.

Joining the group is Lady Linda Jane Hazzard, who has married into the British nobility and is now touring the country with the Queen. Speaking of England, here comes Mary Leone, America's answer to Gracie Fields.

And not far behind is the observed and observing young lady, Judi Mereness. Her newspaper column, "How to Catch a Man," appears in papers across the country.

A thud on the roof! And a quick glance upward tells us that it is not Santa Claus arriving early, but Kitty Chamberlain, the first woman to fly across the country on the back of a hawk. With her is Anne Adams, charming young hostess for the Trans-Atlantic Hawk Lines.

It's time to go into the lobby now. My goodness, they've rolled out the knitted carpet for us. Shirley Jo is still beating it out with those red-hot needles. Greeting the guests are two important personalities here in Hollywood, Posh Thompson, author of this brilliant production, and Elaine Leary, the director. Elaine, of course, is wearing the traditional dark glasses and beret.

A flash of light draws our attention to a corner where Barbara Emmons is busy snapping pictures of those two glamorous nurses, Cynthia Irelan and Roberta Sherman. The white strapless uniforms are explainable by the fact that Cinnie has been commissioned by the President to design new nurses costumes. I'm surprised that Barb Emmons would take time off from her job as personal photographer to Sally Ringling. Sally is the VERY junior senator from WISCONSIN.

Among the crowd I see Sara Callaway and Eleanor Eyre. Sara has been writing a series of children's books called "The Bear and the Lion," and Elly does the remarkable illustrations. But look! It seems that another of our class of fifty-four has gone into dramatics. It's Ann Cook, with her thirteenth husband,

Charles Addams. They do that ah—well, different breakfast show, “Every Cloud has a Lead-Like Lining.”

The clatter of hoofs announces the arrival of Joan Kuppenheimer. I suppose it's good publicity for that dude ranch she is running.

At last, arriving in one of Phyllis Heifetz's fleet of Cadillac taxis, chauffeured by Phyllis herself, are Karlyn Herrhammer and Anne Hoff. They're with the circus now—I guess that's the long and the short of it.

And as the “Silent Five” begins the overture, the crowd hurries to their seats. . .the lights dim. . .the curtain rises. . .and the show is on !

A. F. C.

S. L. C.

C. M. A. T.

MEET '54

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the memories which to us are so dear.
The things we've done to keep R.H. alive—
Let's hope it continues in '55!

Hungry Anne Plaisted, whose complaints are a riot;
Poor thing, her life's a constant diet.
From Ann and Sara the doleful cry,
“Oh, please, help us clean up the lemon pie!”
Pam whose deep voice makes her clown
As she recites the lines of *Our Town*;
Ruth's strength has brought her such fame,
For moving trunks is her chief claim.
Out on the porch is where we find Dede:
For her a suntan is oh-so-needy!
Anne Howes and Posh, the inseparable two,
Stagger in each morn with books. . .so few!
Here's to Elaine, the class chauffeur—
Crazy mixed-up driver, her.
“Oh, *please* stop!” are the urgent cries
When Joan and her geeee-tar harmonize.
If Anne Adams looks sad, just wait awhile,
For you'll soon see that dazzling smile.
Shirley Jo loves to decorate,
But getting caught is just her fate.
Ellie came to R.H. with tresses long;
Cinnie took the scissors. . .now they are gone.
At Current Events Kitty's a slave;

Over a newspaper she'll madly rave.
Judi and Demi spend their time at the store—
Baloney, chips, and Cokes galore!
Linda loves big parades. . .
That's why all the kitchen raids.
Sing a song of Sally, a mail-box full of men,
Keeping them upon the string by clever use of pen.
Elsa with contortions on her little face—
O.K. Cut the comedy! Class is *not* the place!
Tapping oh-so-quietly, the sound of little feet. . .
Busy Anne and Karlyn keep their room so neat.
Roberta versus Phyllis in the Cadillac car race;
It's just a constant contest to see who'll get first place.
Here's Barb dressed like a fashion-plate;
But to dinner she's always late.
At Mary's we all ate pizza pie—
That night—my goodness, how time does fly!

Yes, time has flown.
In these four short years we all have grown
From Freshmen, little and frightened,
To Sophomores, where by being enlightened
With work and strife,
We found out how little we knew about life.
Junior year came at last,
But that time too went very fast.
This year brought something we'd never had:
The friendship of an Undergrad;
College Boards—some right, some wrong:
The writing of our Senior song.

And now our Senior year is o'er—
You've seen the Class of '54.
Please, don't forget us—the good or the bad.
It's been the best year we've ever had!

A.F.C.



Dede
•Most Vivacious



Anne Wellesley
•Most likely to Succeed

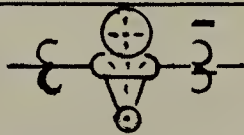


Cynthia
•Most Attractive

Pam
•Most All-round



Shirley
•Most Athletic



SPLINTERS
CLASS WILL
1954

We,—the Senior Class of '54, being of mind and body, do hereby bequeath our treasured possessions which are the least to say the most:

To Mrs. MacGay—we leave a Kingie, for Queenie, in hopes that they will strike up a lasting friendship.

To Miss Ramsay—we leave a coast-to-coast hookup so that she too may scream, "Point of Order!"

To the Faculty—we leave our term papers for entertaining reading in the faculty room.

To the Undergrads—we leave our tank suits. . .to be worn during Glee Club dances only.

* * * * *

Anne Adams'—lost 47 pounds go to Patsy, who is obviously wasting away.

Shirley Arn—leaves her calm, cool, and collected disposition to Vicki Kiser with this one Comment: "Just try!"

Sara Lea Callaway—leaves, desperately hoping to get rid of that Northern twang so Ma and Pa won't disown her.

Kitty Chamberlain—leaves for Hawk Mountain—who like Chloe is searching for Claude.

Ann Cook—donates her alibis to anyone desirous of beating a rap.

Dede Doherty—leaves her wardrobe to the Salvation Army so that the statement, "I haven't got a thing to wear" will be true.

Barbara Emmons—leaves her suave and sophisticated hair styles to Polly Duane, who, besides not being suave and sophisticated, has no hair.

Eleanor Eyre—leaves her alarm clock to anyone desirous of being constantly late to breakfast.

Elsa Freyer—leaves her ability to speak Spanish to Marjorie Robinson. Good Luck, Marj.

Linda Hazzard—is leaving her love magazines to the R.H. library for any student doing a research paper on romance.

Phyllis Heifetz—leaves her pale blue Cadillac to Naomi Sherman in case Roberta has a wreck.

Karlyn Herrhammer—dumps her shoes on any nautically-minded undergrad desirous of having a boat.

Anne Hoff—bequeaths her tidy room to Pam Pence, who is crushed because she didn't win the Neatness Award.

Pamela Hollingworth—leaves her voice to Marblehead in case their fog-horn breaks down.

Anne Howes—leave her soprano voice to Nina Duane, voted hog-caller of the year.

Cinnie Irelan—leaves a tomb-stone to next year's counselor on Senior Corridor inscribed: "May she rest in peace."

Joan Kuppenheimer—bestows her horse and bow legs to Audrey Hockmeyer, who already has both.

Elaine Leary—leaves her shoulder for those in need of something upon which to cry.

Mary Leone—leaves her sense of humor to Priscilla Babson, who may run dry.

Judi Mereness—leaves her constant smile to Maria Bright who has never been known to laugh.

Ruth Mesics—gives her extra week-ends to Dottie Chrystal in hopes that she may spend more time in Pennsylvania. OH, MY!

Anne Plaisted—leaves after four years of dieting. . . .a bit unsuccessfully.

Sally Ringling—relinquishes her impartial soapbox to the future politicians of Rogers Hall with this comment: "I haven't given it much thought."

Roberta Sherman—leaves her goldilocks to the Three Bears.

Demi Tikellis—leaves her excellent study habits to Barbara Scobie, so that she may be honored with Demi's marks.

Posh Thompson—bestows her artistic ability to Connie Veevers so she won't have to seek employment at the Boott Mills.

M. L.
S. J. A.
E. E.
P. H.

UNDERGRADUATE SONG

Tune: "I'll See You In My Dreams"

Seniors, as you go,
We want you to know
You will stay in every heart,
Of our school you've become a part;
You have led us through,
Taught true spirit, too;
Even though you leave us here,
Your memories keep you near.

NINA DUANE
VICKI KISER
MARTHA MILAN

IN THE USUAL MANNER

Bloop-o and his faithful American companion, Slopalong Cassowary, rode jauntily down the main street of Wet Gulch on their snow-white steeds. To their surprise, the two friends, who had been called in to help the Sheriff rid the place of a gang of twenty-five thieves and gangsters, found the town deserted. The wind blew ominously, whistling around the corners of the false-front buildings and raising puffs of dust in the alleys. No people were in evidence and no sign of life could be seen...except the twenty-five midnight black horses tied at the hitching rack outside the Gambler's Exclusive Cafe (the Athenaeum of the West).

However, since nothing seemed wrong, Slopalong and Bloop-o stopped and dismounted outside the office of his friend, the Sheriff, which was just a short shootin' distance from the Cafe. They tried the lock, noting as they did so, a scuffling noise from within. But Slopalong flung the door wide...and, to his utter amazement, heard a grunt as the door hit something soft in the corner. "Shucks!" he thought "I must have hit the Sheriff's poor little kitten when I opened that door. I had better see if'n it's hurt."

Bloop-o, entering behind him, said, "Ugh. Be careful. May be fierce dog you hit. Perhaps?"

Slopalong pondered this possibility momentarily, but his love of our dumb friends got the better of his fears and he stepped around the door to lend assistance to the creature. All he could see resting on the floor, however, was an old pair of cowboy boots. In fact, he was just about to comment on their disgraceful condition when he noticed that—they were attached to a pair of legs, and he heard a voice growl "Ok, youze. Stick up your hands. Youze too, injun!" Seconds later, they found themselves roped and tied to chairs with yards of cord and confronted by a grim gunman. Alas, Slopalong Cassowary was captured, helpless at the merciless hands of a villain—for about the three-hundreth time in his career.

Suddenly, a side door opened and a suave character entered—obviously the ring-leader (you could tell because he wore seven turquoise rings). His hair glistened with bear grease and his waxed moustache was a sight to behold! A black string tie drooped casually down the front of his satin shirt and his thumbs were hooked gracefully in the armholes of his tattersall waistcoat (his Best vest). The trouser-legs of his pin-striped suit tapered gradually toward the ankles and were tucked into a pair of ornately worked vermilion boots. "Well Bart," he remarked, in a silky tone, "I see that you have subdued our two visiting friends. You must pardon the inconvenience, Gentlemen...By the way, I'm what the boys so crudely call "the boss of dis outfit". Ah, well, I guess that we'll have to kill you soon...before the Sheriff gets back from the wild goose chase that we sent him on. I wonder how we'll do it—I'd like to have the pleasure, but I'm just too, too busy today. Have to rob that stage this afternoon and that railroad train tonight and I have a lot of important forging to do before then. However, you may choose the way you'd like to die. Please hurry, though, Gentlemen, we haven't much time."

As he heard these words, Slopalong's heart sank. (Don't worry, readers, he has a floating rib). The leader had *already* told his plans for the future... But—there was a chance, and he took it. Just how, he asked, did the leader expect to capture that heavily guarded train?!? Ah, it was an old trick, but it worked... as it had done on all of the three-hundred previous occasions. While the leader was outlining his plan of operation with the thoroughness of a college professor outlining his course for the year, Bloop-o and Slopalong exhaled. The ropes which had bound them so firmly to the chairs fell in useless coils around their feet... they leapt into action... the fight began. It was the kind of fight that takes place every time. Tables crash, desks are overturned, chairs are hurled from man to man. Suddenly—the door burst open, and the sheriff, his posse and his beautiful daughter rushed into the room. “All right! Hold it!” they shouted, and the fighting abruptly ceased.

“Well, Sheriff, you all just got here in time,” cried Slopalong.

“Ugh. Him right,” said Bloop-o.

“Oh!” cried the Sheriff's daughter, “You have captured the villains! How can we *ever* repay you???”

“Wal, ma'am, don't rightly know. But sometime—iff'en you'd like” said Slopalong blushing, “y'all could whip me up a mess of beet greens.”

The Sheriff, too, was effusive in his thanks, and offered them some dinner and a room at his home for the night, but the two heroes politely refused. “Business out West,” they said. (The real reason was that it was getting late in the afternoon and soon they'd have no sunset to ride away into.) Quickly, they mounted their snow-white steeds, and waving their hats in farewell, galloped off as the sun sank in the Western sky.

CORNELIA THOMPSON, '54

MIRROR

Deceptive mirror, great yet small,
 Lifeless fixture on the wall,
 Why do you harbor the truth from me?
 Peel off this cover—let me see.
 Let me see the depths of my being,
 Let me see what others are seeing.
 You show just the outside, a lie, a disguise,
 Covers are for fools; depths for the wise.

HELEN Yafa, '55

CITIES

Cities are, or so says the dictionary, a large, permanent, organized community. I say that and more. Cities are a feeling, a song; a feeling or a song that can work its way into your heart, your soul, your very blood. Or it can be an intolerable feeling or song that you hate the minute you are part of it. It may not have rhythm or color that your being requires. Or, as of any song, the very repetition of it may be tiring.

New York. The big city on the little island where there are more people than in any other city in the world. Where the music is one of rush and scurry from dawn to dusk, where every day is Christmas shopping and Easter Parade. The city that never goes to sleep, that never slumbers. The city that has the highest buildings and is the seat of what may be world democracy. But I think that the real feeling of New York comes during the Christmas season, as tired people going home from work can look through the branches of the great tree on Rockefeller Plaza toward St. Pat's Cathedral. It is then that I forgive the city for its rapid musical pace; it is then that the city can show a kind heart.

San Francisco. White and rambling and clean, spread out over the California hills to the Pacific Ocean with a sort of newness, of almost casualness. It is sweet and pungent, a little bitter to the sturdy soul that craves antiques and old laces. It is a cool breeze from the ocean, a little pause in a gay tune.

And New Orleans. Old French and Spanish stairways. Hot, and musty with the old and bittersweet sounds. Yet nostalgic, reminiscent of the days of jazz, of Mississippi river boats, of old southern homes and Negro mammies. A tune played on a rusty harmonica, a feeling plucking the heart strings.

And then Chicago. Big, and gruff, and brawly; who beats on drums mercilessly, making no tune but that of endless railway trains and calls of death from the slaughter houses. Violent and gawdy, with its only weakness that it wants to be loved and its only strength that it doesn't know how.

El Paso, the foreign element. And Boston, old, staid, dependable. But Boston with the faults of all old age, not so fastidious about her streets, excusing the litter and boasting her charm of old age. A song that in dying can live gracefully.

And Penn's city, Philadelphia, not wandering aimlessly in her old age as Boston, but planned and measured, with accurate beat and slow. Slovenly in her habits, yes, and not fussy about her dress.

Washington, cool and calm, serene in spite of turbulence. The southern hospitality that stands welcoming guests at the front door knowing full well that all the rooms are occupied. Her music that is soft and not without charm, like sitting on the bank of a river in the moonlight.

All of them cities, with their music nostalgic, or steady, or tempestuous. With a feeling to them, a heart. With hopes and fears and strengths and weaknesses, with humanity shaping their existences. Each city is the music from its gutters, from its penthouses, from its parks and zoos. The music and feelings of its peoples.

CYNTHIA IRELAN, '54

THE CEMETERY OF THE SEA

Down!

Down!

Down!

Down!

Down in the briny deep,
Where fishes live and swim and eat,
And lounge in the sea beneath.

Down!

Down!

Down!

Down!

Down to the sea in ships,
Go the mighty men of God's creation
With prayers still on their lips.

Down!

Down!

Down!

Down!

Down fall the trees of the forest
To build these mighty ships
Which the sea in its fury brings into her turbulent nest.

Down!

Down!

Down!

Down!

Down into the majestic sea
Clutching dearly in their hearts
The hopes that used to be.

Down!

Down!

Down!

Down!

Down in the briny deep
Are lodged dead ships, sailors, and hopes
In the Cemetery of the Sea

ROBERTA LEE SHERMAN, '54

THE MORE PERMANENT DEATH

Death—the death of a friendship—is one of the most horrible things possible to a man. For when a person, even a very dear one, dies, you know that that person has left you and that nothing remains here of a familiar spirit. Religions all over the world teach us that he has gone on—that it is only a shell that we bury. But, when a friendship dies, what is left? Yes, you may see him, but with what regret! You may hear of him often, but what agony!

After a person's body dies, memories are sweet. Perhaps these recollections hurt for a while, but soon nostalgia sets in and you can look back on the person as a very wonderful part of your life. But, when a friendship dies, memories of what you've done together—of gay times, of long talks, of amazement, of twin feeling, of an intimacy of mind—give only pain, and you can never look back without wishing it could have come out differently. A segment of your life is lost!

SALLY RINGLING, '54

RAIN

The rain comes tumbling, foaming down
From heavy cloud banks, grey and brown
That push the crystal shining drops
From off their fleecy slanting tops;
And on the drops, with carefree mirth
The tiny sky-elves ride to earth.
Each holds an arrow tipped with gold,
To pierce the earth's crust, so I'm told;
And when a person hears the rain
Tapping upon the window pane,
It's just the darts hurled from the sky
Cast by the elves as they whirl by.

CECELIA SMITH, 55

School Notes

CALENDAR

September

- 16th—White picket fence... Mrs. MacGay welcoming people in her office... Faces old and new... another year...
- 19th—Down to the sea in busses... Manchester and Singing Beach... sandy hot-dogs... "pass the shoe"... wandering on the rocks...
- 26th—Shirley wearing the sign... "seniors cordially invite undergrads"... treasure hunting that shook Rogers Hall... cider and donuts...

October

- 1st—"Wipe that smile off your face!"... twenty-six allahs... "420 braids tied with DIFFERENT color ribbons?"... "next year I'll get revenge..."
- 3rd—Marble Ridge Road—onward, seniors!... Elaine in the lead car... "the latest in song titles"... "The Stars and Stripes Forever..."
- 5th—All undergrads in the gym... all seniors in the pool room... solemn faces in the candlelight... party in the library...
- 9th—Student Council members in the station wagon... Domine Manse... buffet supper—AND LOBSTER SALAD...
- 30th—Lawrence, Plaisted's entertaining seniors... palmistry... delicious food... favors in the Hallowe'en cake...

November

- 16th—Whistle!... "sticks, free hit, Blue"... big hockey game... 9-2... happy Caes... good sports... big banquet doin's...
- 25th—New York... Boston... "Don't eat too much turkey"... preview to Christmas...
- 27th—Back again... 20 lbs. heavier...
- 28th—Real live talent... ballerinas all over the stage... another success for Miss Miller...

December

- 5th—The blue and the white... "but he didn't look at all like his picture!... the Purple Grotto... the celebrated "Aces"... opening night for the quartette... fun had by all...

- 12th—Mysterious committees...skits...Santa Claus...spider webs...marshmallows and singing by the fire...best party ever...
- 13th—Candlelight...Christmas carols...original writing...Luke II..."Nos Nostraque Deo"...Really Seniors...
- 16th—Home again, home again..."See you next year"...Have fun...Merry Christmas and Happy New Year...

January, 1954

- 6th—A new term..."I'm going to earn a spring weekend"... "I need a vacation from vacation"...shining(?) faces back at the white picket fence...
- 15th—Luboshutz and Nemenoff...Flying fingers on the piano keys...G.W....annoyed chaperons...the long way back to the bus...
- 16th—Hawaii in the middle of winter..."Tippy, tippy"... "He's tall and old"...the Royal Exonians...fun and fancy free...

February

- 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th—
Exam-schedule posted on bulletin board...worried faces, pale Seniors..."All Gaul is divided"... "If a blind man with five dependents earned \$2000 per annum, figure his income tax"... "Le passé indéfini"...two hours in study hall...little blue books...
- 6th—Celebrity Series...Cornelia Otis Skinner...Spellbound audience...Indian war dance...Intermission!..."Did you see—?...Learning THE facts...
- 12th-14th—An extra day...Where are you going?...How was "Dream 1954"?...Or do you prefer Exeter?...Tell us all about him, Marta! Was it that bad!...And then there was Charlotte, the demerit kid herself!
- 27th—Southboro, Massachusetts...St. Mark's concert...D.D. Club...Sixth Form room...off key?...the three red dresses in the front row...Henry Fayble, Sally???

March

- 2nd—Tense day...close game...evenly matched teams...Papa Hollingworth's running commentary...and the final score, 36-33...a fine banquet...a victory for CAE!
- 13th—Big day...Lowell High for six hours...the proctor that hummed..."I'll NEVER get into college"...tired seniors...worried faculty...Elaine's needed party...and a junior party at the Yafa's...Yep, a big day!
- 14th—The wizard of Denmark, announcing Doctor Gerald..."It's uncanny!"...Yes, Miss Miller, was his name Paul?...Dips into the future as well as the past..."Gosh, I'd hate to be married to him!"
- 16th—"The Case of the Crushed Petunias"...THE pink set!!!...hasn't anyone a hat that they can *lend*? Thank your brother, Gail, we're broke!...dancing figures...ze art of ze drama...Bouquets to S'Milla and Miss Galbraith... (anyone seen the livingroom couch???)



CAE CLUB



KAVA CLUB



BEAR AND LION STAFF



STUDENT COUNCIL



SPLINTERS STAFF

17th—"I can't believe it's really here!"... Only one more term!... "Goodbye, have fun!"... and we leave the white picket fence for another three weeks!

April

7th—"Hello!"... "Gosh, what a tan!"... Nassau... Bermuda... Florida... only seven more weeks... faculty surprises...
10th—Tea-Dance Premier... "38 tickets—any more??"... last minute dates... something new and different... new covers for the yearbook...
23rd—*Mikado* with P.A. and Abbot taking honors... Sabotage, Karlyn??... Koko par excellence...
28th—Seniors serve in the dining-room... anything for the Alumnae Association... "gambling" in the gym?...

May

1st—Founder's Day... Lobster or chicken salad?... Alumnae... Those present from the Class of '43... Entertainment in gym...
2nd—Independent School Chorus... white dresses and dark suits... Sanders Theatre... wonderful music... St. Mark's, Nina...
8th—Senior Prom... low lights and soft music... coffin on the porch... steak breakfast... Dave Jenney and Orchestra... corsages... "Good Night, Sweetheart."
12th—Swimming meet... Cae 98 to 67 for Kava... form... speed... "Swimmers ready? On your mark. Get set. Go!"... Bunny's record...
24th-27th—Did anybody say finals?... blue books again... spring fever too... the end of the scholastic year...
26th—Baseball... Bill umping... Bean-blossom's homers... and not to forget Dede's... victory for Cae... the last game of the year...
27th—Club picnics... elections... hamburgs on the back lawn... Bermudas and wild hats...
28th—Who said the Seniors couldn't spell?... and Senior supper at Mrs. MacGay's... placecards... class songs... tears and bouquets... movies in Study Hall...
29th—Singing Beach... hotdogs and sand... tans... it's cold, but come on in... "down by the sea"... Anyone want to walk to Marblehead with Cook?...
30th—Baccalaureate at All Souls... something to remember... parents and friends... and the last class parties of the year... Roberta's... Cece's... Roz's...
31st—Class Day... Senior luncheon... the Undergrads entertain... funny verses... then the club announcements... the Class Will... the Prophecy... the Senior play... "Our Town"... pipes on campus, Pam? Tch, tch?... wonderful... cheers for Mrs. Worsham...

June

1st—Big day... Undergrads in pastels... Seniors in white... roses and delphinium... snapdragons... "Pomp and Circumstances"... Mrs. MacGay, Dr. Gezork, Judge Leggat on stage... "Gosh, this is really it-!" tears... good-byes... thanks... Come back for Founder's Day... that's all...

P.H.

C.I.

CAE—KAVA HOCKEY GAME

'Twas a bright and sunny November 16 not too long ago when the members of Rogers Hall came to classes arrayed in their club colors. Kava's yellow neckties attracted much attention from the Caes, who, themselves, were bedecked in new Cae sweatshirts. After much clockwatching, the last bell rang and the great time had come: the Cae-Kava hockey game was about to get underway. The teams were tense; the cheerleaders ready; and the air ringing with excitement. The whistle blew and before our eyes unfolded a spectacle of excellent hockey playing. The first goal was made by Kava. As the game progressed many more goals were made, and when the game ended at three-thirty Cae had scored nine goals, Kava two. Cae Club was a happy winner: Kava club was a gracious loser. With sincere smiles, Kava extended congratulations to the victorious Caes.

The annual Hockey Banquet followed and was, as always, a most successful evening. Shirley Jo Arn, Kava's president, presented the coveted hockey cup to Pamela Hollingworth, president of Cae. Mrs. MacGay spoke to us in her inimitable style and Miss Galbraith delivered a short message. All too soon, the banquet was over, and the hockey equipment was stored away for another year.

TEAMS**CAE**

Hazzard, Mgr.
Doherty
Hollingworth, Cpt.
Atwood
Scobie
Wile
Irelan
Leary
Kiser

SUBS

Yafa
Eyre
Pence

KAVA

Leone, Mgr.
Herrhammer
Howes
Freyer
Duane, M.
Duane, E.
Milan
Arn
Emmons

SUBS

Babson
Sherman, N.
Nold

H.B.Y.



CAE HOCKEY TEAM



KAVA HOCKEY TEAM



SCENES FROM ROYAL OCCASION, A CHILD IS BORN AND
THE CASE OF THE CRUSHED PETUNIAS

FALL PLAY

After working hard for several weeks the cast of *Royal Occasion* was quite thrilled when finally on Saturday, November 29, they put on the show. Containing intrigue, mystery and humor, the play was enjoyed by everyone. The girls acted naturally for they were well suited for their parts. Miss Miller did an excellent job of casting. She was very proud of her group of actresses.

The play was about an English ballet company on the night of a command performance.

THE CAST

<i>Janet</i> : Ann Cook	<i>Chris</i> : Janet Tipton
<i>Netta</i> : Pamela Pence	<i>Lola</i> : Barbara Scobie
<i>Poppy</i> : Anne Wellesley Howes	<i>Gillian</i> : Martha Milan
<i>Dresser</i> : Karlyn Herrhammer	<i>Madam</i> : Elaine Leary
<i>Auntie</i> : Cornelia Thompson	<i>Trixie</i> : Sally Ringling
<i>Brin Daly</i> : Pamela Hollingworth	<i>Louise</i> : Joan Kuppenheimer
<i>Magda Ravinska</i> : Linda Hazzard	<i>Fran</i> : Rosamond Wile

Stage manager—Sara Lea Callaway

Properties—Mary Ann Morgan

Set:—Cynthia Irelan

Ruth Mesics

Demetra Tikellis

Vanessa Noble

Constance Veevers

Sally Ringling

Vicki Kiser

Polly Duane

Makeup—Judi Mereness

Sally Ringling

Lighting and Sound—

Demetra Tikellis

M.A.M.

ANDOVER DANCE

Four-thirty. The buses arrived and Andover invaded again! The concert was wonderful—especially “*The Mikado*”, with the “Lord High Executioner”, and the turkey supper was good, as always. We finished by dancing until eleven in the Purple Grotto to the music of the slightly inspired Aces. The quartette sang during intermission and did a great job. Naturally, we all had a fabulous time.

S.R.

CHRISTMAS VESPERS

Of the many wonderful events which take place during the year, one of the most outstanding is the Christmas Vespers service. Cynthia Irelan, the president of Student Council, did an exceptionally good job of conducting the program. Under the direction of Miss LeButt the Glee Club sang several Christmas selections, and appropriate stories and poems were read by some of the students.

Then came the Seniors' big moment—when Mrs. MacGay took charge of the service and began the presentation of the school ring, so dear to every Rogers Hall graduate. That moment, when a girl receives her ring, is a lasting memory deep in the hearts of all those who have experienced it.

The last ring was presented and the beautiful candlelight service brought to a close, but a long time will pass before it is forgotten by anyone, especially those who received the beautiful ring with its motto, "Nos Nostraque Deo"—Ourselves and all our possessions for God.

C.A.

CHRISTMAS BANQUET

On December 15th, the students of Rogers Hall marched into the school dining room singing "Deck the Halls" for the annual Christmas dinner. At the far end of the room a table was set up for Mrs. MacGay and her guests. Between courses of the meal the Glee Club sang several Christmas carols under the direction of Miss LeButt. After a delicious meal we proceeded into the gymnasium for the Christmas play.

C.A.

CHRISTMAS PLAY

On Tuesday evening, December fifteenth, Rogers Hall put on the famous Christmas play, *A Child is Born*, by Stephen Vincent Benet. It is the story of the owners of the inn where Joseph and Mary asked for room. The dramatic players gave an excellent performance, and Miss Miller should be congratulated for her superb directing.

During the performance the Glee Club, directed by Miss Dorothy LeButt, provided some background music.

CAST

<i>Narrator</i>	Karlyn Herrhammer
<i>Innkeeper's Wife</i>	Anne Wellesley Howes
<i>Dismas</i>	Pamela Hollingworth
<i>Soldier</i>	Katharine Chamberlain
<i>Innkeeper</i>	Joan Kuppenheimer
<i>Sarah</i>	Barbara Morse
<i>Leah</i>	Charlotte Atwood
<i>Joseph</i>	Naomi Sherman
<i>Voice of Prefect</i>	Pamela Pence



JUNIOR CLASS



FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE CLASS



CAE VOLLEYBALL TEAM



KAVA VOLLEYBALL TEAM

<i>Voices of Roman Officers</i>	Edwina Duane Mary Duane Diana Doherty
<i>Voice of King</i>	Barbara Scobie
<i>Voices of Shepherds</i>	Martha Milan Sara Lea Callaway Diana Doherty

PRODUCTION STAFF

<i>Stage Managers</i>	Ann Cook Barbara Scobie
<i>Scenery</i>	Cynthia Ireland Sally Ringling Ruth Mesics
<i>Costumes</i>	Sally Ringling
<i>Properties</i>	Mary Ann Morgan
<i>Lighting</i>	Demetra Tikellis
<i>Make-up</i>	Judith Mereness Cynthia Ireland M.A.M.

CAE—KAVA VOLLEYBALL GAME

January 14 brought snow piles and sub-zero temperatures but nothing could stop Cae and Kava from their annual volleyball games. The second teams provided the afternoon's first competition. Kava took the lead in the first few minutes of play. Cae fought back courageously as the volleys continued. Soon, however, the game was over and Kava was declared victorious.

After a brief resting period, play again resumed as the first teams faced each other. The serving of both teams was strong and sure. Kava again took the lead. As the balls flew over the net, the tension mounted. Then came the shrill sound of the final whistle and Kava was declared victorious once more.

And so came the end of another eventful afternoon of Cae-Kava competition.

TEAMS

CAE	KAVA
Tipton, J. mgr.	Mereness, J. mgr.
<i>1st team</i>	<i>1st team</i>
Doherty, D. cpt.	Sherman, N. cpt.
Atwood, C.	Freyer, E.
Yafa, H.	Adams, A.
Ringling, S.	Tikellis, D.
Morgan, M.	Herrhammer, K.
Rand, B.	Howes, A.
Hollingworth, P.	Arn, S.
Eyre, E.	Poorvu, J.

SPLINTERS

2nd team

Scobie, B.
 Callaway, S. cpt.
 Rosenblum, C.
 Zelickman, L.
 Morse, B.
 Kiser, V.
 Wile, R.
 Smith, C.

Subs

Leary, E.
 Hoff, A.

2nd team

Purdy, D.
 Milan, M.
 Plaisted, A.
 Leone, M. cpt.
 Mesics, R.
 Babson, P.
 Thompson, C.
 Sherman, R.

Subs

Bristol, J.
 Bright, M.

H.Y.

EXETER DANCE

Red and Gray... A Cruise to Hawaii... "Let's Have a Square Dance"... and Exeter came 'round again. The concert, complete with orchestra, combined Glee Clubs, soloists, and—oh, yes, that popping balloon—was certainly up to the usual R.H.-Exeter standard. The dance with its mounds of leis and island atmosphere of friendliness and gaiety, was perfect. Right down to the music provided for us by the Royal Exonians, it was the most fun ever.

S.R.

ST. MARK'S DANCE

Southborough... and this time we invade. First to rehearsal for the Glee Club and a brisk walk around the campus for non-gee clubbers. Then we met our dates and enjoyed a fab roast beef dinner (much better than Mr. Sheppard had guaranteed). Most of us got a guided tour around the school before the concert, and a few were so privileged as to enter the hallowed sixth-form room. The concert was good, and the joint number with the boys went especially well. (What if we were flat on one of ours?). Then to dancing till eleven—the ditched dates club formed then—and back into the buses and home.

S.R.

CAE—KAVA BASKETBALL GAME

At two forty-five on March second, Cae and Kava met for the third time. It was the day of the great basketball game. The whistle blew; the air tingled with excitement; and play began. Ball after ball swished into the basket. Too soon, the half came with Cae ahead by a small margin.

Once again the thrilling play resumed. The ball flew from hand to hand—then, the whistle blew and Cae was proclaimed victorious, 36-33.

The game displayed not only skillful playing, but also a feeling of friendliness and sportsmanship.



CAE BASKETBALL TEAM



KAVA BASKETBALL TEAM



CAE SOFTBALL TEAM



KAVA SOFTBALL TEAM

TEAMS

CAE
 Eyre, Mgr.
 Atwood, Cpt.
 Hollingworth
 Irelan
 Doherty
 Rand
 Callaway

Subs

Morgan
 Scobie
 Morse

KAVA
 Sherman, R., Mgr
 Howes
 Milan
 Herrhammer
 Sherman, N.
 Arn
 Adams

Subs

Freyer, Cpt
 Bristol
 Mesics

SPRING PRODUCTION

On the night of March 16, two dramatic productions were presented at Rogers Hall. The first play, *Our Dearest Possession*, portrayed a woman who finally realizes how fortunate she is. In the second production, *The Case of The Crushed Petunias*, a proper Bostonian spinster disregards her rules and regulations and goes out into the world to enjoy herself.

The combination of dancing and drama made a most enjoyable evening. There were times when Miss Miller and Miss Galbraith had their qualms about the production of the show, but it went off smoothly and successfully.

Our Dearest Possession

Mrs. Harvey Clark, Sr. Elaine Leary
Miss Perry Barbara Morse
Hilda Blaine Pamela Pence
Millicent Clark Pamela Hollingworth
Jane Harris Vicki Kiser
Maid Maria Bright

Stage Manager—Janet Tipton

The Case of The Crushed Petunias

Miss Dorothy Simple Rosamond Wile
Officer Martha Milan
Young Man Karlyn Herrhammer
Mrs. Dull Ann Cook

Stage Manager—Charlotte Atwood

TECHNICAL STAFF

Scenery designed by
 Cynthia Irelan, Sally Ringling

SPLINTERS

Assisted by

Shirley Jo Arn, Maria Bright, Polly Duane, Martha Milan, Anne Plaisted
Janet Tipton

Lighting—Demetra Tikellis

Properties—Mary Ann Morgan

Makeup

Judith Mereness, Cynthia Irelan, Sally Ringling
Canary by courtesy of the Lowell Pet Shop

*The Dances**Parade of the Wooden Soldiers:*

Charlotte Atwood, Polly Duane, Karlyn Herrhammer, Martha Milan, Diana Purdy, Janet Tipton, Rosamond Wile.

Ritual Fire Dance ("Pursuit"):

Sara Lea Callaway, Joan Kuppenheimer, Barbara Morse, Pamela Pence, Salome Ringling, Barbara Scobie.

Waltzing Bugle Boy:

Diana Doherty, Nina Duane, Constance Veevers, Helen Yafa, Lois Zelikman.

Tarantella Neapolitana and Daldans:

Anne Adams, Priscilla Babson, Dorothy Chrystal, Karlyn Herrhammer, Anne Wellesley Howes, Pamela Pence, Naomi Sherman, Helen Yafa.

M.A.M.

SPLINTERS TEA-DANCE

A little bit of vacation seemed to have escaped its tight packaging; for, two days after it was over, there was a dance at Rogers Hall. *Splinters* held a tea-dance in the library and study-hall (furniture and rug moved out!) that was quite a success—so much so that Mrs. MacGay hinted that there might be one next year too! A buffet supper was served in the dining-room followed by more dancing till seven-thirty when "Goodbyes" and "Thank-you's" were said in the drawing-room.

A.W.H.

FOUNDER'S DAY

Saturday, the first of May, brought returning alumnae for our traditional Alumnae Luncheon and celebration of Founder's Day. There was a wide representation from many previous classes, all glad to meet again and enjoy the hospitality of their *alma mater*. Mrs. MacGay welcomed the visitors at the luncheon, following which the alumnae met in the study hall.

After the meeting all moved to the gym where *The Case of the Crushed Petunias*, a fantasy by Tennessee Williams, was given for the entertainment of our guests. The Glee Club sang two of their best-liked numbers, "No Man is an Island" and "The Rich Old Miser"; and then to the pool-room for a beautifully executed water-ballet, "The Moon is Blue". The room was dark with the exception of two spot-lights on a sparkling blue moon suspended over the center of the pool.



CAE BADMINTON TEAM



KAVA BADMINTON TEAM



CAE SWIMMING TEAM



KAVA SWIMMING TEAM



SCENES FROM OUR TOWN

SWIMMERS CHOSEN FOR THE WATER-BALLET

Atwood	Ringling
Herrhammer	Rand
Scobie	Pence
Kuppenheimer	Morse
Babson	Arn
Howes	Rosenblum

A.W.H.

SANDERS THEATRE CONCERT

On Sunday, the second, the Rogers Hall Glee Club undertook something they had never done before: singing as a part of a chorus of three-hundred voices, the Independent School Chorus. The concert was held in Sanders Theatre at Harvard and was conducted by Mr. Howard Abel of Milton Academy. The participating boys' schools were St. Mark's, Browne and Nichols, Belmont Hill, Rivers Country Day, Roxbury Latin; the girls' schools, Buckingham, Brimmer and May, Chapel Hill, House in the Pines, Woodward, and Rogers Hall.

Included in the program were works by Pergolesi, Buxtehude, Brahms, Handel, Shaw, and Thompson. The concert was generally considered to be well-performed and the directors were hopeful of holding another next year.

A.W.H.

PROM

May eight came...with it a cloudy day and Prom—beautiful dresses, gorgeous corsages, and huge sprays of apple-blossoms. The Seniors found Senior Porch fascinating even in the rain; and Dave Jenny's band played smooth music to dance 'n' dream by. Sunday morning's steak breakfast was the best ever, thanks to Mrs. Cozad; but come twelve noon, Prom came to an end for another year with the exodus of the visiting men.

A.W.H.

SWIMMING MEET

May twelfth brought another afternoon of traditional Cae-Kava competition—the swimming meet. Everyone was tense with excitement: the spectators were awaiting the starter's first call, while the swimmers were anxiously pacing the floor. Soon the first swimmers plunged into the water, and the tension mounted. Cae took the lead in the first few moments of the meet, and finished with a 98-67 victory. Both clubs displayed lightning speed, smooth form, and most important, true sportsmanship. Too quickly the last race was over, and another day of Cae-Kava competition slipped by.

KAVA	CAE
Adams, A. mgr.	Hoff, A. mgr.
Arn, S. cpt.	Leary E. cpt.
Howes, A.	Rand, B.
Bright, M.	Callaway, S.

Mesics, R.
Hockmeyer, A.
Duane, P.
Subs
Tikellis, D.
Herrhammer, K.

Pence, P.
Atwood, C.
Scobie, B.
Subs
Morse, B.
Leary, E.

H.B.Y.

SOFTBALL GAME

The softball game marked the end of Cae-Kava competition for another year. The game was, as always, a tense and exciting match. Kava took the lead in the first inning, but by the time the game ended, the score was 18-8 in favor of Cae. Bunny Rand and Jean Bristol proved themselves to be expert pitchers as they hurled ball after ball across the plate.

Soon the game was over, and as the clubs walked off the field, everyone realized that for the seniors, Cae-Kava competition was over forever. Miss Galbraith's job was successfully completed, the vicepresidents had finished their duties, and the presidents could relinquish their difficult responsibilities, as another year of Cae-Kava games became history.

TEAMS

CAE
Hollingworth
Rand
Wile, Cpt.
Doherty
Yafa
Pence
Morse
Kuppenheimer
Eyre
Zelickman, Mgr.
Subs
Atwood
Scobie
Tipton

KAVA
Freyer
Bristol
Tikellis
Milan
Adams
Sherman, N.
Arn
Herrhammer, Cpt.
Leone
Plaisted, Mgr.
Subs
Purdy
Duane, N.
Howes

H.B.Y.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY

The Baccalaureate service, held at All Souls Church, was a truly memorable one. Reverend Johnson, in his sermon, told us that we would always have a successful life if we remembered one word—"reverence." After the service all were welcomed to a delightful punch hour held in the parish house.

Most of the seniors and their parents had dinner at the Andover Inn, where amid many introductions, the seniors became acquainted with one another's parents.



At 3:30 a musicale, directed by Miss LeButt, was held in the study hall. Along with songs by the Glee Club there were two piano selections: a solo by Rosamond Wile and a duo-piano piece by Karlyn Herrhammer and Miss LeButt.

The day ended with the class picnics. The freshman and sophomore classes went to Roz Wile's house, the juniors to Cecelia Smith's house, and the seniors to Roberta Sherman's.

P.H.

CLASS DAY

Amid much laughter and a little embarrassment, the seniors were guests of honor at an entertaining Senior Luncheon. The Juniors outdid themselves in the poems, joke presents, and gifts to the seniors. Mrs. MacGay gave an informal talk upon receiving her gift from the senior class, following which, we went into the study hall for the class day exercises. The coveted R. H. awards were given, and after the club songs were sung, the officers of next year's clubs were announced. For Cae they are: Charlotte Atwood, president; Lois Zelickman, vice-president. For Kava they are: Martha Milan, president; Nina Duane, vice-president.

The end of the exercises was taken over by Sara Lea Callaway, president of the senior class. An enlightening poem, "Meet '54" was read by Ann Cook, the Prophecy by Posh Thompson, and the Will by Pamela Hollingworth. These were all extremely amusing.

Another Class Day was ended by the singing of the undergrad and senior songs.

AWARDS CLUB CUPS

Hockey	Cae
Volleyball	Kava
Basketball	Cae
Swimming	Cae
Softball	Cae

INDIVIDUAL AWARDS

Badminton—Shirley Jo Arn

Neatness—Katharine Chamberlain, Elaine Leary, Judith Poorvu,
Carol Sue Rosenblum

Tennis Cup—Karlyn Herrhammer

Posture Cup—Shirley Jo Arn

SENIOR LIFE SAVING

Nina Duane	Cynthia Irelan
Polly Duane	Ruth Mesics
Elsa Freyer	Anne Plaisted

R. H. AWARDS

Given for athletic ability, athletic offices, posture, sportsmanship and neatness.

CAE

Charlotte Atwood
Sara Lea Callaway
Diana Doherty
Pamela Hollingworth
Elaine Leary
Barbara Morse
Pamela Pence
Bunny Rand
Barbara Scobie
Rosamond Wile
Helen Yafa

KAVA

Anne Adams
Shirley Jo Arn
Nina Duane
Polly Duane
Elsa Freyer
Karlyn Herrhammer
Anne Wellesley Howes
Naomi Sherman

P.H.

COMMENCEMENT PLAY

On Monday night, May 31, the Rogers Hall actresses presented the play "Our Town" by Thornton Wilder. The story portrayed average people living an ordinary life in an ordinary town anywhere in the world. It was a professional play, but the girls did a superb job of acting and really moved the audience.

Mrs. Worsham had many qualms before the final production, but everything went very smoothly, much to her enjoyment.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

<i>Stage Manager</i>	PAMELA HOLLINGWORTH
<i>Dr. Gibbs</i>	JOAN KUPPENHEIMER
<i>Joe Crowell</i>	EDWINA DUANE
<i>Howie Newsome</i>	ELAINE LEARY
<i>Mrs. Gibbs</i>	ANNE WELLESLEY HOWES
<i>Mrs. Webb</i>	CORNELIA THOMPSON
<i>George Gibbs</i>	MARTHA MILAN
<i>Rebecca Gibbs</i>	BARBARA SCOBIE
<i>Wally Web</i>	ROSAMOND WILE
<i>Emily Webb</i>	DOROTHY CHRYSTAL
<i>Professor Willard</i>	KATHARINE CHAMBERLAIN
<i>Mr. Webb</i>	KARLYN HERRHAMMER
<i>Woman in the Balcony</i>	NAOMI SHERMAN
<i>Woman in the Auditorium</i>	ELEANOR EYRE
<i>Lady in the Box</i>	BARBARA EMMONS
<i>Simon Stimson</i>	SARA LEA CALLAWAY
<i>Mrs. Soames</i>	ANN COOK
<i>Constable Warren</i>	PAMELA PENCE

SPLINTERS

Si Crowell HELEN Yafa
Baseball Players DIANA DOHERTY, MARY DUANE, MIRIAM RAND
Sarah Craig LINDA HAZZARD
Joe Stoddard SALOME RINGLING
Dead People...

PHYLLIS HEIFETZ, ANNE PLAISTED, DEMETRA TIKELLIS

People of the Town...

VIRGINIA KISER, CHARLOTTE ATWOOD, ANNE HOFF,
 BARBARA MORSE, MARIA BRIGHT, JANET TIPTON, MARY LEONE

TECHNICAL STAFF

Director of Dramatics MRS. DOROTHY ANN WORSHAM
Director of Music MISS DOROTHY LEBUTT
Stage Manager MARY ANN MORGAN
Assistant Stage Manager CYNTHIA IRELAN
Lights DEMETRA TIKELLIS, SHIRLEY JO ARN
Scenery CYNTHIA IRELAN, SALOME RINGLING
Sound CYNTHIA IRELAN
Make-up JUDITH MERENESS, SALOME RINGLING, CYNTHIA IRELAN

M.A.M.

COMMENCEMENT

Commencement dawned bright and sunny...much to the relief of everyone. Very few of the graduating class looked forward to the summer with anything but sadness, knowing they would not be coming back to Rogers Hall in the fall.

The speaker, the Reverend Herbert Gezork, D.D., President of the Andover-Newton Theological School, gave an inspiring speech based on his mountain-climbing experiences. He said that one should look back with gratitude, look ahead with confidence, and look upward with reverence. Then Judge John C. Leggat, president of the Board of Trustees, conferred the diplomas.

After Sara Lea Callaway, president of the Senior Class, presented a check for the class gift of books for the library, Mrs. MacGay spoke to the Seniors. She asked us to always be ready to conquer our Mount Everests in everyday life.

The long anticipated awards were presented and the school song was sung. The Seniors have gone, hoping that the class of '54 will not be soon forgotten.

AWARDS AND HONORS

The Underhill Honor—College Preparatory (85%)

SALOME RINGLING

Parsons Award (80%)

JUDITH MERENESS

Honor Roll—Average (85%) or above

ANNE WELLESLEY HOWES	BARBARA SCOBIE
PAMELA HOLLINGWORTH	NAOMI SHERMAN
MARY ANN MORGAN	CORNELIA THOMPSON
SALOME RINGLING	HELEN Yafa
LOIS ZELICKMAN	

*Helen Hill Award—*CYNTHIA IRELAN*Athletic Cup—*KARLYN HERRHAMMER*Art Prize—*MARTHA MILAN*Dramatics—*PAMELA HOLLINGWORTH*Special Dramatics Award—*DOROTHY CHRYSTAL*Music Appreciation—*ANNE WELLESLEY HOWES*Honorable Mention (above 95%)*

CHARLOTTE ATWOOD	KARLYN HERRHAMMER
KATHARINE CHAMBERLAIN	BARBARA SCOBIE
ELSA FREYER	CORNELIA THOMPSON

National French Contest—American Association of Teachers of French
Prix D'Honneur

ANNE WELLESLEY HOWES

*Bible—*CORNELIA THOMPSON*Honorable Mention—*

SHIRLEY JO ARN	CYNTHIA IRELAN
SARA LEA CALLAWAY	JOAN KUPPENHEIMER
ANNE WELLESLEY HOWES	HELEN Yafa

Current Events

ROBERTA SHERMAN—Class and Assembly

Honorable Mention—KATHARINE CHAMBERLAIN

HELEN Yafa—Assembly Only

Honorable Mention—MARJORIE ROBINSON

*Splinters**Poem—*VIRGINIA KISER*Essay—*ANN COOK*Short Story—*CORNELIA THOMPSON

P.H.

Alumnae News

Marriages

February 3, 1954—Marguerite Steen to Mr. William Edward Rex in New York, New York.

March 6, 1954—Pauline Jones to Mr. William Ross Hoff in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Mr. and Mrs. Hoff are at home at 4469 North Woodburn Street, Milwaukee.

April 24, 1954—Millicent Cotter to Mr. James Daniel Hogan in Lowell, Massachusetts.

May 22, 1954—Margaret Sellger to Mr. Earl Nixon in Belhaven, North Carolina.

June 5, 1954—Anne Russell to Mr. Peter Albert Brooke in Weston, Massachusetts. Mr. and Mrs. Brooke will make their home in Worcester, Massachusetts.

Births

A son, Stephen David, to Mr. and Mrs. David Ingalls (Beverly Watt) on February 25, 1954. The Ingalls live at 7 Morton Street, Wilmington, Delaware.

A daughter, Mary Linda, to Mr. and Mrs. William C. McKay (Mary Lou Rayburn) on March 2, 1954. Mary Lou writes, "After two boys, a girl—what a thrill!"

A daughter, Donna Leigh, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Frank (Constance Winnette) on March 13, 1954, in Lowell, Massachusetts.

A daughter, Cheri Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Tomlinson (Jane Baketel) on March 27, 1954.

A daughter, Robin Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Harlan P. Kelsey, III, (Susan Abbott) on April 1, 1954. Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey now make their home on a farm in Sunderland, Massachusetts.

A son, Robert Bee, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bee Lewis (Dorothy Winship) on April 19, 1954.

A son, James Reilly, to First Lieutenant and Mrs. Franklin A. Steele (Elizabeth Reilly) on June 13, 1954, at the Castle Air Force base in Atwater, California. Lieutenant Steele is assistant staff judge advocate at the base.

Deaths

On February 14, 1953—Mrs. Walter C. Amundson (Margaret McKindley) in Duluth, Minnesota.

General

Once again we have reason to be extremely proud of Joan Macdonald, as the announcement of her election as a member of Phi Beta Kappa was sent to us from Smith College. Joan was one of three Rogers Hall girls who received degrees from Smith this year, the other two being Deborah Smith and Linda Thomas. Joan has been on the Dean's list since her freshman year and this year was a member of her house council. She has majored in Education. Debby a Chemistry major, has been a member of the Freshman and All Star choirs and was in the Rally Day show. She was also a member of the Riding club and representative from her house for the College Relief committee and National Students association. This year she took part in the octet singing group in her house. Linda has majored in English.

We have another reason for pride, as we have been informed that Jane Buck, also graduating this June, has been named on the Dean's list at St. Lawrence University.

Definite word has reached us that the following girls were also graduated from college this year: Elizabeth Filer from Simmons College; Margarita Filer from Vassar College; Constance McSweeney from Lowell State Teachers College; and Julia Streeter from Endicott Junior College.

Charlotte McDowell Burlington moved this spring from Detroit and now lives at 1527 West Union Boulevard, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

Ellen Blanchard has an interesting position as manager of the Huntington Hartford Model Agency in New York. She is doing a great deal of work with television.

In March, a group of alumnae from the Greater-Boston area met at a luncheon at the Women's City Club in Boston. The following alumnae were present: Julia Stevens, Helen Nesmith, Dorothy Marden Fairbanks, Barbara Marden Wilson, Roma Nickerson Hockmeyer, Barbara Buckland Tighe, Edith Pulsifer MacDonald, Katherine Clapp, Geneva Williams Robinson, Margaret Smith Godard, Louise Grover Tyler, Dorothy Clark Burnham, Virginia Fitz Fuller, Marjorie Coulthurst Smith, Dorothea Holland Mayo, Juliette Huntress Dowse, Caroline Quincy Davis and Maria Smith Clapp. Mrs. MacGay, Miss Hildred Ramsay, Director of Studies, and Mrs. Louise Staten, Alumnae Secretary, completed the group. Mrs. MacGay greeted the alumnae and, after the luncheon, gave an informal talk concerning school activities. The alumnae officers presented plans for a bridge party which was held on April 28 in the gymnasium, with tea served in the school dining room. The proceeds of the bridge and tea were contributed by the alumnae to swell the Rogers Hall Improvement Fund. Both the alumnae get-together luncheon and the bridge party were most successful and were very much appreciated by Mrs. MacGay and the entire school.

Feather Fairbanks was active at Hood College this year where she was a

member of the junior class. She was President of her house and Business Manager of "The Blue and Gray", the college publication.

A letter from Alice Faulkner Hadley tells us that she is now living in her new home, "Blue Skies", at 1621 Boulevard North, New Port Richey, Florida. The Hadleys sold their house in Newtown, Connecticut, so they consider themselves now as real Florida "crackers". Louise Ramsdell Estey's home is directly across the street from "Blue Skies", which makes life very pleasant for all concerned. At the time the letter was written, Alice Ramsdell Farrington was visiting there and Dorothy Eckhart Williams has also stopped for a few days. Quite a Rogers Hall reunion! Another bit of news gleaned from this letter is that Barbara Hadley Pinkerton has moved to Wexford, Pennsylvania. Her address there is Center Oak Drive, R. D. #1.

Casey Callaway Cook has returned to her native Knoxville, Tennessee. Her husband is now associated with her father in business.

The Bart Strykers (Kitty Duane) will return to the United States this summer as Bart will have completed his studies in Germany. Their plans for the future are still unsettled.

Kay Wallace writes that her work with student government at Syracuse University has kept her "hopping" this year. She is also very much interested in the National Student Association and has worked hard to swing an International Weekend for next year. Syracuse has nearly three hundred and fifty foreign students, Kay says, and she is very much concerned with the relationship between them and the rest of the student body. Kay has also worked two evenings and one afternoon a week at a city recreation center, so she has been a very busy gal!

Jean McIlwraith, who has been at Scripps College in sunny California, is coming back to New England. She will enter The Garland School in Boston this September.

A letter from Libby Filer states that the Filer family was in great confusion over her graduation from Simmons College and Margarita's from Vassar, as the Commencement exercises came on the same day! Libby was in the School of Publications this year, having transferred from the Prince School of Retailing last June. Although she had to carry the graduate program—a very heavy schedule—she was most enthusiastic about the course. She says that she really hates the thought that her college life is finished. From Libby we also hear that Marilyn Cashman has gone to France to be married to a Frenchman. We have not learned it officially, however.

Kay Welch has been chosen junior alternate delegate to the National Federation of Catholic Colleges from D'Youville College. She will attend a convention of the Federation in Chicago next September.

Graduates of last year's class will be interested to learn of the engagement of Miss Barbara Galbraith, teacher of Physical Education at Rogers Hall for the past two years, to Mr. Robert George Woods of Hampton, New Hampshire.

After their wedding in July Mr. and Mrs. Woods will live near Hartford, Connecticut. Last year's class will also be interested in the announcement of the marriage of Miss Dorothy Ann Miller to Mr. Banks Stephens Worsham on April 1, 1954. Mrs. Worsham has taught English and dramatics at Rogers Hall for two years. The Worshams live at 16 Chauncy Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. We are hopeful that Mrs. Worsham may be able to continue to teach our dramatics for the coming year, as she has done an outstanding job in that field.

This year Louise Lee was unable to make her usual trek back to school for Founder's Day although she had planned to do so. She has been at home in Grosse Pointe Park this year as her previously reported plan to study in California was postponed until June. Just at the time of Founder's Day, she went on a cruise to South America with her father, hence her inability to be with us. We certainly missed her!

Louise writes of Judy Kirby that rumor has it that if she continues to ski as well as she has this year, she will qualify for the Olympics. It's a dangerous business, however. We were so sorry to learn of a skiing mishap which Judy had—the result, either a broken ankle or leg, we're not sure which it was.

Virginia Meyer Koerner, now that her three children are all of school age, has decided to return to college to finish the course that she interrupted in order to be married. The Koerners live in West Covina, California, at 1339 East Merced Avenue. Virginia will attend Whittier College.

Recent alumnae visitors include Josette Racine, who breezed in the Friday night before Commencement, full of a new plan for the coming year. Josette has been studying in Montreal this year with the hope of entering McGill University next September, but now she wishes to try for Georgetown University where she would take the foreign service course. This summer Josette is going to Europe for an extended trip. Ann Fletcher also stopped at school one day since Commencement. She was at Pine Manor for a class reunion. Her sister, Barbara Fletcher Grant, now makes her home at 101 North Barkley Street in Bay City, Michigan. Barbara married Mr. Robert Arthur Grant last January. Another visitor since Commencement was Lynn Hamby Messner, who brought her husband and two small children with her. Her husband, Bob, is in the Navy and was temporarily stationed at the Charlestown Navy Yard, so, for a short time, the Messners have been living in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Earlier this spring Sandy Eager Methven, with her mother and young son, Karl, visited school. They had left Atlanta, Georgia, and were looking for a home near Albany, New York. We hear that they had to settle for one in Pittsfield, Massachusetts!

Many alumnae will be interested to hear that a very welcome Commencement guest was Mrs. Mary Tremble, our former dietitian. Mrs. Tremble's home is now in Redondo Beach, California, where she retired to live near her sons. Yes, she looked exactly the same and had her usual vim and vigor. We all loved having her with us!

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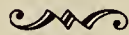
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Time is earth's most cryptic force—intangible yet potent, subtle yet unyielding. Her power is unremitting. The mightiest machine cannot alter her constant course. Between us and infinity there lies a meadow, the meadow of time. We are but a blade of grass—minute and ineffectual. Time destroys unscrupulously; time builds gloriously—doing both at a leisurely pace which serves only to intensify their potency. For if we aged suddenly, would we not be less disturbed? If a flower sprang up over night, would it not be less appreciated? Ah, yes—time works gradually. Time works deliberately. Time is clever.

As a healer, as an eraser, Time is unparalleled. There is no element more effective in obliterating the sharpest of wounds. I am not suggesting that consolations are scarce, for that is untrue, they are plentiful. But they lack the thoroughness of Time. Her course is mighty—she allows no re-occurrence, no superficial solace. She is ever present, ever willing—and asks, as her only requirement, patience.

We, the people of tomorrow, will be forever cognizant of Time's force. She is destined to be the essence of our being. When we can survey her in perspective, we will then be the masters of life's most cryptic force—Time. . . .

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Illustrations by Turner Baker, Judy Drick, Martha Milan,
Roselyn Puckett and Constance Veevers

ALUMNAE NEWS

Literary



and Art

A PORTRAIT

He made me feel ill at ease the first moment I saw him. It wasn't a feeling based on reason or fact, it was just something about his eyes

I sat down next to him and ordered a cup of coffee. Half way through the cup, I was back on my Cinderella dreams, when my neighbor jostled my arm, making me spill my coffee. Very indignant, I turned to say something to him, and he was looking right through me. Somewhat shaken, I paid for the coffee and left. Once outside, I was angry. Not only did he neglect to apologize, but he didn't even appreciate my beauty. All men appreciate that. What's the matter with him?—Those eyes,—they seemed to strip my mind of all its pseudo-intellectual ideas and false pretenses. Now don't get the idea that I'm unintelligent and don't have an idea in my head. I do, but they're not mine. Don't look at me like that; it's not unusual. By the way, I forgot to mention my profession. I'm a New York career girl. In my estimation, I'm a very superior secretary. But getting back to my mind. You must have guessed by now that I'm a parasite, like most people of my class. I haven't got the mental initiative to think up my own ideas, but I sure can inveigle them out of other people. It's not hard really. All it takes is plenty of practice and a practical knowledge of human nature. People are always willing to talk. If you can make any sense out of what they are saying, you'll find they are spilling ideas all over you. Just adopt them for your own. But I see I'm off my original subject. I was telling you about—let's call him Joe, shall we? It's much easier for me that way. Well, to get back to Joe. Like any irritating incident that comes up in my life, I was able to push him and "his eyes" out of my mind—well, almost out. He did appear one night in my dream. I had just been voted the most beautiful and capable secretary of New York City, when the judge stood up and asked if anyone knew of any reason or reasons why I should not be given this honor. My lunch acquaintance got up, looked at me with his soul stripping eyes and said, "Yes, I do." "Well?" said the judge. "This woman is false;" Joe Blow said, "she hasn't a thought or talent she can call her own." The judge turned to me. "Is this true?" he asked. "Yes," I replied, "I'm afraid it is." "Then, young lady, kindly step down from there. Your kind is waiting for you below." I looked down, and there stretching out their waiting arms were a thousand replicas of myself. "No," I cried, "no, no, I don't want to be lost in the shuffle. Please, won't anyone help me?" It was then that I woke up. A strange dream, I thought, but ridiculous, of course. I'm far superior to the ordinary New York career girl.

The next time I saw the man of "the eyes" and of my dreams was as I was hurrying back to my apartment after work. I was worried about what I was going to wear that night, and was not looking where I was going. All of a sudden I walked head on into a man who obviously had not been watching where he was

going either. I looked up into his eyes, and it was he! A thousand thoughts went running through my mind at once, but the most prevalent one was—he is the only one who really knows about me. If it wasn't for him I'd be safe. Safe from myself. And then the dream "Please don't tell them," I cried. "Why can't you leave me alone?"

Suddenly I realized I had been saying these things aloud. He turned his two wise eyes away from my face. "Sorry miss," he said, "you see I'm blind."

PAMELA PENCE, '55

LIFE

As you give a little,
Take a little;
As you die a little,
Grow a little.

DEE RAND, '57

AS I LIVE

I listen—and hear the songs of birds,
The babble of brooks, and the thunder of waterfalls,
The rustle of leaves, and the chirping of crickets—
I listen—and hear pleasant sounds.
I touch—and feel the softness of a rose in bloom,
The roughness of my face after a winter storm,
The crispness of the dried autumn leaves—
I touch—and feel pleasant things.
I breathe deeply—and smell the rose I touched,
The freshness of the air after a summer rain,
The fragrance of the sea, and seaweed-laden rocks—
I breathe deeply—and smell pleasant things.
I look—but to no avail,
For the things I see, I hear
The things I see, I feel
The things I see, I smell
My senses are my eyes

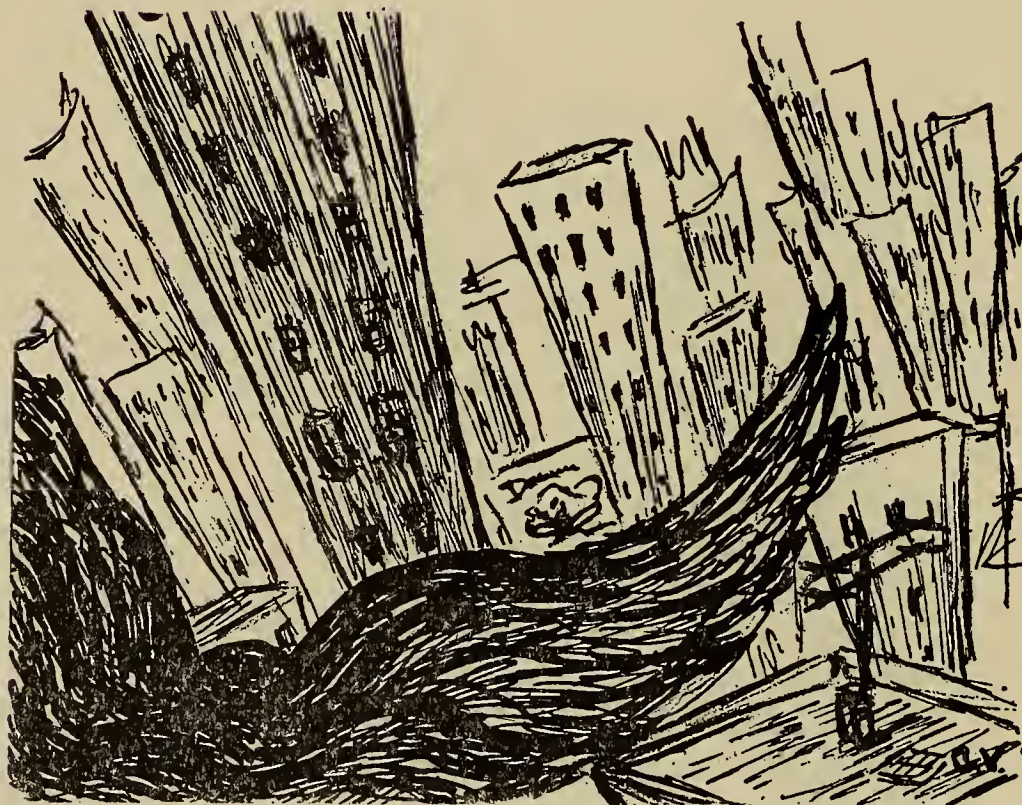
BARBARA MORSE, '56

SPLINTERS

BUILDINGS

They reach tall fingers to the sky,
Cold, impersonal, and aloof,
And cast their weary, scornful eye
To watch the humdrum world beneath.
From their high and lofty station
Tower they o'er all men's troubles
Like rulers of a pygmy nation,
Invincible, dark and brooding.
Tall, straight shafts that pierce the clouds,
Worldly wise yet caring not;
The sidewalks filled with seething crowds
Watched, unknown, by haughty eyes.

SUSAN FISHER, '56



ALONG THE HIGHWAY

Waves beating against the shore like an audience loudly clapping—
 Clusters of flowers waving to a sundrenched sky—
 Here and there, an abandoned house, standing alone—
 Old and paintless, weary and worn—
 Telephone poles marching with precisioned steps into the horizon—
 Every now and then a candy wrapper or bits of old paper
 Wistfully drift along, as if tired of their aimless wandering—
 All this—along the highway.

TAMSEN SEARS, '56

TRIO

In the beginning there was
 A pine
 Majestically silhouetted in
 Purple shadows upon the snow,
 Standing in sublimity awaiting
 Man's cruel hand.
 Now his emerald arms are
 Garnished
 Displaying their razzle-dazzle glory,
 A Broadway of splashing lustre
 Soon to be worn and haggard.
 White velvet conceals his wounds.
 Bit by bit the glory
 Disappears
 Turned into pallid gold
 The downcast pine is thrown
 To truculent winds, etched
 In a skeletal end !

LYN ABBOTT, '56

ESCAPE

In Dalton there is a street known officially as North Sand Hill Road, but to the inhabitants of this not so fair city it is known as Slum Street. This street begins where it branches off Main and continues its meandering route past hardware and grocery stores until it reaches Sand Hill Square. Here house after house seem to jostle each other for room to thrust their ridgepoles up into the sky. It's here in one of these houses where our story occurred.

A slap, a sharp cry of pain suddenly silenced—a shabbily dressed man staggers down the cement steps towards the corner bar. A child's face appears at the window and behind him is a woman, her cheek red where moments before flesh had touched flesh in a stinging slap.

"Drunken sot," she spat out.

"Mother, Mother, he hit you!"

"Hush up, Danny," she spoke sharply, nothing at all of the mother in her; "It's happened before, it'll happen again." She turned and left the room.

"I'll kill him," Danny muttered under his breath, "someday I'll kill him."

He stood there, his fists clenched and his eyes blazing like those of a young war eagle. Then slowly the look of defiance left his eyes and the mists of escape drifted over them

He wore a suit of velvet the color of an English sky in the spring and lace foamed and cascaded down his chest and out of his cuffs. His white charger was richly hung with gold and silver trappings. He rode at the head of a body of gallant men, while overhead his banner snapped with the breeze. Then ahead loomed the grim grey walls of the castle. Within those walls his mother was held prisoner by the terrible ogre. He must get her, he must. Charge! Scale the walls, up, up! Kill the ogre, kill him, kill!

His hands dropped to his sides and his eyes crept over his torn T-shirt and jeans—then the mists of oblivion came again.

The gondola glided up to the ornate doorway of the house. From the open windows the sound of clinking swords drifted out on the morning breeze. Inside lurked the evil prince who was holding the good queen prisoner. With a confident smile Lord Daniel grasped his sword and stepped inside

JULIA HUTSON, '56



PEACE

Peace be with you, oh Day, who
Engulfs the darkness of the earth
with thy brilliant light!
Peace be with you, oh Night,
Through whose darkness the
lights of heaven sparkle!
Peace be with you, seasons of the year:
Peace be with you, Spring, who
Restores the earth to youth!
Peace be with you, Summer, who
Harkens to the glory of the sun!
Peace be with you, Autumn, who
Gives with joy the fruits of toil!
Peace be with you, Winter, whose
Rage restores to nature her sleeping strength.
Peace be with you, Years, who
Reveal what the years concealed.
Peace be with you, Ages, who
Build what ages destroyed!

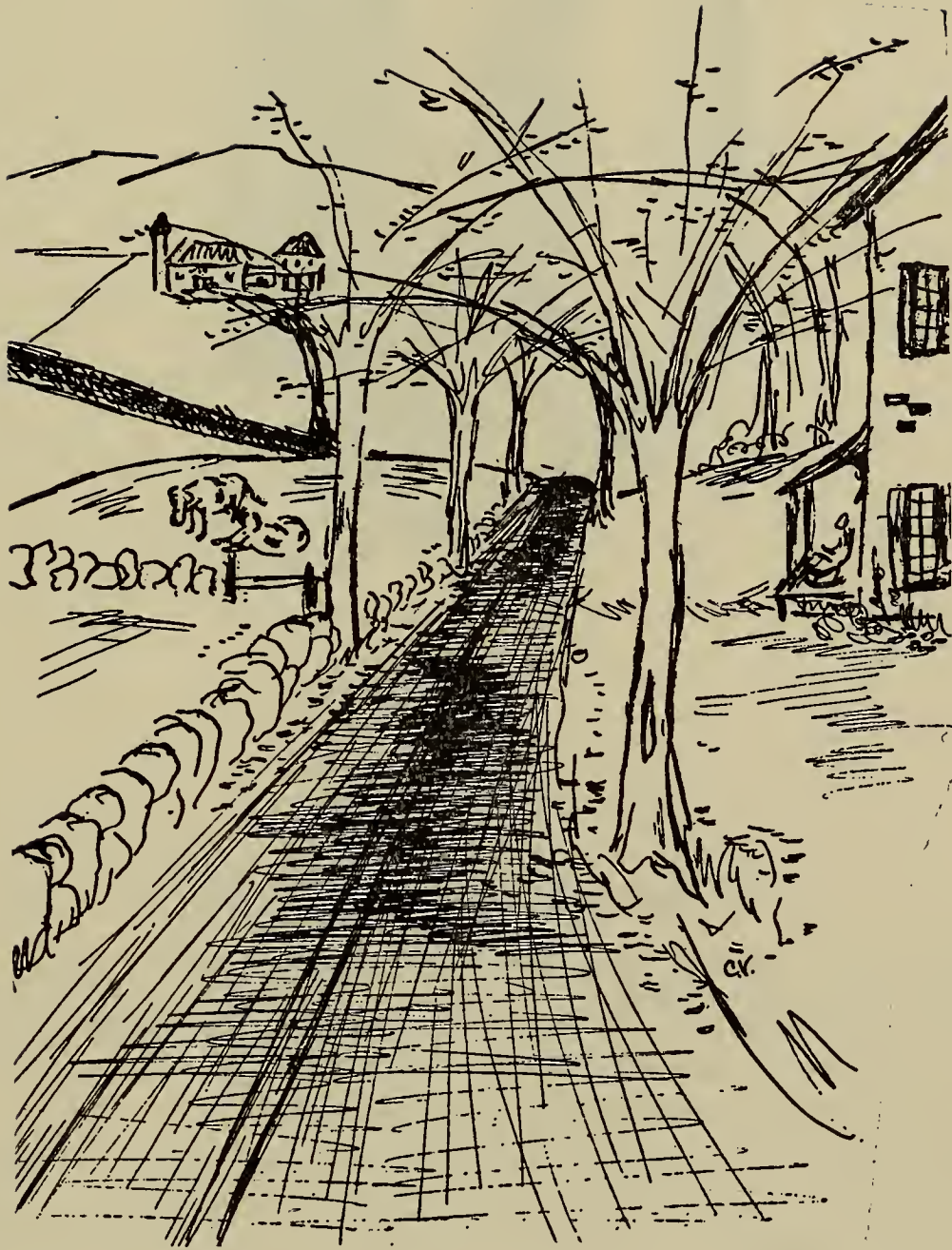
PEPPER PUCKETT, '56

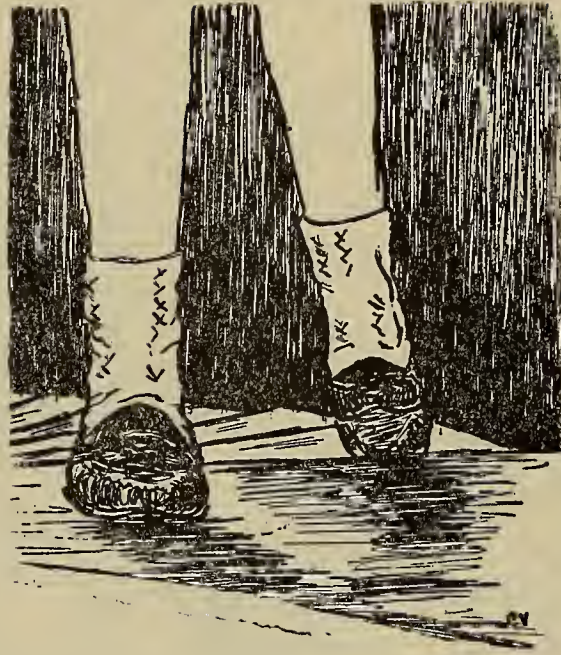
SOLILOQUY OF A ROAD

I stretch my golden brown graveled length across the valley floors and writhe my way up mountain sides to reach the summit and then flow downward. For a while a stone fence accompanies me on my way but I soon leave it behind. In the summer I bask under the warm rays of the sun and spring rains tickle my back. Winter snows blanket me, hide me, soothe me, and in autumn—ah, it's autumn now. Enormous oak trees explode into color but their glory is short-lived. Old people sit in rocking chairs on the porches and watch me crawl by. It's autumn for them too, not only the autumn of the season but for them the autumn of their lives. I've seen many people in the autumn of their lives, some accepting it calmly, some with sorrow, some with happiness, and some wildly resisting it. Autumn comes to all things. Accept it.

But I am just a road. Nobody listens to me. I stretch my golden brown length along the valley floors and writhe my way up mountain sides to reach the summit and then flow downward.

JULIA HUTSON, '56





MY CONQUEST OF BUNKER HILL

Bunker Hill—now I must forewarn you that this has become my pet peeve. You, the individual, can probably comprehend why I would bear a grudge against the telephone which generally manages to ring while you are in the shower, or something of the like, but why Bunker Hill?

It seems that the average tourist feels that he is obliged to see Bunker Hill for some patriotic reason. Naturally, as the hostess, I am required to accompany him on this pilgrimage. Now I wouldn't mind going once, or even twice, but don't you admit that six times is overdoing it a little? There are many other places just as historic and beautiful but no—Bunker Hill it must be. What obduracy some Americans have! Regardless of my feeling, off we start at the ungodly hour of nine o'clock and finally reach our destination after becoming lost the conventional number of times.

Here we are; looks familiar, doesn't it, I hear myself thinking. Immediately, while I still have one foot in the door, out run a dozen little boys with their hands outstretched. Yes, The Society To Preserve Bunker Hill has now installed an information bureau of little ten year old boys. Not one to play favorites, all the little boys receive twenty five cents.

Finally, we are inside the monument and climbing all two hundred ninety-eight steps. Now comes the big moment—we have arrived at the top along with a group of many other patriotic souls. Why one can actually look out a dwarf-sized window and see the roofs of peoples houses with their laundry on the line. If only the British could see it now—how times have changed.

Now, back down the two hundred ninety-eight steps and the usual reaction from the tourist—"They should install an escalator."

Back to the car, fatigued but happy that once again my conquest of Bunker Hill is over—until the next time.

LOIS ZELICKMAN, '55



GOING STEADY? ?

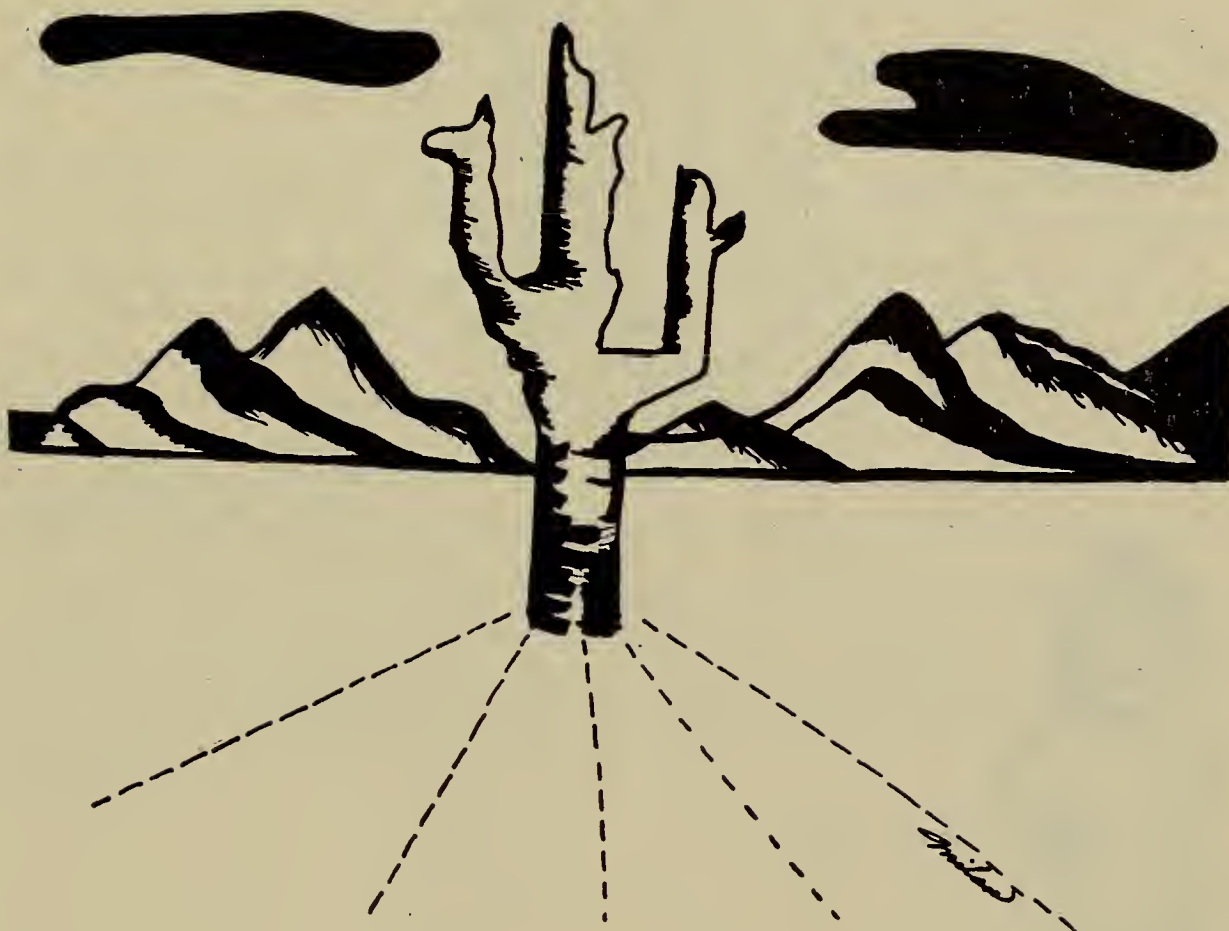
Oh, little bracelet on the shelf,
I sat and wondered to myself,
From how many arms have you been hung,
And how many times have you been flung?
Now I have flung you far away,
(He was with HER again today!!!)
Oh, I guess it doesn't matter so,
But I'll have to find another beau!

TURNER BAKER, '56

GOD'S COUNTRY

A lonely Navajo
Silhouetted against the sunrise,
Watching, ever watching,
His scattered sheep.
A hobbled horse,
A dry river bed,
An open range
And deserted shack.
The wail of new born
Lost among the rest;
Smell of burning flesh,
Brands leaving marks.
The swinging of skirts,
The clinking of turquoise,
The thumping of native shoes,
A sacred snake dance.
The flame red sun,
Casting its final beams
Across the sandy desert,
Beaconing the night.
Man's rough voice,
Welcoming the night
With banjo and song,
Welcoming night, welcoming.
A subtle breeze,
A roll of tumbleweed,
Petals from budding cacti,
The night growing nigh and nigh.
The bright full moon,
The wail of wild dog,
Flames licking tongues to heaven,
Night creeping over God's country.

JUDY KOCHS, '56



SILHOUETTE

A cool moon tips the crackling leaves with light
A gentle breeze sifts the dry earth beneath
A falling star silhouettes a tree picked clean
A mournful wail breaks the once still scene.

MARTHA MILAN, '55

WILLIAM LEE

I have a little brother,
His name is William Lee.
He is forever smiling,
And at the age of three
He doesn't kick my mother
Or pull the kitty's tail;
He hasn't bitten grandma
Or burned up any mail.
To him pins are for cushions
And not to make bugs squirm;
He doesn't hate his teacher,
Has never brought her worms.
The other day while playing
He was so near the well—
They still can't seem to figure out
Just how he ever fell.

CONNIE VEEVERS, '55



UNKNOWN REFLECTIONS

Through years of strife, happiness and prostration I have watched many distinctive people, each with a different countenance, a different capacity and different sentiments. All regard me but none know of my advantages. I say advantages because no other member of my family has experienced such fortuitous circumstances.

The people who own the moderate home in which I reside do a great deal of entertaining that involves many variations of guests. I see many, and those whom I see I do not like. On their faces are expressions of friendliness and contentment that belie their true feelings. To me it is amazing how mankind can conceal, by a smile and pretty words, the burning hatred that smoulders in his eyes. Above all, I detest the pettiness which human beings use in speaking of one another. Forthrightness does not seem to be a characteristic of many people.

Through the generations I have encountered defeatists, escapists, social snobs, philosophers, intellects, altruists and others too numerous to mention. Of all these types, only the altruists lend me hope for the human race. On their faces and in their eyes, I see genuine concern for others and genuine cordiality for those whom they like. To those whom they dislike, they are socially civil, not falsely attentive. Why be two-faced when with a little effort you could be candid and sincere? If your friend has a fault, tell him, not somenoe else.

Please do not misunderstand my feelings toward people from the above recitation. The majority of society is sincere, but at times my captiousness overpowers my optimism. It is my duty to like people since many of them look into my face every day. Mirrors are an important item of human life, do you not agree?

MARY ANN MORGAN, '55

WIND

Savage wind, your sway you've held,
My beautiful oaks you've finally felled.
And now my home you've blown away—
Curse "Maria" if I may.
Gentle wind, soft and sweet,
Bringing rain in this summer heat,
You cool the sun-parched earth today—
Bless "Maria" if I may.

ROSAMOND WILE, '56

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS

with our apologies to Benjamin Franklin

- I "To win Love, you must give Love."
APPLEY ADAMS
- II "It is better to listen to wisdom than to talk in
 ignorance."
DEBORAH RAND
- III "It is better to be positive of one thing than to be almost
 positive of two things."
DEBORAH RAND
- IV "Watch whose feet you step on; they may be your own"
MIRIAM RAND
- V "Boys are like money—easy come, easy go."
SUSAN MORSE

**REJUVENATION**

I crave the power of a tree,
 Rejuvenation annually!
 Now an icicle abode,
 Soon a leaf at every node.
 Now for wind a bulwark strong,
 Soon youth's site for merry song.
 Ah, for the promise of rebirth—
 For one more life on this—God's earth.

HELEN Yafa, '55

THE WORLD

Have you ever stopped to think,
 Or put it down in pen and ink,
 How wonderful it is to be,
 How wonderful it is to see?
 To feel, to love, to know, to live,
 To have the whole that God can give
 Just to be healthy, happy, free
 In the great outdoors He's given thee,
 With the sky above, the earth below,
 Just to feel, to love, to know
 That just because God made it all
 The sun does shine, the rain does fall?
 How simply marvelous is
 This world He's made—
 This world that's His.

CECELIA SMITH, '55

NIGHT

Night silently it seeps in
 Slowly filling every corner
 Of town and city alike
 With a dark, soft blanket.
 For some, night is an end—
 An end to a day.
 A time of quiet and rest
 With a feeling of work well done.
 Then for some, night is a beginning.
 A reawakening of life—
 Neon lights flash, and jazz
 Blares from a back room.
 Noise is everywhere
 And the city's throbbing pulse
 Is a strong current
 That laughs at misfortune.
 Again for some, night is an interval—
 A suspension of time
 From one day to the next.
 Neither an end or beginning

SUSAN FISHER, '56

THE BRIDGE

The solitude was broken only by the shrill call of a phoebe. Katrine sat on a stone of a crumbling wall and thought. She didn't know what to do. She could go back, silently, as she had so many times and answer their questioning stares. Or she could run harder, farther, till she was in a strange new place with green meadows and crocuses, a place where there were no signs of the intense struggle that had happened all over her country a few years ago, only verdant meadows and tranquillity.

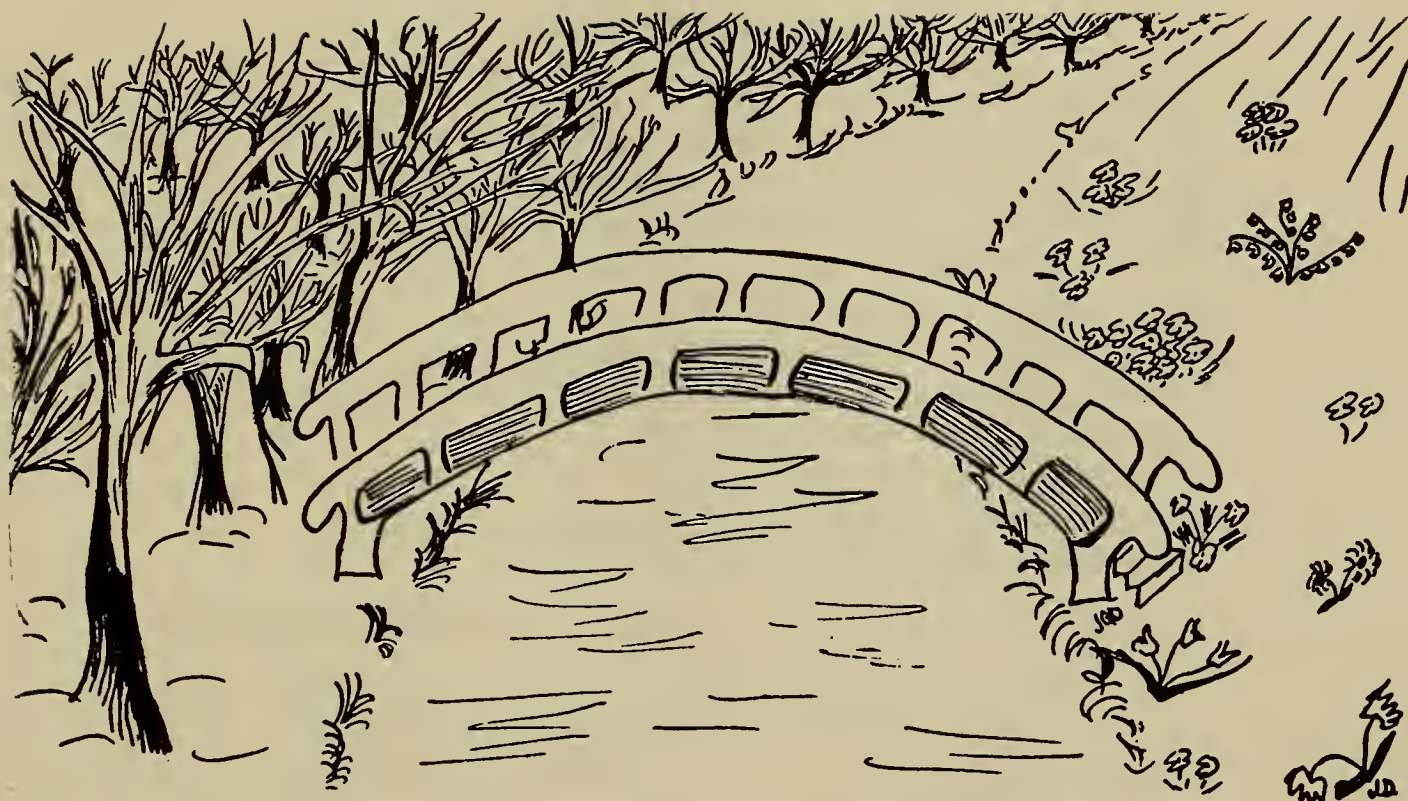
The bleak April sky gave no encouragement; she gazed at it for several minutes. Mutely she rose and started down the dusty road, back to the city. Her heavy brown shoes were dusty as her solid legs marched along. Her ruddy face held no expression save blankness. Soon she came to the bridge. She stopped, gathering courage to cross. It was right in the middle that her parents had been shot as they fled from the invaders. Vividly, painfully, the scene returned to her mind's eye. Her father's green scarf, her mother's gasping cry, "Run, Katrine, run." Then the staccato notes of a gun and her mother's plump body falling, hitting the water without a splash. Her father lay on the bridge a moment crying, "Marina". Then his watery blue eyes closed. Katrine stood there, her wide blue eyes echoing the question in her father's eyes. Why chase us, shoot, kill us, why? She stood until the group of soldiers marched past watching the water lap at the banks, brown twigs caught in little whirlpools.

Katrine jerked herself back to reality. She must get across the bridge, back to her aunt who would rock her in her arms, murmuring soft comforting words. Her eyes fearfully darting she began to run. She ran swiftly, not stopping until she was across it. She halted abruptly; no shots rang out to pierce the stillness of the air. She looked back. It had been easy; for the first time she was not afraid. Somewhere inside her a tiny feeling began to grow. She was not afraid any more. It was just a bridge framed against a calm sky. The water flowed slowly but steadily. She smiled, a faint twinkle came to her eyes. Not bothering to look back, she started up the road to the house.

Somewhere a phoebe answered, the twigs broke from the whirlpool and rushed forth, free, flowing with the current.

DOROTHY CHRYSTAL, '56





WESTON—MY HOME TOWN

It's only a country village,
 But it certainly appeals to me.
 It has beautiful hills and valleys,
 And brooks that are running free.
 The smell of rain in the cedars,
 The junipers hot in the sun,
 The rising moon in the evening
 When the working day is done.
 It's a town of friendly people,
 Where folks all wear a smile
 And there's just no place like it,
 Though you travel many a mile.
 Now some would think it nothing
 And only a whistlestop;
 Maybe it's slow compared to a city,
 But they've not lived in Weston
 And I think that's such a pity.

APPLEY ADAMS, '57

YOUNG LOVE

Young love brings images to mind
To a prep school girl a blonde giant in a crew neck sweater,
An Andover scarf and a Deerfield pennant.
Telephone call from Exeter—be there in a minute.
She sighs and picks up her chemistry book.
Young love brings images to mind
To a college girl a picture of a husband and a home,
A weekly paycheck, the corner market, baby booties in a drawer,
Bridge on Tuesdays with the girls,
The Browns for dinner, what a bore!
She sighs and picks up her chemistry book.
Young love brings images to mind.

JULIA HUTSON, '56



DICKINSONESQUE

with our apologies to Emily Dickinson

- I. February a brief, sedulous stepping-stone between the winter and the spring.
ROSAMOND WILE
- II. May is like a new beau, exciting to be with and good to look at.
HARRIET MOORE
- III. Even if the wood is rotten, the paint will partially hide it.
JULIA HUTSON
- IV. Maybe if the tree of memory dies, we can start a seed of hope ; it might grow in the soil of the future.
DOROTHY CHRYSTAL
- V. The fog retreats, awaiting an early morning curtain call.
BARBARA MORSE
- VI. If blessings were worth their weight in gold, what a rich person I would be !
ELIZABETH GRIMES
- VII. The moon smiles as if he knows who hung him so irregularly in the sky.
TURNER BAKER
- VIII. Heaven switches off day's light too soon.
TURNER BAKER

LEARNING

If gaining knowledge means
I must read tirelessly
on and on,
If it means
Giving up my enjoyable moments
of idle dreaming,
If it means
Not spending time
at the sports I love,
If it means
I must give up
all to learning—
Then I think
I shall remain
unlearned !

APPLEY ADAMS, '57

SPLINTERS

PEACE

The sun shone brightly over the
 deep blue hills,
 And the robins chirped, and the
 daffodils
 Were gently swaying with the
 breeze,
 And a rainbow curled around
 the trees.
 The river flowed gently, and the
 crisp fresh air
 Smelled cleaned and sweet and
 many a care
 Would have vanished that day
 on the knoll,
 When death came my way, and
 enveloped my soul.

JUDIE POORVU, '56



FLOWER

Exquisite
 God given
 Sunblest
 Work of art
 But how immaterial!

HELEN Yafa, '55

MY SEA

As I sit here on the lonesome but serenely beautiful deck of my life, the sea and its coast surround me.

Who am I? Patrick McCuttee, quite an old man, but I can add proudly, a man of age-old vision, a deep vision, that of life.

For many years, indeed, I have stood on this same dock, watching—watching people. These people are in a desperate struggle for survival, fighting in crafty competition, for nothing.

I look to the sea, the only life I know. It is indeed a mirror reflecting the sins of man.

We ourselves are a sea much explored. Our only hands are greedily reaching as the ever reaching waves, never quite grasping the coast which cleverly slips beneath their treacherous claws.

We are so busy greedily reaching for what we do not know, we truly fail to seek true beauty—the first beauty

God.

VANESSA NOBLE, '57



MY OLD RODENT

My little rodent I loved so much,
Her nose twitched at just one touch.
She had cute little teeth 'bout as long as her foot
While her fur was delightful—as chimney soot.
Her house was not real, for her home was a hole;
Her speed was like that of a very sick mole.
All of her limbs had grown very lame,
But, these things considered, she was my love just the
same.

She's buried today by the side of a hill;
Where things were gay, they're now so still.
My mem'ries are vivid, vivid and clear,
And sometimes I wish that she were near.
But we must all go on our judgement day,
And that's how my rodent went,—just that way.

SUSAN MORSE, '57



A FRIEND

A friend is someone hard to find because one
is so rare.
A friend is someone who'll not leave you when
you are in despair.
A friend walks in when all walk out, she will
not question why.
Hers is to do and not to doubt, hers is again
to make your spirits high.
She is better than a jewel and worth the most
in the end.
There is nothing more valuable than the loy-
alty of a friend.

MARJORIE ROBINSON, '55



IF AUTUMN WERE FOREVER

Part of the glory the eye perceives,
Part of the beauty color weaves,
Would be shuffled away like dead leaves,
If autumn were forever.
A sunny day of cool crisp fall,
A sturdy tree with vivid shawl,
Would fade away, would cease to enthrall,
If autumn were forever.
The infinite beauty of the first fall sign
Like the harvest moon—would cease to shine,
Would lose its glow, would fast decline,
If autumn were forever.

HELEN Yafa, '55

SONG OF INDUSTRIAL AMERICA

Giant turbines roar and rock, they yearn to be set free;
Their bellies burst with straining steam;
A mighty monster, surpassing any conceivable dream,
A force, a song—America to me!

Humming cities chug and churn, steel a-glitter, gleaming and new;
Factories squat by sluggish, oil-skimmed rivers;
Tall stacks cough smoke that billows and shivers;
A creed, a promise—America for you!

Power lines sing, stretching farther than the eye can see
Over golden prairies rippling with wheat;
To horizons far—to the sun on its snow-capped seat;
A cry, a fortress—America to me!

A host of buildings reach for heaven so brilliant and blue;
The coal yards, choked with soot, cry for air;
A mucky paradise chants a melancholy prayer;
A strength, a miracle—America for you!

Miles of track, a shrieking train moans a distant, secret plea;
Massive trucks thunder, racing on their homeward run;
They bolt down roads white in the glare of a scorching sun;
A message, an assurance—America to me!

JANET TIPTON, '55



Alumnae News



ALUMNAE NEWS

Engagements

Cynthia Burrage to Mr. George L. Schofield, Jr., of Floral Park, Long Island, New York. Mr. Schofield is attending Cornell University.

Elizabeth Filer to Mr. J. Timothy Anderson of Bemis Point, New York. Mr. Anderson will graduate from Harvard University this year. A June wedding is planned.

Judith Mereness to Mr. David Wilcox on December 26, 1954.

Marriages

August 14, 1954—Katherine Flather to Mr. Donald Joseph Breen in Lowell, Massachusetts.

August 14, 1954—Ann Tankersley to Mr. Joseph Adolphus McClain, 3rd, of Durham, North Carolina, in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

September 11, 1954—Helen Gosnell to Mr. Lauren Bruce Sutherland in Scarsdale, New York.

January 22, 1955—Sally Watters to Mr. Robert Allen Marshall in Scarsdale, New York.

Births

A son, Russell Parmenter, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Russell Parmenter (Phyllis Priest) on May 21, 1954. The Parmenters now make their home at 1844 North River Road in Manchester, New Hampshire.

A daughter, Lucinda, to Mr. and Mrs. Russell Cameron (Mary Ann Leighton) on June 5, 1954, in Norwalk, Connecticut.

A daughter, Susan Ellis, to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Kelly, Jr., (Jeanne Wise) on September 28, 1954.

A son, William Chandler to Mr. and Mrs. H. Donald Wilson (Mary Louise Baron) in October. The Wilsons moved from Connecticut to Cleveland, Ohio, in September, so "Peter" had a busy fall. Their address is 15803 Glendale Road.

A son, Brice Cogswell, to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bartholomew (Cynthia Mooberry) on October 15, 1954, in Uchitomari, Okinawa.

A daughter, Joan Braddock, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Campbell Deigert (Joan Thomas) on October 16, 1954.

A son, Andrew Kellogg, to Rev. and Mrs. Warren C. Skipp (Cynthia Kellogg) on November 15, 1954.

A son, Jeffery Craig, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Craig Platt (Mary Jane Filer) on December 24, 1954.

A son, George Saunders, to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Tomlinson (Jane Baketel) on January 29, 1955.

A daughter, Millicent, to Mr. and Mrs. James Hogan (Millicent Cotter) in Lowell, Massachusetts, on February 6, 1955. The Hogans' home is in Columbia, Tennessee.

Deaths

Mrs. Browning Marean (Helen Downer) in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, on September 30, 1954.

Mrs. George Van Deusen Hutton (Ruth Shafer) in Kingston, New York, on January 13, 1955.

General

On December 17th Mrs. MacGay left for California to spend Christmas with her daughter, Jean (Mrs. William H. Curtiss, Jr.), in her Palo Alto home and to renew acquaintance with her two young grandsons, Tony and Alan Curtiss, whom she had not seen in all of three years. After a gay whirl in the San Francisco area, where one day she had tea at the Hillsdale home of Beverly Fletcher Comstock, Mrs. MacGay went to Los Angeles. The highlight of her visit there was a Rogers Hall alumnae luncheon given on January 11th at the attractive Valley Hunt Club in Pasadena. Twenty sat down at the table artistically decorated with flowers grown by one of the hostesses, Katherine Kessinger Beach. Dorothy Kessinger Jessup and Helen Swenson Huntley also did much to make the affair one long to be remembered. Mrs. MacGay showed a colored film of school activities and then talked informally about present-day affairs and Rogers Hall's enviable record made by girls entering college. Those who remember Mrs. Mary Tremble, our former dietitian, now retired and living in Redondo Beach, California, will be interested to hear that she was very much present at the Pasadena luncheon.

On the way home, Mrs. MacGay spent a weekend in Kansas City as the guest of Mrs. Frances Jones, a former member of our staff. All in all our Lady Principal, away for five whole weeks, had a superb time. She vows she'll be living on pleasant memories of western hospitality for months to come.

Word has come from Jo Bishop Sibley that she is now living at 1253 Santa Paula Avenue, San Jose, California, after having moved three times in the past six months. Jo's husband, Jim, was transferred to the San Francisco district of United States Steel Company in July and the Sibleys set up house-keeping in Berkeley. Then, just as they were beginning to make friends, another transfer took them to San Jose. They hope that they can "stay put" for a while, but Jo writes that all these moves have at least given her an intimate knowledge of all their possessions! Unfortunately Jo and Mrs. MacGay just missed each other in California, as the Sibleys had gone to South Bend to spend Christmas with Jo's father and mother.

In January we received the sad news of the death of Mr. J. Clement Lamb, husband of Genevieve Saxe Lamb and father of Betsy Lamb Stranahan. We were also shocked to learn of the sudden death of Mr. Harold Wise, father of Jeanne Wise Kelly and Betty Lou Wise.

Cynthia Mooberry Bartholomew sent Mrs. MacGay a most unusual Christmas card from her present home in Okinawa. It announced the birth of her second son which is reported in this issue and had pictures of all the Bartholomews' heads attached to drawings of Japanese figures. With a husband, two sons, and a male dog, Cynthia writes that she is completely outnumbered. She loves living in the Far East and feels that there is no place in the world quite like it.

Recent alumnae will be interested to learn of the birth of a son, Stephen Dyckman, to Mr. and Mrs. John Dederer on December 29, 1954. Mrs. Dederer is the former Susan Dickey, who before her marriage was instructor of physical education at Rogers Hall. The Dederers live in Pleasant Valley, New York, where they have recently built a home. Another former member of our faculty, Mrs. Leonard W. McDermott, who taught typing, also announces the birth of a son, Joseph Hubert, on October 21, 1954, in Lowell, Massachusetts. Since our last issue the marriage of another Rogers Hall faculty member has taken place. On July 24, 1954, in Rye Beach, New Hampshire, Miss Barbara Galbraith was married to Mr. Robert George Woods. She had resigned as instructor of physical education last June. The Woods make their home in Rockville, Connecticut.

Margarita Filer has a job in Washington, D. C., and loves it and also Washington as a place to live. She has been fortunate in meeting many people and finds it all most fascinating.

On November 13, 1954, Cynthia Dadmun was sophomore representative at the annual Sargent formal at the college. At the dance she was chosen Queen! The Dadmuns moved to Bedford, Massachusetts, this year where their address is 35 Great Road.

Cynthia Burrage, whose engagement is announced in this issue, will leave Skidmore this June at the end of her sophomore year. She will finish her course to become a medical technologist in a year and a half at a hospital in New York state. Many Skidmore students complete their training there, with the advantages of a small class and a laboratory.

Sue Abbott Kelsey and her husband and daughter, Robin, moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico, last June after Sue's husband, "Turk", graduated from The Stockbridge School of Agriculture at The University of Massachusetts. They are very happy as the herdsman and wife of a dairy farm. Both are active in farm meetings in the community and also work in 4-H. Sue writes that Mrs. MacGay's predictions for her future at the senior dinner are all coming true! The Kelseys' address is South Ray Farm, Box 690, Route 1, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Last June Florence Harrison resigned as director of the Service Bureau for Women's Organizations in West Hartford, Connecticut. The West Hartford News of June 24, 1954, carried a glowing account of the great work she has done for the women of West Hartford during the ten years in which the Bureau has

existed. The article states, "It is well that in stepping down from the directorship, Miss Harrison will still give the Bureau the great benefit of her advice and good-will."

Elinore Lee White and her son visited school last July en route from Ogunquit, Maine, to Chicago, where she now lives at 2346 West Touhy Avenue.

A letter from Pat Keegan tells us that she has a marvelous position in Washington, D. C., doing research for "Congressional Quarterly", a weekly news publication devoted to Congress. Pat writes that it is an unbiased one, too! Also that her work is "most interesting, stimulating, and educational." Last spring Pat spent four months wandering about northern Europe—on a shoe-string, she says! She traveled in Holland, Scandinavia, and spent June in England. After all that she returned via Newfoundland, where she went salmon fishing with her father's relatives.

Marjorie Adams Jenkins wrote of two small Rogers Hall reunions that she had attended. With Elizabeth Scott and Esther Watrous Couper, she had dinner at Martha Howell Crinnion's attractive home in Albany, New York, and afterwards enjoyed some "ancient" snapshots. The second reunion was in Newburgh, New York, at Elizabeth Scott's home not long ago. Ruth Shafer Hutton was with them at that time, so they were particularly shocked to learn of her recent death.

Sara Lea Callaway, who entered Hood College this year, has been devoting four hours once a week to working at the cerebral palsy hospital under the auspices of the Social Service Branch of the Y. W. C. A. She finds the work most interesting. Sara Lea tells us that her sister, Casey Callaway Cook, and her husband, John, have recently moved into their newly completed house in Knoxville, Tennessee.

Dorothy Young Wood sent pictures of her twin daughters, Dottie and Debbie, from St. Petersburg, Florida, where they live. Dot's husband is a doctor.

We feel fortunate to have the niece of Dorothy Young Wood and Eugenia Young Bacon among the relatives of alumnae now at Rogers Hall. She is Turner Baker of Rochester, Minnesota, whose father is a neuro-surgeon at the Mayo Clinic. The daughters of three alumnae came to us this fall. They are Carolyn Abbott, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Capen Abbott (Eleanor Whittier) of Camden, Maine; Georgena Lindenberg, whose mother, Florence Ganson Lindenberg, lives in Wayland, Massachusetts; and another daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Rand, 3rd (Mary Page), Deborah Rand, of Cleveland, Ohio. Her sister, Miriam, entered school last year. We also have the niece of another alumna. Julia Hutson of Racine, Wisconsin, came to Rogers Hall through Emily Ann Cowles Hutson.

The Class of 1954 is represented at the following colleges and junior colleges: Anne Adams at Marjorie Webster Junior College; Shirley Jo Arn at Duke University; Sara Lea Callaway and Ruth Mesics at Hood College; Katharine

Chamberlain, Barbara Emmons, and Anne Hoff at Endicott Junior College; Ann Cook, Eleanor Eyre, Karlyn Herrhammer, and Cynthia Irelan at Skidmore College; Diana Doherty at Colby Junior College; Elsa Freyer at Mexico City College; Linda Hazzard at Briarcliff Junior College; Phyllis Heifetz at Boston University; Pamela Hollingworth, Salome Ringling, and Cornelia Thompson at Smith College; Anne Wellesley Howes at Vassar College; Joan Kuppenheimer and Demetra Tikellis at Pine Manor Junior College; Elaine Leary at Wheaton College; Judith Mereness at Rollins College; Anne Plaisted at the University of Vermont; and Roberta Sherman at Leslie College.

More news of the Class of 1954! Mary Leone writes that she has been busy working for her father and likes it very much. Eleanor Eyre was elected President of her dormitory at Skidmore. Eleanor and Karlyn spent a weekend at school this fall and Anne Hoff also came for Saturday night, so it seemed quite like old times. Several other members of the class have visited school. Kitty Chamberlain also came for a weekend. Pam Hollingworth, who is a frequent visitor, came with her roommate from Smith and Sally Ringling for the hockey game. Joan Kuppenheimer and Demi Tikellis have been here several times, as has Elaine Leary, Roberta Sherman, Anne Wellesley Howes, and "Posh" Thompson. We understand that Kitty worked at the Natural History Museum during the interim between Thanksgiving and Christmas which, at Endicott, is devoted to practice work in the student's chosen field. Kitty tells us that she "classified mice skulls from Mexico and separated skinned rabbits and squirrels according to locality." Anne Hoff sold at the London Harness Shop in Boston as her practice job. Dede Doherty is a member of the House Council at Colby Junior and Elaine Leary made both the Glee Club and the Choir at Wheaton. Pam Hollingworth is much excited over her plans for the summer. She is to work for Richard Aldrich in one of his Cape Play Houses. At the moment she does not know whether it will be at West Dennis or Falmouth, but she really doesn't care which it turns out to be. It is a truly wonderful chance for her and she is thrilled to death by it. We wish her good luck!

For the second year Myrna McElhiney has been elected President of her class at Sargent. We understand that Myrna is very busy, too, with the coming production of "Pinafore" at the college.

A letter from Kay Wallace tells us that she is now living in her sorority house at Syracuse and says "it seems wonderful to have a house to come back to instead of a cold dorm." Kay is still very active in several extracurricular projects. She works in slum areas and housing developments where she has two cooking classes, two gym classes, and a job as basketball referee. Kay also takes part in the National Student Association and the Student Discount Service. A very full schedule!

This year Jean McIlwraith transferred from Scripps College to The Garland School in Boston.

We were sorry to hear that Nancy Elliott had to have an operation last month. Last accounts from her, however, since she left the hospital, say that she is feeling fine again.

Mrs. MacGay feels sure that alumnae who remember Miss Bagster and Miss McMillan will be pleased to have word of them. Mrs. MacGay sees Miss Bagster occasionally at her home in Harvard, Massachusetts. In spite of her tender years, Miss Bagster is a marvel, still intensely interested in Rogers Hall affairs. Miss McMillan, now living at 117 West Market Street, Xenia, Ohio, seems to be enjoying her retirement among her many old friends. Why not drop a line to each when the spirit moves? They would so love to hear from you!

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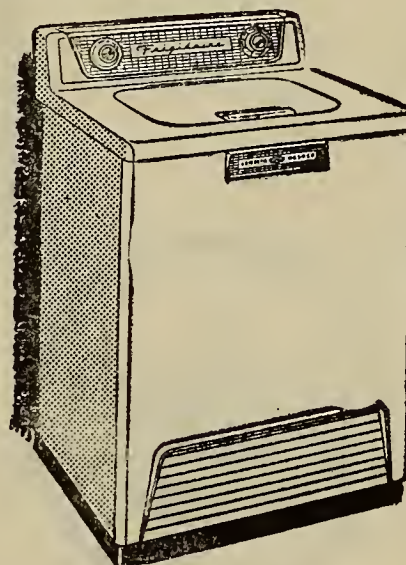
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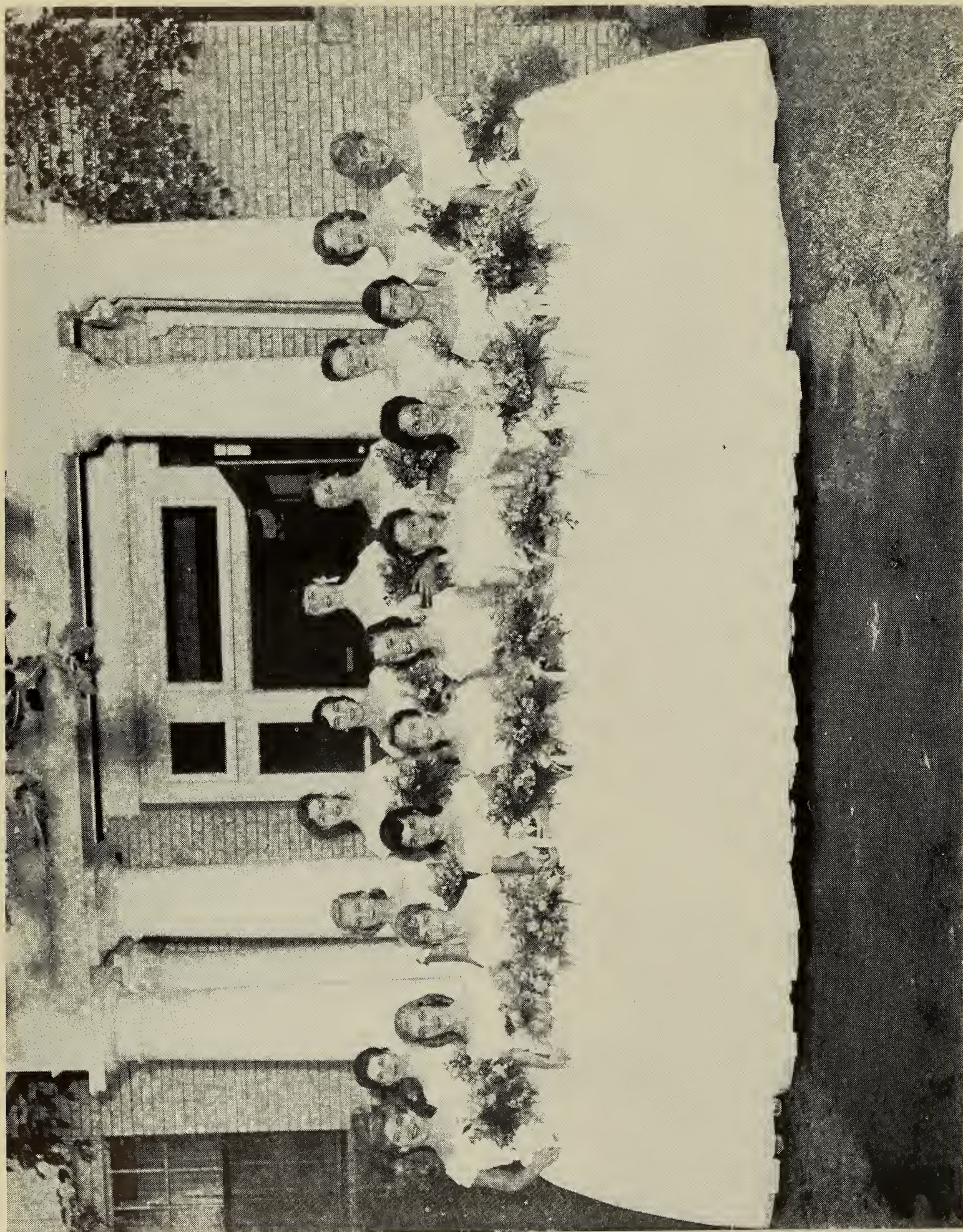
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Splinters

Rogers Hall School
Lowell, Massachusetts



SENIOR CLASS, 1955

Splinters

Commencement Number

1955

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CONSTANCE VEEVERS, *Art Editor*

MRS. LOUISE STATEN, *Alumnae Editor*

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BARBARA ANN MORSE



DEDICATION

With deepest gratitude the class of 1955 dedicates its yearbook to you, Mrs. Bentley. For your warmth, for your constancy, for your unselfish contribution of time and counsel, we thank you.

The Contents

EDITORIAL

SENIOR CLASS

Senior Song
The Class
Senior Supper
Perfect Senior
Class Prophecy
Hamlet (Excuse Us)
Class Will
Undergraduate Song
As We See Ourselves

LITERARY

A Goodly Heritage . . . Pamela Pence
One Act Play . . . Roselynn Puckett
Disillusionment . . . Martha Milan
The Sea . . . Carolyn Abbott
Belief . . . Cecelia Smith
Might . . . Helen Yaffa

SCHOOL NOTES

ALUMNAE NEWS



Penetrating the fog of the future are two mountains. The first is low and well-worn. We, the climbers, can easily choose this as our target. The road leading to its summit can be quickly and effortlessly undertaken. There will be no obstacles; there will be no challenge. And when we find ourselves at its highest peak, there will be no self-satisfaction. Suddenly we will realize that, although we may wish to remain at the summit, descending is as easy and certain as ascending. This mountain is a deceptor, tempting the novice to take its fatal course by a cover of simplicity. Simplicity can be potent in its ability to stifle. It is upon the second mountain we must focus our attention. We cannot begin our climb until we have summoned courage and determination. The cliffs will be steep, the loose edges numerous. Often we shall condemn ourselves for having chosen an unsteady and unsure course. But when we stand atop the highest pinnacle, we will realize the thrill of accomplishment. We will not descend.

Senior Class

SENIOR SONG

Tune: "I'll Be Seeing You"

We'll be leaving you
And all the old familiar places
Yet remember all the traces of
Friendship true.

Times that we'll miss so —
The scenes of mirth and woe —
The columns white and tall,
The chestnut trees,
Rogers Hall,

Cae and Kava Clubs,
Their standards you must 'ere uphold,
Their sportsmanship and colors bold
In all our hearts will ne'er grow old.

We're leaving you to carry on —
The rest is up to you,
We'll be leaving Rogers Hall
And bidding you adieu.

CHARLOTTE ATWOOD
JANET TIPTON
LOIS ZELICKMAN

MARY ANN MORGAN

10 Francis Circuit
Winchester, Massachusetts

President of Senior Class

Pine Manor Junior College

Cae Club; Sub Basketball, '54, '55; Volleyball Second Team, '54, Team '55; Badminton, '54, '55; Softball, '55; Dramatics Club, '54, '55; Spanish Play, '55; Senior Luncheon Committee, '54; Senior-Undergrad Party, '55; *Splinters* Literary Board, '54; *Splinters* Business Board, '55; Mrs. MacGay's Marshal, '54; Glee Club, '54, '55; Octet, '55; Prom Chairman, '55; Co-Editor of *Bear and Lion*, '55; Honor Roll, '54.

"Her oaths are oracles."



BARBARA SCOBIE

375 Grand Street
Newburgh, New York

Vice-President of Senior Class

Cazenovia Junior College

Cae Club; Hockey, '54, '55; Volleyball, '53, '55; Captain, '53; Second Volleyball, '54; Swimming, '52, '53, '54; Basketball, '54, '55; Softball, '53, '54; Tennis, '52, '53, '54, '55; Cae Cheerleading, '52, '53, '54, '55; R.H., '54, '55; Posture Cup, '52; Neatness Award, '52; Honorable Mention Music Appreciation Prize, '54; Modern Dance, '52, '53, '54; Folk Dance, '55; Junior *Bear and Lion* Issue, '54; Co-editor of *Bear and Lion*, '55; *Splinters* Business Board, '54; Manager of Business Board, '55; Chairman of Senior Luncheon Committee, '54; Senior Reception Committee, '54; Glee Club, '52, '53, '54, '55; Operettas, '52, '53; Dramatics, '53, '54, '55; Commencement Play, '54, '55; Prom Committee, '55; Manager of Octet, '55; Student Council, '54, '55; School Marshal, '54; Honor Roll, '52, '53, '54.

"Silence is sweeter than speech."



CHARLOTTE ATWOOD

Galloupe's Point
Swampscott, Massachusetts

President of Cae Club

Cae Club; Hockey '53, '54, '55; Captain, '55; Basketball, '54, '55, Captain, '54; Volleyball, '53, '54, '55; Softball, '53, Sub, '54, '55; Badminton, '55; R.H., '54; Water Ballet, '54, '55; Senior Life-Saving, '55; Modern Dance, '54; Dramatics, '54, '55; Christmas Play, '54, '55; Commencement Play, '54; Glee Club, '54, '55; Cae Song, '55; *Splinters* Literary Board, '54, '55; Old Girl-New Girl Party, '55; Senior-Undergrad party, '54; Prom Committee, '55; Christmas Vespers, '54, '55; Student Council, '54, '55; Senior Luncheon, '54; Chairman of Commencement Ushers, '54; Honor Roll, '53; Honorable Mention in Music Appreciation, '53, '54; Senior Reception, '53; R.H., '55; Athletic Cup, '55; Bible Prize, '55.

"Alone I walked the ocean strand"

JUDY DRICK

1039 Miami Road
Wilmette, Illinois

Vassar College

Kava Club, '55; Cheerleading, '55; Volleyball, '55; Basketball, '55; Badminton, '55; Glee Club, '55; Rogers Hall Quartet, '55; *Splinters* Business Board, '55; *Bear and Lion*, '55; Andover Dance, '55; Tea Dance, '55; Prom Committee, '55; Senior-Undergraduate Party, '55; Sketches for Senior place cards, '55; Honor Roll, '55.

"In her eyes a thought"



EDWINA VOSS DUANE

"The Anvil"

Kennett Square, Pennsylvania

Pine Manor Junior College

Vice-President of Kava Club

Kava Club; Student Council; Hockey, '53, '54, '55; Basketball, honorary member '55; Baseball Sub, '54, '55; Volleyball Sub., '55; Cheerleader, '53, '54, '55; Senior Life Saving '54; Modern Dancing, '53, '54; Folk Dancing, '55; R.H. award, '54, '55; Senior Reception Committee, '53; Head Usher, Senior Reception, '54; Flower Committee, '54; Glee Club, '53, '54, '55; Operetta, '53; Dramatics, '54, '55; Christmas Pageant, '53, '54, '55; Commencement Play, '54, '55; Spanish Play, '55; Andover Dance Committee, '55; Junior Issue of *Bear and Lion*, '54; Christmas Vespers '54; Undergrad Song, '54; Helen Hill Award, '55; Honorable Mention for Music Appreciation, '55.

"In every sorrowing soul, I poured delight."



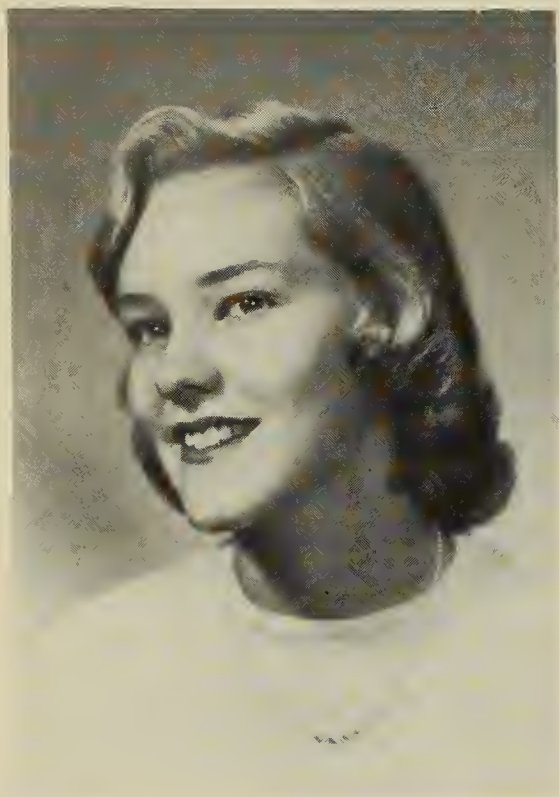
MARY NEILSON DUANE

"The Anvil"

Kennett Square, Pennsylvania

Kava Club; Hockey, '53, '54, '55; Kava Cheerleading, '53, '55; Swimming, '54, '55; Badminton, '54, '55; Volleyball, '55; Captain, '55; Senior Life Saving, '54; R. H. '54, '55; Dramatics, '54, '55; Operetta, '53; Glee Club, '53, '54, '55; Modern Dance, '53, '54; Folk Dance, '55; Senior Luncheon Committee, '54; *Splinters* Business Board, '55; Prom Committee, '55.

"Art is the child of nature."



CAROL HEDBLOM

164 Salem Street
Woburn, Massachusetts

Lasell Junior College

Kava Club; Hockey Sub, '55; Basketball, '55; Baseball, '55; Cheerleader, '55; *Bear and Lion*; Andover Dance, '55.

"A quiet conscience makes one so serene."

PATRICIA ANN JAMES

815 Bloom Road
Danville, Pennsylvania

Marjorie Webster Junior College

Kava Club; Glee Club, '55; Andover Dance, '55; Exeter Dance, '55; Swimming Team, '55; Senior Undergrad party, '55.

"Must women have a doctor or a dance."



MARTHA MILAN

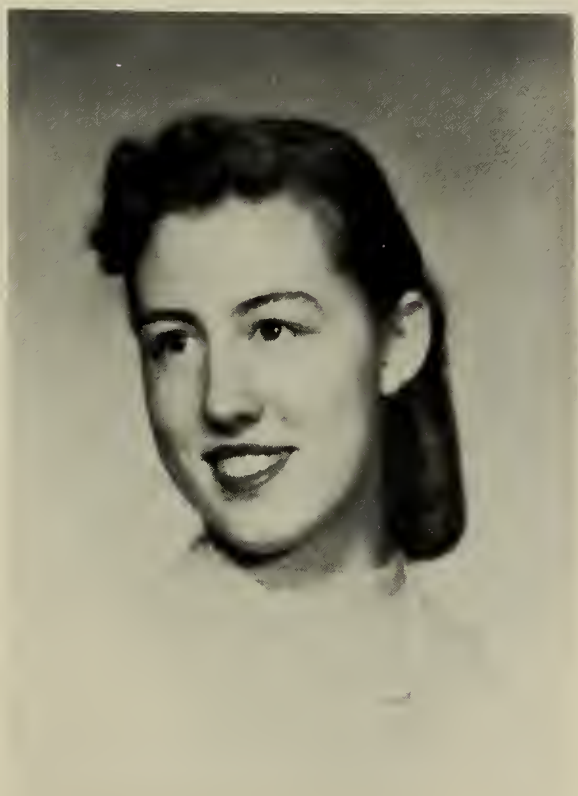
17 Winthrop Street
Winthrop, Massachusetts

President of Kava Club

University of Massachusetts

Kava Club; Hockey, '54, '55; Basketball, '54, '55; Volleyball, '54, '55; Swimming, '55; Baseball, '54, '55; Cheerleading, '53, '54, '55; Head Cheerleader, '54, '55; Usher for Commencement, '54; Senior Prom Committee, '55; Senior Supper Committee, '55; Senior-Undergrad Party, '54, '55; Dramatics Club, '54, '55; Modern Dancing, '54; Glee Club, '55; Christmas Pageant, '54, '55; Art Award, '54; Junior Issue of *Bear and Lion*, '54; Christmas Vespers, '55; Undergrad Song, '54; *Splinters* Literary Board, '55; Senior Quartet, '55; RH, '55.

"True ease in writing comes from art."



RUTH NITSCHELM

Stonehurst
North Conway, New Hampshire

Henry W. Putnam Memorial Hospital

Kava Club; Andover Dance, '55; Glee Club, '55; Life Saving, '55; Folk Dancing, '55.

"She wore a bashful look."



PAMELA BACKUS PENCE

210 Edgewater Drive
Coral Gables, Florida

Pine Manor Junior College

Cae Club Hockey, sub, '54, team, '55; Volleyball, '55; Basketball, '55; Baseball, team, '54, sub, '55; Swimming, team, '54, sub, '55; Water Ballet, '54, '55; Cheerleading, '54, '55, Captain '55; Modern Dance, '54; Folk Dance, '54; Dramatics Club, '54, '55; Christmas Vespers, '54, '55; Old Girl-New Girl Party, '54, '55; Senior Reception, '54; Class Day Reception, '54; *Bear and Lion*, '55; Andover Dance, '55; Hallowe'en Party, '54; Glee Club, '54, '55; R.H., '54, '55; Life-Saving, '55; Poetry Prize, '55.

"How old I am!"

MARJORIE DEBORAH ROBINSON

24 Sanders Avenue
Lowell, Massachusetts

Boston University

Kava Club; Glee Club, '54, '55; Honorable Mention in Current Events, '54; Second Volleyball team, '55; Andover Dance, '55; Backstage Dramatics, '55; Old Girl-New Girl Party, '55; Senior-Undergrad Party, '55; Kava Club Song, co-author, '55. Honorable mention in Music Appreciation, '55.

"I know that the sunshine shall follow the rain."



JOANNE MARILYN RODMAN

349 Princeton Boulevard
Lowell, Massachusetts

Emerson College

Cae Club; Cheerleading, '54, '55; Glee Club, '54, '55; Usher at Commencement Play, '54; Dramatics, '54, '55; Junior Issue of *Bear and Lion*, '54; Christmas Pageant, '55; Andover Dance Committee, '55; *Bear and Lion* Staff, '55; Folk Dance, '55; Spring Play, '55; Commencement Play, '55.

"Thou shouldst be carolling thy maker's praise."



CECELIA SMITH

7017 College Avenue
Indianapolis, Indiana

University of Florida

Cae Club; Second Volleyball, '54, '55; Captain, '55; Cae Cheerleader, '55; Cae Song, '55; Glee Club, '52, '53, '54, '55; Operetta, '52, '53; Musicales, '54, '55; Modern Dance, '52, '53; Folk Dance, '55; Dramatics, '52; Old Girl-New Girl Party, '55; Senior-Undergrad Party, '55; Undergrad-Senior Party, '54; *Bear and Lion*, '55; Commencement Usher, '53; Senior Reception Committee, '54; Faculty Marshal, '54; Prom Committee, '55.

"Our ear a stranger to her thoughts."



MARGARET JANET TIPTON

24 Ross Road
Scarsdale, New York

President of Student Council

Skidmore College

Cae Club; Hockey, '55; Second Team Volleyball, '53, Manager, '54, Second Team sub, '55; Baseball, sub, '54, Team, '55; Cheerleading, '53, '54, '55; Modern Dance, '54; Dramatics Club, '54, '55; Senior Marshal, '55; *Splinters* Business Board, '54; *Splinters* Literary Board, '55; *Splinters* Tea Dance, '54, '55; Senior-Undergrad Party, '54, '55; Chairman of Old Girl-New Girl Party, '55; Chairman of Exeter Dance, '55; Chairman of Andover Dance, '55; Editor of *Bear and Lion* Junior Issue, '54; Senior Reception, '54; Christmas Vespers, '55; Student Council, '55.

"The better part of valour be discretion."

CONSTANCE VEEVERS

1889 Middlesex Street
Lowell, Massachusetts

Pine Manor Junior College

Cae Club; Undergrad-Senior Party, '54; Modern Dance, '54; *Splinters* Business Board, '54; Senior Luncheon, '54; Head Usher Commencement Play, '54; Old Girl-New Girl Party, '55; Hockey Sub, '55; Cheerleading, '55; Art Editor, *Splinters*, '55; Co-Chairman *Splinters* Dance, '55; Swimming Manager, '55; Folk Dancing, '55; Senior-Undergrad Party, '55; Senior Prom Committee, '55; Parsons Award, '55.

"There's a woman like a dewdrop."



HELEN BROOKS YAFA

495 Pine Street
Lowell, Massachusetts

Brandeis University

Cae Club; Hockey sub, '54; Team, '54; Volleyball Sub, '53; Team, '54, '55; Basketball, '55; Captain, '55; Softball, '54, '55; Badminton, '54, '55; R. H. '54, '55; Cheerleading, '53, '54, '55; Cae Song, '54; Commencement Play, '54; Operetta, '53; Glee Club '53, '54; Modern Dance, '53, '54; Folk Dance, '54, '55; Andover Dance, '55; *Splinters* Tea Dance, '54; Chairman, '55; Student Council, '55; Editor of *Splinters*, '55; Literary Board, '54; *Time* Current Events Award, '54, '55; Current Events Prize, '54; Honorable Mention: Bible, '54; Honorable Mention: Music Appreciation, '54, '55; Honor Roll, '53, '54, '55; Underhill Honor, '55.

*"Come and trip it as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe."*



LOIS ZELICKMAN

68 Oakland Street
Lowell, Massachusetts

Vice-President of Cae Club

Lasell Junior College

Cae Club; Hockey Manager, '55; Second Volleyball Team, '54; Volleyball Team, '55, Captain, '55; Manager of Softball Team, '54; Modern Dance, '54; Folk Dancing, '55; Junior *Bear and Lion*, '54; Senior Undergrad Party, '55; Undergrad Senior Party, '54; Commencement Usher, '54; Glee Club, '54, '55; Cae Song, '55; Senior Prom, '55; Honor Roll, '54.

"With a smile on her lips."

SENIOR SUPPER

Our place cards at Mrs. MacGay's wonderful party:

MARY ANN

Dates, dates, dates
Auntie—on the double
Rum-de-dum dum dum

SCRUB

Got that chord?
Goddess of silence
Four down, none to go

NINA

Mother's little helper
Shy violet
"He is attractive"

RUTH

Mountain dweller
Prompt and dependable
On to the slopes!

MARGE

Flaming top
Don't slouch
Ex-tech.

PAM

Flip lip
What color now?
Words, words, words

CHARLOTTE

I don't believe
Gray temples
Love that ocean!

CECE

Florida blues
Blond angel?
Yep, it's TEP

JOANNE

Nifty nylons
Home of Congress and - - - ?
Forty formals plus

CAROL

La table française
There's a Flood
Woburn High, rah rah

JUDY

Where are my eyebrows?
Tom loves Tom
Terrific Tower

HELEN

Big things come in little packages
That Mambo rhythm sends me
Belligerent glee club-er

CONNIE

Dick's doll
I'll cut your hair
Who threw the egg?

MARTY

What a tail!
Kava's queen
Actress à la mode

POLLY

St. Patrick's Day
Well, really girls
She's your twin?

LOEY

Is MIT it?
My, what toes you have!
Holey teeth

PAT

The evils of Easter
Infirmary inhabitant
Danville, U. S. A.

TIPPY

Dear John
Pres.
Springtime giggles

MRS. MACGAY

A cozy conference
Pillar of respect
Good taste

H. B. Y.
M. A. M.
C. S.

PERFECT SENIOR

A Combination of compliments designed to please (and to be honest, too)

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Pat James	<i>Generosity</i>
Martha Milan	<i>Wistfulness</i>
Polly Duane	<i>Hair</i>
Lois Zelickman	<i>Smile</i>
Cece Smith	<i>Figure</i>
Judy Drick	<i>Artistry</i>
Connie Veevers	<i>Charm</i>
Mary Ann Morgan	<i>Sincerity</i>
Carol Hedblom	<i>Pleasant Way</i>
Joanne Rodman	<i>Golden Voice</i>
Helen Yafa	<i>Brains</i>
Charlotte Atwood	<i>American Girl</i>
Pam Pence	<i>Eyes</i>
Ruth Nitschelm	<i>Kindness</i>
Marjorie Robinson	<i>Good Nature</i>
Nina Duane	<i>Naivete</i>
Barbara Scobie	<i>Discretion</i>

THE PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1955

The class of fifty-five invites you to join us in glancing over the June sixth issue of the "New York Tribune" for the year 1965.

The headlines read - - -

FIRST WOMAN PRESIDENT OFFERS NEW HOPE FOR DEPRESSION

As the United States enters its third great depression, President Marjorie Robinson offers her "Super New Deal". Having won the recent election on Roosevelt's campaign speeches, she has been seen on many mid-western farms shooting cattle and pigs. She also plows under cornfields; however, subversive forces are working against the President. Senator J. Perkins of New Hampshire is carefully scattering corn seeds in the President's wake. On route the President stopped at Minnesota to telegraph the state department concerning her new appointment of Pamela B. Pence as the first foreign minister to the newly recognized country of Red China. Officials are having a difficult time contacting Miss Pence as she is somewhere at sea between Nassau and the coast of Florida. It has been rumoured that she is dodging bills.

The science page opens with a comment on Martha Milan — Miss Milan, who has completed a course at the Rogers Hall chemistry laboratories, has finally invented the miraculous portable hole. The portable hole comes in various sizes and is an

indispensable item in the modern home. Miss Milan was inspired to invent these holes back in her days at Rogers Hall where she was a member of the octet. It seems Martha felt the need of a hole in the floor when singing one of her famous solo notes.

Now we flip the sports page where we find that the famous diving champion Mary Ann Morgan has just won the Olympic contest of said sport for the United States. Miss Morgan's picture may be seen on any Welsh rarebit advertisement, (surprising how sales have gone up since her spring training began). Furthermore, Mary Ann has been selected by the United States government to represent our country in all Spanish affairs for her previous willingness and co-operation in said affairs.

Here's an article concerning juvenile delinquency. Judy Drick has been sentenced to five years at Sing Sing for her recent raid on Cushman's bakery. A trail of powdered sugar led police to her secret hideout in New Haven, Connecticut.

As we turn to the stock market page, we find that Martha Milan's portable holes are the highest stock on the page. Apparently Barbara Scobie has been stocking up for her new singing group, the Discords. They will probably be seen in use during tonight's performance at the Andover Celebrity Series, where the group opens with that beautiful song, "A Garden In The Rain."
Gossip - - -

Here's Helen's chit chat column. Apparently she had continued in her literary career. It reads thus:

"May I begin today's scandal column with a juicy tidbit about a certain outing which I saw last night. As I was leaving my Miami hotel on my way to Carol Hedblom's winter resort in Fort Lauderdale, I happened to see a familiar figure making a spectacle out of herself. Yes, as you might have guessed, it was Loey Zelickman dashing up and down the main street in search of something. Later Cece went by, but she had a date.

"When I arrived at Hedblom's, somewhat rattled, I recognized a pony tail as that of Ruth Nitschelm, who had been staying at Cypress Gardens in summer training for the skiing events of next winter at North Conway. She and Carol were hashing over old times over the candy counter, (Carol has continued her career of candy selling). Incidentally, Carol has been modeling two piece bathing suits in her spare time. Along side of Carol, we see Pat James still at work desperately trying to sell her chocolate Easter Bunnies.

Now it's time to close the chit chat column for another day. This is Helen Yafa saying good-by until I can dig up some more scandal."
Comics - - -

Here's the Connie Veever's comic strip. Wonder what's happened to Connie since we left her escaping the villainous Dick Hayden. Oh! Here she is. She has taken refuge in a tree. OOPS, she seems to have forgotten something. She is most upset. Tomorrow we may learn how she didn't escape a very embarrassing predicament.

Society Page - - -

Misses Polly and Nina Duane, famous elites of cultured society, are throwing a swimming party. Refreshments will be "tomaaato" and "myyyanaise" salad. Sterling silver cigarette holders will be located conveniently around the pool. Polly's plans

for art school have fallen somewhere along the wayside and she now specializes in learning how to throw parties.

Joanne's modeling career has been most successful. I recognize the finger nails on this advertisement for engagement rings. It's rumored she wants one of her own.

Miss Charlotte Atwood, United States missionary to Alaska, has just announced the opening of the new orphanage. She and her husband are very generous, since they already have eight children of their own. Within the next few weeks we will run a series of feature articles about this remarkable woman.

Entertainment - - -

Miss Janet Tipton, famous Metropolitan Opera Star, is performing tonight at the Boston Opera House. Miss Tipton's great talent had been undiscovered for many years, but revealed itself one night when she was discovered singing Christmas Carols to herself in a closet. She is now touring the country, so her stay in Boston will be brief.

And now on closing the paper, we hope you have enjoyed our little preview of the class of '55.

JANET TIPTON
CHARLOTTE ATWOOD

HAMLET, (EXCUSE US)

- Pam To bear us, or not to bear us, Is that the question?
Whether 'tis nobler in your mind to suffer our multitudinous idiosyncrasies
Or to take arms against our youthful intoxication
And by opposing, end us. Poor Marjorie, to dream no more
And by that dreamless sleep to deprive us of a budding genius.
To end Polly's witticisms and the thousand natural shocks which they are
heir to. Is this a consummation devoutly to be wished?
Ah, Nina, to eat no more, to wither away. Aye, there's the rub
For in that state of nothingness, to whom could she give demerits?
When Loey has shuffled off her mortal coil, what will Cece do?
Let us use this pause to add another clause —
- Helen Twill be brief, my friends, as Joanne's love.
- Pam Ah, no, that is a dagger too deeply thrust.
- Helen Methinks the lady doth protest too much.
- Pam Give every man thine ear and few thy voice.
- Helen Ah, subtlety, thy name be Tippy.
- Pam And frailty, thy name be Pat.
- Helen True, each to his own dessert.
- Pam And let this last course go to Carol—sweets for the sweet.
- Helen Then let skiis go to Ruth, for they're caviar to the general.
- Pam I like thy wit well, in good faith.
- Helen Well, then, here's another. Who, unlike Samson, retained her power when
her crowning glory was sheared?
- Pam More matter with less art. Who else could it be but Charlotte?
- Helen And now, having out-willied Willie, let us speak to them no more, for
brevity is the soul of wit.
- Pam But, alas, the play is not yet done.
- Helen Ah, yes, and the play's the thing with which we'll catch the conscience of
them all.

Helen So bear us, and spare us your whips and scorns
 As Judy bears the pangs of conceited love,
 As Mary Ann rises over the insolence of office
 When they themselves might easily their own quietus make.
 How could'st thou put an end to Scrub, and absent us from her
 Sweet felicity? Or Connie's native hue of resolution,
 so often sicklied o'er with the pale cast of Dick.
 Ah, what a bitter end to Marty's cockney accent!
 With these regards your vengeance turn awry
 And let conscience make cowards of you all.
 Helen and Pam, now stooping to your clemency,
 Beg you be not deceived by our flippancy,
 For one may smile and smile, and be a villain.

PAMELA PENCE

HELEN Yafa

CLASS WILL

We, the deceased seniors, lately of Rogers Hall, now having one foot in the grave and one foot out, do hereby declare and swear this to be our last will and testament.

To Mrs. MacGay—we leave a double sleeping bag to be used by her and Queenie en route to California.

Upon Miss Ramsay—we bestow a fire-engine Jaguar, so that in the future she, with breath taking speed, can return the belated books to the Lowell library.

To the faculty—we leave our books. No doubt they will use them more than we did.

Charlotte Atwood—relinquishes her hoard of Sports trinkets to be used as a charm bracelet by Ann Rolfe.

Judy Drick—promises to Mrs. Cozad a year's supply of apricots—dripless, of course.

Nina Duane—offers her unbelievable appetite to anyone who thinks she can handle it.

Polly Duane—the shy violet of the senior class, hands her bouquet of modest qualities to Maria Bright.

Carol Hedblom—entrusts her title of Black Angel to Vanessa Noble, whose halo is never askew.

Pat James—trustingly puts into the hands of Gail Stainsby, her giant store of goodies with the stipulation that Gail will make it last at least a week.

Martha Milan—better known as Rembrandt Milan, bequeaths to Turner Baker her artistic canvas of "The Horse and Blacksmith". Perhaps a third year will see its completion.

Mary Ann Morgan—leaves her tank suit to any undergrad who thinks she might fit into it.

Ruth Nitschelm—relinquishes six inches of her auburn tresses to help keep the ears of Kim Collins warm next winter.

Pamela Pence—hopes to teach Julie Hutson the art of hiding half the school library in her room, and gives her these few words of advice—beware of Miss Ramsay.

Marjorie Robinson—Franklin Delano Roosevelt's staunchest supporter leaves, having failed, after a year, to convert Miss Perkins.

Joanne Rodman—leaves her tapering talons to Charles Adams, who might find them useful in giving his Vampire a more terrifying appearance.

Barbara Scobie—imparts her deadly technique at Andover and Exeter to Tammy Sears, who has already shown promise in this quarter.

Cece Smith—leaves Bruce for Rip.

Janet Tipton—donates her fiendish laugh and penetrating glance to Boris Karloff. May his victims be twice as numerous with these added assets.

Connie Veevers—passes on her monopoly of seats in Miss Perkin's classroom to Ruth Traub.

Helen Yafa—bequeaths to Bunny Rand, when a senior, her desk in the back row, with the hope that Bunny's feet can touch the floor.

Lois Zelickman—leaves her tube of tooth paste to Jean Bristol. Perhaps Jean too will acquire that tooth paste ad smile which Loey is so famous for.

Now, having rid ourselves of our most treasured possessions, this sixth day of June, nineteen-hundred and fifty-five, we sign this, in behalf of the senior class.

PAMELA PENCE

CONSTANCE VEEVERS

UNDERGRADUATE SONG

"Aura Lee"

Seniors, now the time is near
When we must bid adieu.
Years we've spent together here,
Now seem all too few.
Fellowship and spirit true
Are Cae and Kava's fame.
All this we have learned from you,
We're grateful to your name.
Rogers Hall says Goodbye,
Class of fifty-five.
You have set your standards high,
To meet these we shall strive.

BARBARA ANN MORSE
ROSAMOND WILE

ANTIPATHY AWFUL ADDICTION ASPIRATION

"MARY"
TEMPER, TEMPER
A NEPHEW



MARTY

LEARNING LINES
MUFFING CHEM
CASTLES IN SPAIN



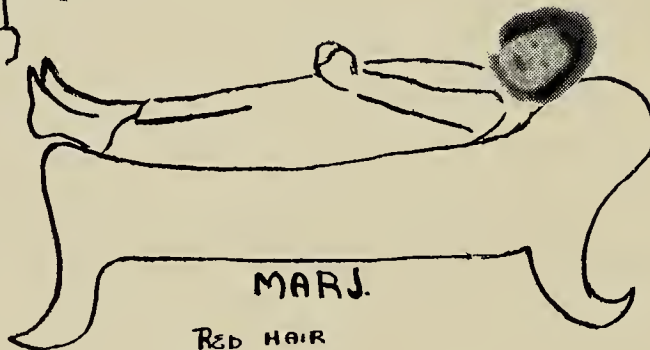
CHARLOTTE

PEOPLE
OLDER MEN
A WATERY GRAVE



PSYCHIATRIST
TIPTON

STUPIDITY
SCATTERED BELONGINGS
TO SING IN THE MET

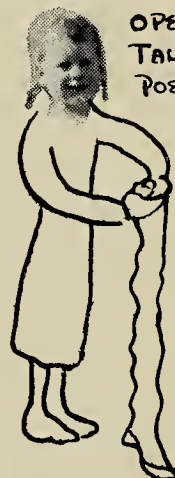


MARJ.

RED HAIR
FAUX PAS
TO BE AN ATHLETE

JO

OPEN WINDOW
TALONS
POETESS



NINA

GLEE CLUB CUT UPS
YELLING AT TWIN
KIDS, KIDS, KIDS



POLLY

AUTHORITY
JUNK UNDER BED
NO MORE SCHOOL

MIT(?)

SLUMP
TO BE A MOTHER

LOEY



CE CE

TILTON
WEARING THE RIGHT
CHARM WRONG TIME
PALM TREES



PAM

GRIND
PROSCRASTINATION
MARRY A BOOK



HELEN

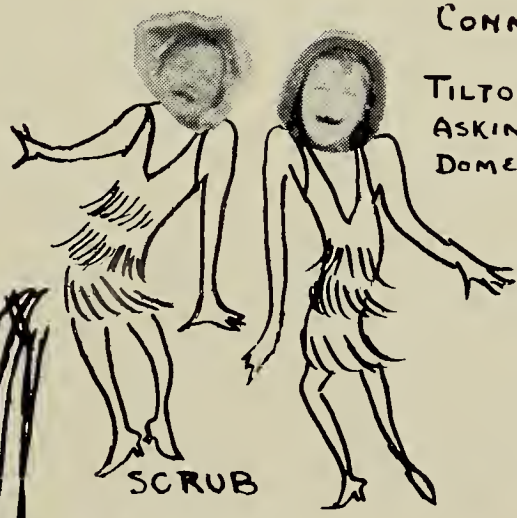
MOPES
GIGGLING IN HISTORY
HOMEMAKER, UGH!

SHORT MEN
LOOKING "FATIGUEE"
To BE 5'1" Judy



DALE
BEING SO-O-GOOD
HAIR DOWN TO MY
KNEES

RUTH



SCRUB

CONNIE

TILTON (WHOOOPS!)
ASKING QUESTIONS
DOMESTICITY

FLAT NOTES
CRACKING GUM
TO BE TALL

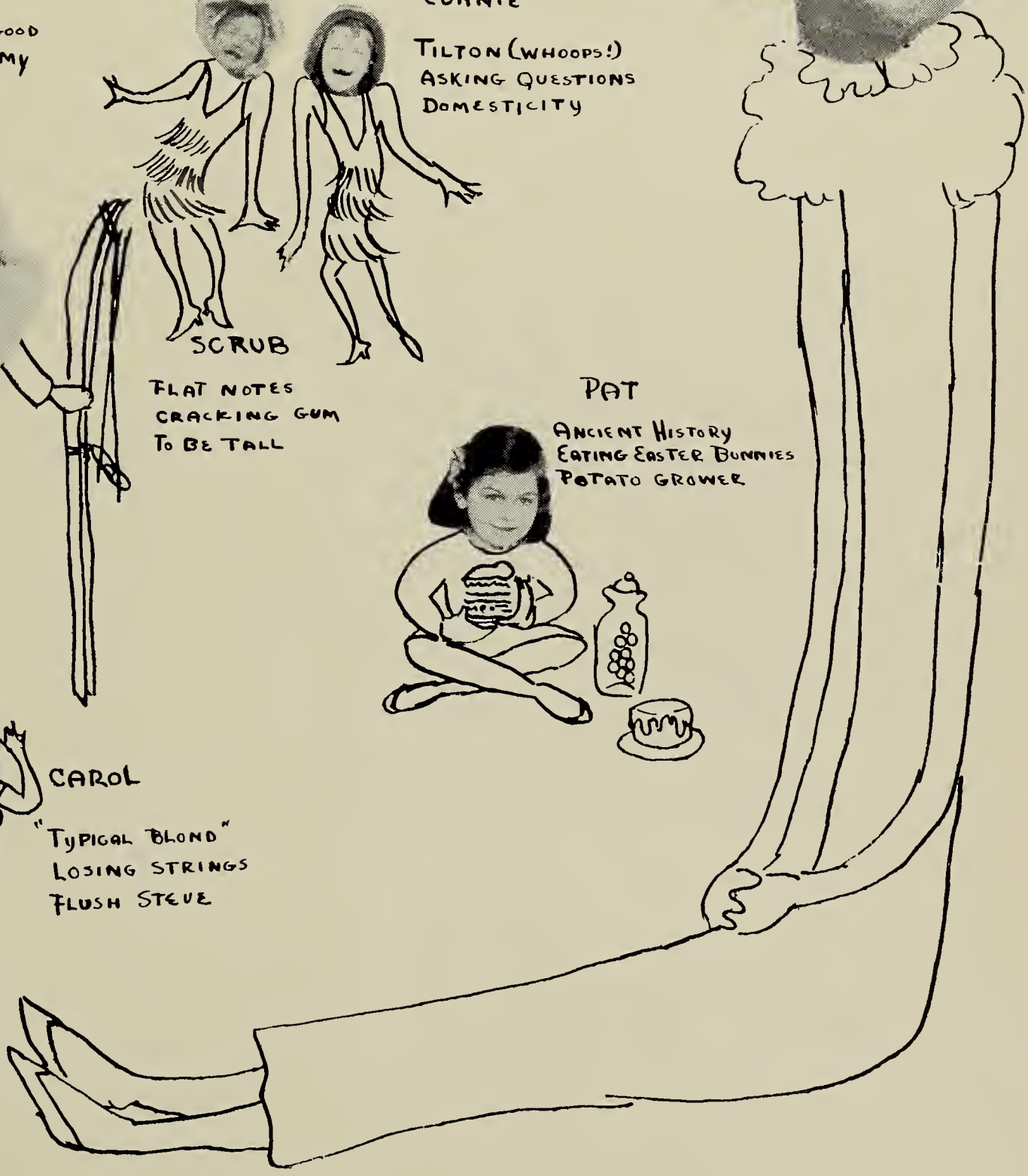
PAT

ANCIENT HISTORY
EATING EASTER BUNNIES
POTATO GROWER



CAROL

"TYPICAL BLOND"
LOSING STRINGS
FLUSH STEVE



Literary

A GOODLY HERITAGE

Oh God, you created all men equal,
And gave to each a goodly heritage —
Tall, stately birches, majestic elms,
Whispering pines, and the comforting oak;
Innocent daisies, the mature rose,
Fragrant lilacs, and the sleepy blue bell;
Rolling hills, towering mountains,
Quiet lakes and the rumbling seas;
Cheerful robins, the motherly sparrow,
Wise old eagles, and the melancholy nightingale.
The cool, green grass atop fruitful soil
Has lured many a dreamer to its velvety embrace.
Oh God, you've given so much, and all you ask
Is that we live in peace. Is it too weighty a task?
You gave your Son, that He might lighten the load.
Was his death in vain? Have we missed the road?
Are we too late? Is our sin too great?
Oh God, is there a sickle of keen enough blade
To cut down the weeds of envy and lust, ambition and hate?
For if there is, we'll find it and clear the road,
Repaying the debt for our goodly heritage.

PAMELA PENCE, '55

ONE ACT PLAY

Characters

A BEGGAR	A FLIRT
A TOWNSMAN	A WAITER
A TOWNSWOMAN	AN AMERICAN
THEIR EIGHT YEAR OLD BOY	A YOUNG MAN
TWO OFFICERS	AN ARTIST

THE CROWD

Scene I (At The Pier)

On a post hangs a rope and a life buoy. Close by a beggar is sitting. At a cafe on the left, two tables stand under the open sky on the street. At one table sits the waiter, reading a newspaper. At the other sits a blond young man. At the right, on a public bench, sits an artist. He has a sketch book and a pencil with which he is drawing.

BEGGAR. (Sings) "Kind sir, have pity while you can,
Remember the old beggar man."

WAITER. (Sitting at the table, looks up from his paper) Shut up!

BEGGAR. Don't get fresh! I was once a head waiter.

WAITER. Must have been a fine place! (Ha!)

BEGGAR. It was. I traveled all around the world as a waiter. Yes. Yes, one goes down. Life is like a tight-rope dance; before you look around you've lost your balance, and are lying face down in the dirt.

WAITER. (Laying aside newspaper) You ought to go to work. That would do you more good than jabbering all the time.

BEGGAR. I've tried working, too. But work for me is the *surest* way to stay poor. Well, if born into the world again, I'll become a government official.

(A man passes. Flirt enters from the left. The beggar stops the man. Sings and holds out his hat)

BEGGAR. Do you see? He doesn't give me a single penny.

YOUNG MAN. (Eyeing flirting girl) I would buy you a flying machine and a car, but you would not go alone; thousands of meters in the air, only you and our love.

FLIRT. Aren't you a wonderful boy!

(She begins to flirt with the artist as she knows he is painting her)

BEGGAR. How often have I wanted to commit suicide, but why should I gratify my fellow man by doing that? Suicide is one sin I can see nothing funny in. I always tell myself, so long as there's a jail, one can never starve.

WAITER. You have no dignity!

BEGGAR. No, my dignity was taken away from me ten years ago by the Law. But I'm not so sure I want it back.

WAITER. (In disgust) I ought to call the police and have them drive you away from here!

BEGGAR. (Confidentially) You wouldn't do that. Only yesterday I paid my colleagues twenty marks for this place. (Searching his pockets) Here is a receipt. I won't go away from here unless the police carry me away in their arms. The police seem to be the only people who make a fuss over me these days. (Laughter)

WAITER. Disgusting old beggar! Why on earth such people (The rest is said under his breath)

Scene II

(The townsman, the townswoman, and their child enter. The townsman carries the child on his shoulder and is perspiring from the exertion)

TOWNSWOMAN. (Sighs) That is all I have to say! Just let me come to that. Just let me come to it. On the spot I'll get a divorce.

TOWNSMAN. (Following her) Give me your word of honor on it!

TOWNSWOMAN. Now I know what they mean when they say that all men are polygamists.

TOWNSMAN. Calm yourself, old woman. It's all theoretical that married women are good cooks and married men are polygamists. (They sit at the table from which the waiter has just risen)

CHILD. I want to give the poor man something. Papa! Money! Papa!

TOWNSWOMAN. (Kisses child) A heart of gold has my child. A disposition like butter. He gets that from me.

CHILD. When I give the poor man something, he makes funny faces and I laugh!

TOWNSMAN. Since I've been married I make all kinds of faces, but no one gives me anything.

TOWNSWOMAN. (To waiter) A glass of milk for the child, be sure it's well cooked. (To the child) A glass of good ninni for my darling, a glass of ninni from the moo-cow.

TOWNSMAN. (Mocking her) And for me a glass of red wine—a little glass of good red wine for the big moo-ox.

TOWNSWOMAN. (Angry) That's just like you. Begrudge a glass of milk to your own child—naturally—so long as you have your cigar and your wine.

TOWNSMAN. My dear, I hereby give little Hans permission to drink three cows dry. And out of my next weeks' wages, you may buy him a whole herd of cows.

CHILD. I want chocolate! Chocolate, mama!

TOWNSMAN. You shall have it as you want it. Wouldn't you perhaps like a glass of champagne, little Hans, and a salad made of big moo-chicken?

YOUNG MAN. (Getting up and rushing over to artist) Sir, sir, this is unheard of. You've been painting this young lady all the time. She is a respectable lady, do you understand. For all you know she may be my wife!

ARTIST. More than that—for all I know, she may be your mother.

YOUNG MAN. (Stammering) My dear sir, I must call you to account . . . what do you mean by this?

ARTIST. Why are you so excited? Isn't it a good likeness?

TOWNSWOMAN. These young people are quarreling. You always bring me to places like this. We never go out together but there's scandal.

(The flirty girl comes near to the painting and convinces her fiance-to-be to buy it. Against the young man's wishes, the artist joins them)

Scene III

CHILD. The chocolate is no good. I want some moo-milk.

TOWNSMAN. In a minute I'll take my moo-stick and tan your moo-hide.
(An American enters leading a dog on a leash)

BEGGAR. (Sings his song)

AMERICAN. (Has listened to entire song impassively) Are you through? Waiter, put a muzzle on the man.

TOWNSWOMAN. That is what I call an elegant man. I have always wanted you to have a suit like that.

CHILD. Mama, the bow-wow dog is biting me.

TOWNSWOMAN. (To American) Your dog is biting my son.

AMERICAN. You're quite mistaken, madame, my dog has been trained carefully to eat none but boiled meat. Besides, I have no desire to discuss dogs with you. I don't believe you know anything about thoroughbred dogs. Waiter, set this man in his place.

Scene IV

BEGGAR. (Cries out) I can't stand it any longer, that dog sits stuffing himself and I haven't eaten for days! I'm going to kill myself!

(A large splash is heard and a crowd rushes to the scene of action. A workman jumps in and rescues him)

BEGGAR. Why did someone save me! I wanted to die! I have nothing left except good-for-nothing diseased lungs! Oh, God—my poor wife and children! Nobody knows what I've suffered!

(Flirt takes out her purse and the rest of the people do the same. Beggar holds out his hat for all the money)

AMERICAN. (Cries out in sudden alarm) My dog! My Molly! She has jumped in the river and she can't swim! I'll offer anything if someone will only save her.

YOUNG MAN. I'll do it!

BEGGAR. The dog-tender! I hope he drowns himself. Just as I was doing the best business in weeks, that dog has to spoil everything, the scabby beast!

FLIRT. How often have I asked you not to use those vulgar expressions.

BEGGAR. What! Is that how a daughter should speak to her father? You shameless wench! I'll teach you. I'll be home again. And when I am home I carry a stick and a stick is a good thing to have in your hand to teach a daughter respect.

(While he speaks he is taking off his coat and vest, showing a cork life-belt beneath)

BEGGAR. That suicide trick is getting played out anyhow—hardly fifty marks—and I had to pay twenty for the place. Come, my daughter, we shall go home.

(Calls) Waiter, waiter.

FLIRT. He doesn't hear you, father—waiter, if you don't come at once we shall go without paying.

(The waiter enters subserviently)

BEGGAR. (Slips him a gold piece) Waiter, call a taxicab.

(The waiter takes the coin with a respectful bow, and blows his taxi whistle. As the answering whistle of the taxicab and the honk of its horn are heard, the beggar and his flirting daughter exit ceremoniously)

CURTAIN

DISILLUSIONMENT

He plucked a blossom from the branch
and gently pressed it in my hand.
Its fragrance floated through the air
and whispered to my eager soul
those things a girl can understand.
The heady perfume soon diffused,
the blossom pricked me like a dart.
I watched it flutter to the ground
and there beside it lay my heart.

MARTHA MILAN, '55

THE SEA

Oh triumphant, tossing sea,
Upon whose crest I ride,
Who made your everchanging face?
Who made the waning tide?
Your billows swell and then eject
The seething froth to land,
As you wash your massive wings
and scrub them with the sand.
Oh triumphant, tossing sea,
Upon whose crest I stand,
To look upon this wondrous sight,
One work of His Great Hand.

CAROLYN ABBOTT, '56

BELIEF

Somewhere I know there is a bosky dell
Where shafts of sun their sleepy radiance pour
Along a slumberous stream I knew so well
In some past day when I was here before.
They say that after death there is an end
Of lovely sight and sound and earthly things;
Yet I remember every curve and bend
The river takes, the very song it sings.
Oh, somehow, somewhere, I shall find again
The silent sunny way I used to pass,
And suddenly come upon the silent stream.
I cannot think the memory is in vain —
The sunlight and the crystal looking-glass —
And yet they say the singing was a dream.

CECELIA SMITH, '55

MIGHT

Drone, drone, drone
The mute monotony of machines,
of machines
of machines.

Drone, drone, drone
The strange soliloquy of machines
of machines
of machines.

They shall quiver with pulsation
They shall exceed imagination
They shall pattern civilization
Shall they precede declination?
Machines
machines
machines.

HELEN B. YAFFA, '55

School Notes

THE CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

- 22—Sea of new faces . . . joyful reunions . . . army of trunks . . . and so we begin
25—Sun in our faces, sand in our shoes . . . tingling toes test the briny deep . . .
buzzing blue busses

OCTOBER

- 2—Welcome, new girls . . . Groucho Marx . . . truth or consequences!? . . . cider,
doughnuts . . . firm friendships
8—George Washington Hall . . . Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn . . . too short
intermission!! . . .
9—Senior triumph . . . Zelickman's zany party . . . clandestine conference
10—Suspense ceases . . . dripping candles . . . laughs and tears . . . buzzing buffet
13—Fateful announcement . . . blindfolds . . . slimy liver . . . puddles of pigtails . . .
solemn oath
23—Lowell auditorium . . . The Mariners—in person!! . . . Music U. S. A.
29—Celebrity series . . . haunting strains . . . twitching . . . familiar busses
30—Black and orange . . . cautious committees . . . cider cocktails . . . "What de-
licious coffee, Mrs. MacGay!"

NOVEMBER

- 13—Andover vs. Exeter . . . what do we eat, red meat!! . . . cold tootsies . . . end of
football season
17—Tense excitement . . . rain, rain, go away! . . . "Where's the ref??" . . . 9-3 . . .
thrilled Caes . . . spirit and sportsmanship . . . no more hockey till next year
18—Belated banquet . . . speeches . . . Cae and Kava songs . . . lollipops for all!
24—Three whole days!! . . . "Have fun" . . . Tons of turkey . . . parties . . . back
to the grind

DECEMBER

- 4—AT LAST!! . . . male voices . . . macaroni and ham . . . the able Aces . . .
introducing The Blue Notes . . . I'll See You In My Dreams

- 12—Flickering candlelight . . . expressions of loveliness . . . Glee Club carols . . .
Seniors' big moment . . . gleaming gold rings
- 14—*Soldiers of Bethlehem* . . . Christmas vacation . . . "Don't forget to write!" . . .
empty rooms . . . quiet prevails

JANUARY

- 5—The army invades! . . . "the neatest three weeks of my life" . . . late discussions
. . . Sighs, then back to the books
- 10—Volleyball twist Cae and Kava . . . Red and White . . . Blue and Gold . . . close
scores . . . congratulations, Cae
- 15—Busses bursting with Exonians . . . mixed voices raised in song . . . Welcome to
fairyland . . . the Peadquacks . . . "Mr. Sandman" . . . fond adieus
- 24—Exams . . . cramming in closets . . . "Hope I didn't flunk!"
- 29—Back to G.W. . . . beautiful ballerinas . . . hushed audience . . . hurried hellos at
intermission . . . back to the waiting busses

FEBRUARY

- 1—Off to North Conway . . . home for others . . . beautiful ski weather . . . snow,
snow everywhere . . . bruised veterans of the slope
- 26—Splinters presents . . . Dancing In Study-Hall?!! . . . spinning records . . .
delicious repast

MARCH

- 10—The basketball game . . . tense excitement . . . "best of luck" . . . careful referee-
ing . . . fouling . . . fast and thrilling . . . 29-21, Cae triumphs
- 12—Lowell High Auditorium . . . not so grand, old Seniors . . . seven hours of tests . . .
that exhausted feeling . . . Graham House welcomes glee club for a dance . . .
full day
- 13—Up at 9:00 . . . back to Andover . . . Cochran Chapel . . . Sine Nomine . . . Sea
of grey flannels . . . impressive service . . . coffee at Graham House
- 15—"Opening Night . . . Two Queens . . . long awaited Spring vacation . . . hurried
farewells

APRIL

- 6—Back to the fold . . . luscious tans . . . memories . . . dust off the books
- 22—P.A. presents . . . The "Perfect" Student Prince . . . "Yes, Your Majesty" . . .
"Drink, Drink, Drink" . . . reluctant hearts leave Heidelberg and slowly board
the waiting busses
- 23—The horde of hungry Seniors invades the peaceful Rodman domain! . . . the
"magic" phone . . . scrumptious buffet . . . pool and poker . . . "the gambling
eighteen" . . . a visit from the bride-to-be

MAY

- 1—The Glee Club dons its white attire . . . off to Cambridge . . . Independent
School Chorus . . . the very "able" Mr. Abbel . . . "Je suis soprano" . . . 400
voices raised in song

- 7—"Return of the Alumnae" . . . old friends and old friendships . . . lobster and chicken salad . . . "Really, Mrs. MacGay?! . . . folk-dancing . . . "Getting To Know You" . . . the "Candlelight Waltz" . . . perfect ending to a perfect Founder's Day
- 19—"Water, water everywhere" . . . Cae meets Kava in the poolroom . . . familiar green tank suits . . . "Swimmers ready?" . . . fluid form . . . spectacular speed . . . close score . . . Cae emerges victorious
- 22-23—Senior Prom week-end . . . weather made to order . . . contented couples . . . lilacs and low lights . . . Senior porch . . . "Good night, ladies and gentlemen" . . . steak breakfast . . . all too soon the inevitable bell . . . fond adieus
- May 31 - June 2—
Familiar blue books . . . late lights . . . soaring temperatures . . . the end of the beginning . . . sighs of relief

JUNE

- 3—"Down you go" spelling bee . . . glorified undergrads . . . "And these are really Seniors?" . . . last commencement rehearsal . . . Senior supper at Mrs. MacGay's . . . farewell to undergrads . . . movies in study-hall . . . announcing next year's octette manager
- 4—The R.H. beachcombers . . . singing sand in the hot-dogs . . . flying angels and elephant walks . . . brave surf-riders . . . "Where oh where are the grand old Seniors - - -"
- 5—Baccalaureate . . . All Souls . . . Reverend Johnson . . . Your Life Counts . . . the Musicale . . . "A-Round the Corner" . . . Last parties of year . . . Ceci's, Nickie's, Audrey's
- 6—Senior luncheon . . . veracious verses . . . scrumptious salad . . . awards in study-hall . . . Will and Prophecy . . . "We'll be seeing you" . . . the curtain rises on "The Romantic Age" . . . red roses to Mrs. Stoklosa
- 7—The long awaited day . . . cool and cloudy . . . solemn Seniors . . . pink roses . . . Pomp and Circumstance . . . Judge Leggat . . . Reverend Hale . . . words of wisdom . . . proud parents . . . tears of joy and sadness . . . last good-byes . . . white columns bid adieu . . . quiet prevails

THE HOCKEY GAME

After two weeks of continued good weather the day of the hockey game arrived and many excited Caes and Kavas awoke only to see dark clouds, hints of rain, and a muddy hockey field. There was much skepticism over the possibility of playing hockey in such conditions but as three o'clock came with no signs of rain, it was decided to play the game.

Caes and Kavas covered the hockey field with their bright colors of red, white, blue and gold. We waited tensely, yet nothing happened. Club cheers were given and still there were no signs of action. Finally, Miss Miltimore announced that the referee was not able to come. After the uproar which this announcement caused, our willing instructor offered her services as an umpire and at last the game was under way.



CAE CLUB



KAVA CLUB



CAE HOCKEY TEAM



KAVA HOCKEY TEAM

The first half was tense. Cae led by the narrow margin of one point. Following the half however, Cae Club began to pick up points and finally won with a score of nine to three.

Caes were thrilled and Kavas showed excellent sportsmanship in being very gracious losers.

CAE TEAM

Atwood, Capt.
Zelickman, Mgr.
Kiser
Morse, B.
Pence
Rand, M.
Rolfe
Scobie
Tipton
Veevers
Wile
Yafa

KAVA TEAM

Milan, Capt.
Bristol, Mgr.
Abbott
Adams
Babson
Draper
Duane, E.
Duane, M.
Hedblom
Hockmeyer
Kochs
Sherman

C.A.

CAE-KAVA HOCKEY BANQUET

This year the hockey banquet was held the day following the game but, nevertheless, none of the apprehension or excitement was lost. The president of Kava Club, Martha Milan, presented the treasured hockey cup to Charlotte Atwood, who received it in behalf of Cae Club. Mrs. MacGay talked to us briefly and Miss Miltimore gave her maiden speech, which was a great success. Both clubs worked long and hard preparing their songs and the contest terminated in a tie. The evening ended and everyone said farewell to hockey for another year.

J.T.

FALL PLAY

On Tuesday evening, November twenty third, our dramatic group presented the play *NINE GIRLS* by Wilfred Pettit.

It portrayed a homicidal maniac amidst a gay group of sorority girls. The seemingly innocent murderess is about to kill her best friend, who has guessed the truth, when she is caught. Abound with laughs and chills, the play was the first directed by Mrs. Stoklosa. Thanks to the cooperation of the cast, backstage crew and all affiliated, the play was a complete success.

THE CAST

[illegible]

Because of the illness of Charlotte Atwood, her part was played by Mary Duane.

PRODUCTION STAFF

<i>Assistant to Director</i> —Miriam Rand	<i>Lights</i> —Miriam Rand
<i>Stage Manager</i> —Mary Duane	
<i>Assistants</i> —Barbara Morse	<i>Assistant</i> —Carolyn Abbott
Rosamond Wile	
Julie Hutson	<i>Properties</i> —Jeanne Bristol
Dorothy Chrystal	Maria Bright
Elizabeth Grimes	
Virginia Cornell	<i>Make-up</i> —Judith Poorvu
Linda Wiese	Carol Sue Rosenblum
Patricia Rosenshine	Joanne Draper

D.A.C.

ANDOVER DANCE

First dance; a little dread, much suspense. After a wonderful glee club concert directed by Miss LeButt and Mr. Schneider, we met our dates, who in general weren't as bad as expected. Amidst the fantasy of ginger bread men and ice cream cones of "Candy Land", everyone danced til 11:00. With tired feet and remnants of the decorations tucked under our arms, we bade farewell to the "blue and white" for another year.

J.T.

SENIOR CAROLING

The night is cold and clear and the wind tugs fretfully at the window-panes. But inside it is different. The schoolroom glows with an unaccustomed softness from the myriad of candles, and the greens smell crisp and Christmasy.

"Oh, I'm so nervous. I'll never be able to sing," whispers one senior to another. However they seem to have managed for the carols are as lovely as tradition demands.

Words of faith and love are expressed in the Christmas compositions. And then, after nearly four years of waiting the time is here. Morgan . . . Tipton . . . Allen . . . Allen? but she's a junior! Confusion reigns. Oh, it's Atwood . . . Milan . . . A heavy gold ring, symbolic of a new maturity.

Nos Nostraque Deo

J.H.



SCENES FROM *Soldiers of Bethlehem*, *Mary of Scotland* AND *Opening Night*



SPLINTERS STAFF



BEAR AND LION STAFF



STUDENT COUNCIL

CHRISTMAS BANQUET

6:30 . . . Net skirts are pushed into unruly submission and satin bows are perked to attention. Miss LeButt signals for quiet. Slowly the two lines of girls, singing softly, advance towards the dining room where Mrs. MacGay and her guests await them. The tall candles glow radiantly, as a meal, which is indeed a banquet, is eaten with carols by the glee club sung between courses. Then, as the last bit of ice cream is scrupulously licked away, Mrs. MacGay, her guests, and then the girls leave the dining room and once again the Christmas Banquet is a thing of the past.

J.H.

CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

On Tuesday evening, December fourteenth, Rogers Hall presented its Christmas Play, *SOLDIER OF BETHLEHEM*.

It tells of two soldiers in Bethlehem at the time of Jesus' birth. One soldier aided the Holy Family in fleeing from Herod's soldiers. For that he was blinded. He returns many years later and symbolically follows Him into heaven.

Mrs. Stoklosa is to be congratulated for the performances of the cast and crew.

During the performance, the Glee Club sang carols as a background. Miss LeButt is also to be congratulated for their fine singing.

CAST •

[illegible]

CAE-KAVA VOLLEYBALL GAME

On January seventeenth, Caes and Kavas donned their club colors in preparation for the volleyball game. At three o'clock the game began and amidst many cheers, the second teams volleyed zealously. Cae took the lead in the beginning and managed to maintain its lead throughout the game. The final score was Cae-46, Kava-22.

The big moment, however, had yet to come. The first teams took their positions and again the game was on. Both clubs fought vigorously—Caes to maintain the standard set by the second team, and Kava to redeem itself. At the half the score was tied at seventeen all. During the second half, however, Cae gradually crept ahead and finally won by a score of forty-seven to twenty-seven.

CAE TEAM

Pucket, mgr.

1ST TEAM

Zelickman, capt.

Scobie

Rand, M.

Yafa

Pence

Atwood

Morse, S.

Morgan

SUBS

Traub

Wile

2ND TEAM

Rand, D.

Smith

Kiser

Morse, B.

Chrystal

Rolfe

Rosenblum

SUBS

Baker

Tipton

KAVA TEAM

Duane, M., mgr.

1ST TEAM

Poorvu, capt.

Sherman

Drick

Draper

Milan

Adams

Babson

Bright

SUBS

Duane, E.

Allen

2ND TEAM

Bristol

Purdy

Cornell

Kochs

Robinson

Abbott

Fisher

Lindenburg

SUBS

Byam

Grimes

C.A.

EXETER DANCE

"Getting to Know You", a most appropriate song at one of the best concerts seen at the annual R. H. - Exeter dance. The beloved characters of "Alice in Wonderland", "Pinnochio" and "Dumbo" surrounded us as we danced and laughed the evening away to the fabulous music of the Royal Exonians. We missed Mrs. Mac-Gay's presence but somehow everything ran smoothly. Tired but happy, all agreed that the dance was a success.

J.T.



CAE VOLLEYBALL TEAM



KAVA VOLLEYBALL TEAM



JUNIOR CLASS



FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE CLASS

WINTER TRIP

With three chaperons (Miss Phelps, Miss Miltimore and Miss Perkins) seventeen girls set forth early Monday morning for the slopes of North Conway. With iceskates dangling from one arm, ski boots and camera from the other and a suitcase being partly dragged and partly bumped along, Rogers Hall stumbled aboard the train!

After a five hour ride we arrived at 1:00 o'clock. Getting on the train was nothing compared to the ordeal of getting off!!

At the chalet long underwear was donned, skis and boots were fitted and the skiers were off to conquer the slopes.

On approaching the slopes, the main attraction was the snow . . . ! what else??

The beginners were initiated by the rope tow or better known to them as the rope torture . . . ! With skies turned in they hit the bottom with a boom!!! The more daring ones bought one way tickets on the ski-mobile. It's amazing how many people one *runs* into on those slopes, you'd almost think it was crowded!!!! The casualties were accounted for at lunch and apparently everyone escaped with only a few minor bruises here and there, mostly *there* !

Back at the Inn, it took no time at all for Rogers Hall girls to find the dining room!! All diets were momentarily forgotten, accidentally . . . on purpose!! Movies, bowling, skating and ping pong were the main evening attractions.

On Tuesday the whole morning was spent on the slopes. At 4:00 o'clock a much needed rest was spent at Ruth Nitschelm's where we went for tea.

Ping pong and pool seemed to have dominated Tuesday evening. The chaperons were trying their ability on the jigsaw puzzle.

Up early in the morning and ready for that last run down the slopes, we neared the end of the trip. The train ride back was rather quiet, I think possibly we were a wee bit tired!! It was rather strange, though, how everyone came drifting out of their haze and wanted sandwiches as we approached Exeter. Just can't understand it . . . !!

Back at Rogers Hall we staggered in bag and baggage, battle scars and all after what had been an extremely joyous and eventful trip.

R.P.

TEA DANCE

A tradition seems to have been established, for last year's tea dance had a repeat performance. This year, we danced to the best records available. The study hall and library were cleared and white carnations gave a spring like atmosphere to the school room. After a delicious buffet dinner the dancing resumed. The new octet sang and won well deserved applause. A grand dance for a grand cause.

J.T.

CAE-KAVA BASKETBALL GAME

By March tenth, both clubs were prepared to play off the annual basketball game. Kava had suffered two casualties in practices and Cae also had lost one team member.

Excellent teamwork and sportsmanship were displayed by both clubs. Basket after basket was scored and by the half Cae had jumped ahead with a score of nineteen to Kava's eight. The third quarter passed and Cae still led by a large margin. During the last quarter, however, the Kavas got on their toes and many points were added to their score. Cae was able to maintain its lead and as the final whistle blew, Cae was announced the winner by a score of twenty-nine to twenty-one. Cheers soared to a peak and Cae and Kava alike joined in warm congratulations of a close game well played by all.

Traub, Mgr.
Yafa, capt.
Morse, S.
Atwood
Rand, M.
Rolf
Pence

Morgan
Scobie
Wiese

Morse, B.

Kochs, mgr.
Abbott, capt.
Babson
Milan
Lancaster
Hedblom
Draper

Bright
Drick
Collins
Poorvu

Duane, E.
Sherman

C.A.

BASKETBALL BANQUET

Daffodils and gay spirits were sure signs of spring at the Basketball Banquet. Martha Milan, president of Kava Club, presented the coveted cup to Charlotte Atwood, president of Cae Club. Mrs. MacGay and Miss Miltimore both spoke a few words to us. With the singing of the club songs, the last banquet of the year came to a close.

J.T.

MARCH 15

Our spring productions this year at Rogers Hall consisted of two short plays. The first, "Opening Night", portrayed the trials of a young actress, her family, and her friends on the day preceding her stage opening. The second was a scene from "Mary of Scotland". The play is woven around the conflict between Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary.

In spite of the worries of Mrs. Stoklosa and the directors, both plays turned out exceptionally well.

OPENING NIGHT

[illegible]



CAE BASKETBALL TEAM



KAVA BASKETBALL TEAM



CAE SWIMMING TEAM



KAVA SWIMMING TEAM



CAE CHEER LEADERS



KAVA CHEER LEADERS

MARY OF SCOTLAND

Mary	Dorothy Chrystal
Elizabeth	Julia Hutson

TECHNICAL STAFF

Stage Manager	Gale Wursthorn
Assistants	Sondra Byam Vanessa Noble Patricia Rosenshine
Assistant to Director	Carolyn Abbott Bunny Rand
Make-up	Judith Poorvu Carol Sue Rosenblum Elaine Vargis Elaine Vasel

DIRECTED BY

MRS. KATHRYN M. STOKLOSA

C.M.A.

SANDERS THEATRE CONCERT

The Sanders Theatre concert in which Rogers Hall participated was considered so successful in nineteen fifty-four, that it was repeated this year and it is hoped that it will be continued in future years, becoming another traditional Rogers Hall event. The three hundred voice chorus included glee clubs from Buckingham School, Belmont Hill, House In The Pines, Woodward School, Brimmer and May, Chapel Hill School, Browne and Nichols School, Dublin School, Roxbury Latin, and Rogers Hall. The program consisted of *Alleluia*, by Randall Thompson, *Mass in G*, by Schubert, *Standchen-Serenade*, by Schubert, and *Turn Back, O Man*, by Holst. Howard Abel from Milton Academy conducted the concert, which was very successful and well worth the hard work contributed by all concerned.

C.A.

FOUNDER'S DAY

The happy cries of reunited alumnae new and old—the quiet dignity of the class of 1896. The folk-dances were almost lovely . . . somebody goofed. “Getting to Know You” . . . Mrs. MacGay’s favorite. Water ballet as a grand finale . . . black and silver mobiles reflected candle lit formations. Then the classes of yesterday left, full of happy memories and lobster.

J.H.

SWIMMING MEET

On May eighteenth, Caes and Kavas gathered around the Rogers Hall pool in preparation for the annual swimming meet. Both form and speed were to be judged and it was rumored that the clubs were evenly matched. The whistle blew, a splash arose, and the meet was under way. As the winners of each event were announced, the hopes of each club rose and fell alternately. It was obvious to all observers that the final scoring would be close. After the points of each club had been totaled, Cae was announced the winner with ninety-eight points. Kava was a very close runner-up with eighty-eight.

CAE TEAM

Morse, B.
 Rand, M., capt.
 Rand, D.
 Rosenshine
 Traub
 Wile
 Atwood
 Veevers, Mgr.

SUBS

Baker
 Pence
 Rolfe

KAVA TEAM

Allen
 Bright, capt.
 Babson, capt.
 Collins
 Hockmeyer
 Milan
 Purdy
 Poorvu, mgr.

SUBS

Bristol
 Duane, P.
 Wursthon

C.A.

PROM

The long anticipated day at last arrived. Beautiful weather, a scent of lilacs, dreamy music, and nice dates made the weekend perfect. As Ken Reeves played, we danced the night away and all too soon it was over. We met once again for a delicious steak cookout the next morning but twelve noon came much too fast. With sad goodbyes, we bade farewell to Prom for another year.

J.T.

CAE-KAVA SOFTBALL GAME

May twenty-seventh brought the last and, as it turned out, the most exciting game of the Cae-Kava series. Cae took the lead in the beginning but as the game progressed Kava not only caught up but surpassed Cae's previous lead by five runs. The last inning arrived and Cae still trailed far behind. With determination each batter took her stance. Run after run was added to Cae's meager score of six until the inning finally ended leaving Cae with a total of thirteen points to Kava's eleven.

This game brought to a close another year of Cae and Kava events—an undefeated year for Cae. Both clubs look forward to another year of friendly competition.

CAE TEAM

Sears, mgr.
 Morgan
 Morse, B., capt.
 Morse, S.
 Puckett,
 Rand, D.
 Rand, M.
 Tipton
 Wile
 Yafa

SUBS

Atwood
 Weise
 Pence

KAVA TEAM

Abbott, mgr.
 Babson
 Hanson, capt.
 Milan
 Draper
 Poorvu
 Sherman
 Allen
 Hedblom
 Kochs

SUBS

Duane, E.
 Bristol
 Wursthorn

C.A.



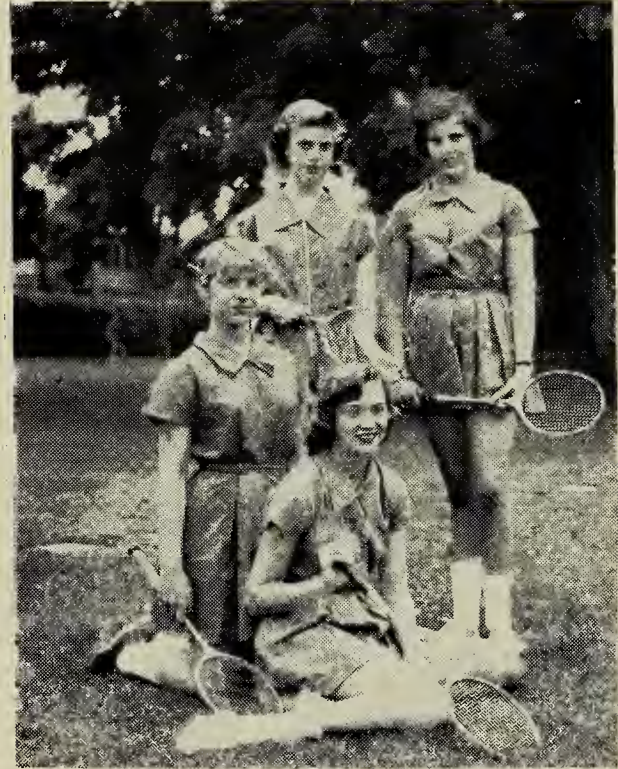
CAE SOFTBALL TEAM



KAVA SOFTBALL TEAM



CAE BADMINTON TEAM



KAVA BADMINTON TEAM



CAE TENNIS TEAM



KAVA TENNIS TEAM

CAE AND KAVA SUPPERS

Instead of the traditional joint CAE-KAVA supper held as a cookout, this year, due to the rain, the suppers were held separately. After each supper there were many cheers and songs, following which the nominees for next years Presidents and Vice-Presidents were announced and then voted upon. Even though the weather was not perfect, a wonderful time was had by everyone.

C.M.A.

BACCALAUREATE

The bus lumbered up to the white fence right on time. However, instead of the usual going to church chatter, we were strangely quiet. This was the last Sunday the school would be together as a whole, Baccalaureate Sunday. We filed into the already crowded church and took our seats. The service passed quickly and after Mr. Johnson's wise words, punch and cookies were served in the parish house. The Seniors looked around in bitter-sweet finalty, got into the cars and drove away.

J.H.

CLASS DAY

June 6th dawned bright and clear—a perfect day for the annual class day exercises. At one o'clock sharp the parents and guests of the Senior Class were seated for the Senior luncheon. After each senior had read her joke verse, Mrs. MacGay capped the meal with a delightfully informal speech.

Immediately after the luncheon all assembled in the school room for the awarding of the club cups and individual athletic prizes. Club officers for next year were also then announced: Rosamond Wile and Barbara Ann Morse for Cae; Priscilla Babson and Lyn Abbott for Kava.

Then the seniors presented the class prophecy, an amusing paraphrase of a Hamlet soliloquy and the will. The exercises were ended by the singing of the Undergraduate and Senior songs—a perfect finish to a perfect day.

CLUB CUPS

Hockey	Cae
Volleyball	Cae
Basketball	Cae
Swimming	Cae
Softball	Cae

INDIVIDUAL AWARDS

Badminton	Helen Yafa
Tennis Cup	Miriam Rand
Posture Cup	Roselyn Puckett

RED CROSS ADVANCED SWIMMERS AWARDS

Penny Allen	Pamela Pence
Charlotte Atwood	Deborah Rand

Anne Rolfe

Penny Allen	Julie Hutson
Charlotte Atwood	Ruth Nitschelm
Priscilla Babson	Pamela Pence
Turner Baker	Miriam Rand
Louise Hanson	Ruth Traub

CAE

KAVA

Carolyn Abbott
Priscilla Babson
Maria Bright
Joanne Draper
Edwina Duane
Mary Duane
Louise Hanson
Martha Milan
Judith Poorvu
Naomi Sherman

House	Judith Poorvu, Carol Sue Rosenblum
Honorable Mention	Martha Milan, Nina Duane
Hall	Betty Grimes, Pepper Puckett
Honorable Mention	Diane Stone, Dee Rand, Tam Sears, Turner Baker

Our Commencement Play this year was "The Romantic Age" by A. A. Milne. It was a very humorous story of a young girl who had a strange idea of love. Finally, after a few very trying experiences, she came back to reality.

The cooperation of the cast and stage hands under the splendid direction of Mrs. Stoklosa all resulted in a marvelous play.

[illegible]



SCENES FROM *The Romantic Age*

TECHNICAL STAFF

<i>Stage Manager</i>	Miriam Rand
<i>Assistants</i>	Gail Wursthorn
										Joanne Draper
										Patricia Rosenshine
										Vanessa Noble
										Apply Adams
<i>Make-up</i>	Judie Poorvu
										Vicki Kiser
										Ginger Cornell
										Elaine Vasel
										Elaine Vargis

COMMENCEMENT

Since 1892, the life of a student at Rogers Hall has culminated in Commencement. This year's ceremony was truly a memorable occasion. To the stately strains of the graduation march, the quivering senior class approached the stage. From Rev. Clayton B. Hale of Boston, our Commencement speaker, we received suggestions for recognizing the ways and means of failure and thus avoiding them. After our president's presentation of the class gift, which was accepted by Mrs. MacGay with her usual humor, our lady principal went on to urge us to make wise choices in the days that lie ahead. And too soon, it was over. When the diplomas and awards had been smilingly or tearfully received, the class of '55 marched out of the gymnasium—still quivering. A torrent of tears, embraces, congratulations and handshakes suddenly surrounded the class. The lack of sunshine in no way detracted from the festivity and color of the bustling gowns and abundant flowers. Rogers Hall had indeed bid an inspiring farewell to her class of '55.

AWARDS AND HONORS

The Underhill Honor—College Preparatory (85%)
HELEN YAFA

Parsons Award (80%)—General Course
CONSTANCE VEEVERS

Honor Roll—Average (85%) or above

CAROLYN ABBOTT	JUDITH POORVU
VIRGINIA CORNELL	DEBORAH RAND
JUDY DRICK	BARBARA SACK
SUSAN FISHER	NAOMI SHERMAN
LOUISE HANSON	HELEN YAFA

Helen Hill Award—EDWINA DUANE

Athletic Cup—CHARLOTTE ATWOOD

Art Prize—TURNER BAKER

Dramatics—JULIA HUTSON

Bible—CHARLOTTE ATWOOD

Music Appreciation—CAROLYN ABBOTT

Current Events

HELEN Yafa—Class and Assembly

JULIA HUTSON—Assembly only

Honorable Mention

DIANE COLLINS

BARBARA SACK

Honorable Mention

EDWINA DUANE

VICKI KISER

ELIZABETH GRIMES

MARJOTIE ROBINSON

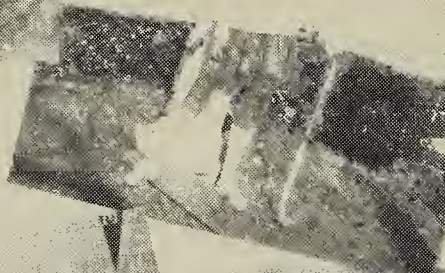
HELEN Yafa

Splinters

One-act Play—ROSELYNN PUCKETT

Poem—PAMELA PENCE

H.B.Y.





Alumnae News

Engagements

Roberta Fielding to Mr. Walter Whitman Bregman of Glencoe, Illinois. Mr. Bregman was graduated from Harvard University this June.

Mercy Haskell to Mr. Bancroft Cheever Wheeler of Worcester, Massachusetts. Mr. Wheeler is a member of this year's graduating class at Harvard University.

Roberta Sherman to Mr. Harold Mason Rosenthal of Lynn, Massachusetts. Mr. Rosenthal was graduated from Brown University. He has recently been discharged from the United States Navy after two years of active service.

Marriages

October 23, 1954—Dorothy Chrystal to Mr. Paul Joseph Dioguardi, Jr., in Elkton, Maryland. Mr. and Mrs. Dioguardi are living at 3805 Spruce Street in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Mr. Dioguardi attends The University of Pennsylvania.

December 3, 1954—Suzanne Ringer to Mr. Robert Fowler Bell in Pittsboro, North Carolina. Mr. and Mrs. Bell are at home at 111 Pickard Lane, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

March 5, 1955—Joan Davidson to Mr. Herbert Hartley in New Rochelle, New York. Mr. Hartley, who received an engineering degree from Cornell University, is on leave of absence from the General Electric Company while on special assignment with the Signal Corps.

April 2, 1955—Barbara Smith to Mr. Stanley Edwin Carnarius in Westford, Massachusetts. Her sister, Deborah Smith, was her maid of honor. Mr. Carnarius was graduated from The University of Pennsylvania and received his M.A. degree from Columbia University. He is now working towards his Ph.D. degree at The University of Pennsylvania. Mr. and Mrs. Carnarius make their home in Philadelphia, where Mr. Carnarius is also book editor of the Muhlenberg Press.

June 11, 1955—Elizabeth Filer to Mr. John Timothy Anderson in Erie, Pennsylvania. Mr. Anderson is a member of the Class of 1955 at Harvard University, where he not only was elected second class marshal, but was awarded a Paul Revere Frothingham scholarship, one of three given by Harvard to members of the Senior Class. Mr. Anderson was cited as the senior "who best exemplifies the qualities of scholarship, manliness, and effective support of the best interests of Harvard." This fall Mr. Anderson will continue his studies at Harvard's graduate school in architecture.

July 4, 1955—Marcia Clifton to Mr. Millard Lees Stevens, United States Army, in Hyannisport, Massachusetts. Mr. Stevens is stationed at Fort Dix, New Jersey.

Births

A son, Michael Robert Hutson, to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hutson (Emily Ann Cowles). Birthday — November 18, 1954. Arrived — February 11, 1955. The Hutsons now live at 2123 King Street in La Crosse, Wisconsin.

A daughter, Marion Wright, to Mr. and Mrs. John Cook (Harriett Callaway) on April 25, 1955, in Knoxville, Tennessee.

A son, Dean Williams, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur William Draper, 3rd (Betty Gene Hutchins) on April 28, 1955, in Chicago, Illinois.

A daughter, Susan Marie, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grant, (Barbara Fletcher) on June 11, 1955. The Grants make their home at 101 North Barclay Street, Bay City, Michigan.

General

Among this year's college graduates are the following Rogers Hall alumnae: Suzanne Clark from Lasalle Junior College; Marcia Clifton from Wheelock College; Dorothy Fairbanks from Hood College; Carol Ganem from Bennett Junior College; Judith Kellogg from Colby Junior College; Mary Lou Kilbourn from Becker Junior College; Judith Kirby from Middlebury College; Constance Lanner from Wheaton College; Ann Reilly from St. Elizabeth's College; and Carolyn Sylvestre from Pembroke College.

Shortly after her sister's wedding, which is reported in this issue, Debby Smith sailed for Port Elizabeth, Union of South Africa, where she will be married to Mr. David H. Lord. Mr. Lord is a refrigerator engineer in that country and they will make their home there.

Polly Piper Elmes has moved from Peterborough, New Hampshire, to Lakeville, Connecticut, where her address is Wells Hill. She writes that the country around Lakeville is even more beautiful than New Hampshire, but that adjustment to a new area does present difficulties. During this winter she was happy to have her daughter, Judith Enos Andrews, living near her while Judy's husband was away on sea duty with the Navy. In May, however, Judy planned to join her husband in Norfolk, Virginia, where they will live until his enlistment is terminated next year. This spring a small Rogers Hall reunion took place in Lakeville when Marion Hoffman Miller visited Polly.

Lynne Patrick Griggs is now living in Bedford, New York. Her husband is a newspaper man with Patent Press, Inc., publishers of several papers in that area. Lynne writes that she is busy "just being a mother and a member of the community." She has worked for the Cerebral Palsy drive, on committees for dances and local plays, and as a ground observer for the Civil Defense.

A letter from Charlotte McDowell Burlington tells us that in their new home in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, she has become active in church work. She not only teaches a Sunday School class of teen-agers and is their sponsor-adviser, but is also the Pastor's secretary. Charlotte feels it "all very rewarding work."

ALUMNAE NEWS

Demi Tikellis was Vice-President of the Spanish Club at Pine Manor Junior College this year. She has also given four hours a week to working at the Newton-Wellesley Hospital. Joan Kuppenheimer, also at Pine Manor, was elected Vice-President of the Drama Club. Another member of last year's graduating class, Linda Hazzard, now at Briarcliff Junior College, has also done volunteer work for four hours weekly at Grasslands Hospital. Linda found the work most interesting.

Each Thursday at 7:12 P.M., Betty Scalise Kilham, may be seen on Channel 4 TV in Boston when she does the commercial for the New England Gas Company. Betty is also a member of the faculty at Emerson College. She is a very busy lady, as she also has a husband and a baby!

"Feather" Fairbanks, who was graduated this year from Hood College, was very active in the life of the college. During her senior year she was President of her dormitory and Business Manager of the college weekly. In her junior year "Feather" was Vice-President of her class. We are proud of her record!

As this issue goes to press, Elizabeth Robinson Boyce and her husband, George, are moving into a new home in Lowell. Their address will be 234 Fairmount Street. For the past two years, Betty has taught our art classes.

We are thrilled to learn that Ann Reilly is going into teaching now that she has graduated from college. The world needs good teachers! Ann is to teach general science to junior high school students in The Foster School in Tewksbury, Massachusetts.

Dede Doherty visited school just before Commencement with Joan Kuppenheimer. Dede loves Colby Junior College, where, as might be expected, she has excelled in all kinds of athletics. She says that the winter is long and cold "up north", but once one gets accustomed to it, it's all pretty wonderful. Dede was on her way to visit Joan at Pine Manor to see her in a play that evening.

Anne Adams, Sara Lea Callaway, and Pam Hollingworth were at school for all of the Commencement activities this year. We were also glad to welcome the following recent alumnae for some parts of the festivities: Ruth Bailey, Cynthia Burrage, Elaine Leary, Nancy Harvey, Mary Lou Kilbourn, Cornelia Thompson, and Ellen Watson. Kitty Duane Stryker, whose twin sisters, Nina and Polly Duane, were members of the Class of 1955, was here for the entire Commencement period and it seemed like old times to have her back. In spite of a husband and son and having spent a year in Germany since she graduated four years ago, Kitty doesn't seem to have changed an iota. It was fun to have her here!

Other recent visitors to school were Joan Henes Sexmith, who brought her brother, Walter, now stationed at Fort Devens, to see her old school, and Barbara Bryan Johnston, who also wanted to show her school to her husband. Barbara's mother was with the Johnstons. As a result of Joan's visit with her brother, Mrs. MacGay was happy to invite Walter to come to Senior Prom as a "blind date"!

At Founder's Day we received a notice sent by the secretary of her office in Bradford, Pennsylvania, that Marion Kennedy would be unable to attend the celebration as she was abroad at that time.

Kay Wallace was also unable to be here for Founder's Day, although she had hoped to come, as she was chosen to take part in the Lantern Ceremony Spring Weekend, which occurred at the same time. Kay tells us that Thalia Johnson Lamparter and her husband are raising boxers. With two babies and puppies to take care of, Thalia's hands are very full!

Sally Ringling writes that she adores Smith. Her extra-curricular activities have included "plugging for the Young Republicans and working at St. John's—Wednesday breakfasts and such." Sally has also done a great deal of riding and loves it.

Katherine Steen Larmon has recently returned from a marvelous trip around the world—Sig, her husband, President of Young and Rubicam in New York City, of course her traveling companion. When questioned recently about her jaunt, her one answer was, "It is good to be back in the United States."

Next fall Elaine Leary will transfer from Wheaton College to The University of Connecticut, where courses are offered in sociology which particularly interest Elaine. She also looks forward with great pleasure to a cruise this summer to the Bahamas and Cuba with her mother and father.

Judy Kirby is another Rogers Hall alumna who was most active in her college. At the Winter Carnival at Middlebury, Judy was chosen Queen of the Carnival—an honor given to the girl in the college who best represents Middlebury's spirit. She was also a member of the Ski Team and Honorary Cadet Colonel of the R.O.T.C.

On May 7th—a beautiful day, sunny and clear—at least seventy-five alumnae and R. H. children arrived to celebrate Founder's Day. We were thrilled to have so many of "the old guard" with us: Eleanor Paul, Annie Mann, Elizabeth Bennett, and of course our always faithful Julia Stevens—all having been here in the school's earliest days. Eleanor Paul, urged by Mrs. MacGay, made an amusing speech at luncheon (yes, the traditional lobster salad, ice cream and strawberries) about Rogers Hall life in 1894, when there were only nine resident pupils. Mrs. MacGay greeted our guests and as usual told several intriguing tales about her amazing predecessor, Olive Sewall Parsons, and also paid tribute to Elizabeth Rogers. Following an alumnae meeting, a triple program was presented by the students: selections by the Glee Club, folk dances, and a very lovely water ballet.

Three Cheers! Because of alumnae plus Trustee generosity, Rogers Hall is the proud possessor of a stunning new Ford station-wagon. The color—robin's-egg blue—was a bit startling at first, but we are getting used to it. It is wonderful to be rid of the rattles and bangs of our ancient vehicle. Also we are eager to have all alumnae see our lovely new dining room draperies purchased as the result of your generous contributions. They are something! Come whenever you can. You'll all be so very welcome.

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*How a man plays the game shows something of his character;
How he loses shows all of it.*

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That signifies our spirit true.
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As we shall fight each pace for pace.

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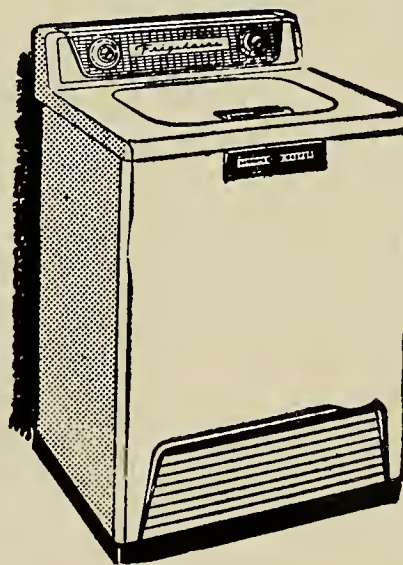
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Spring Number

1956



Vol. 64

Spring, 1956

No. 1

The future life's most valued possession. An eraser for the past, a palette for the present. Vast, untouched, and intangible, yet so everlastingly near! Perhaps it is a cover used to smother the burning embers of the past. Then again it could be the unfurling of pain, of bewilderment, or of even complete enchantment. Who can describe this eternal force that forever lies ahead?

“Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour.”

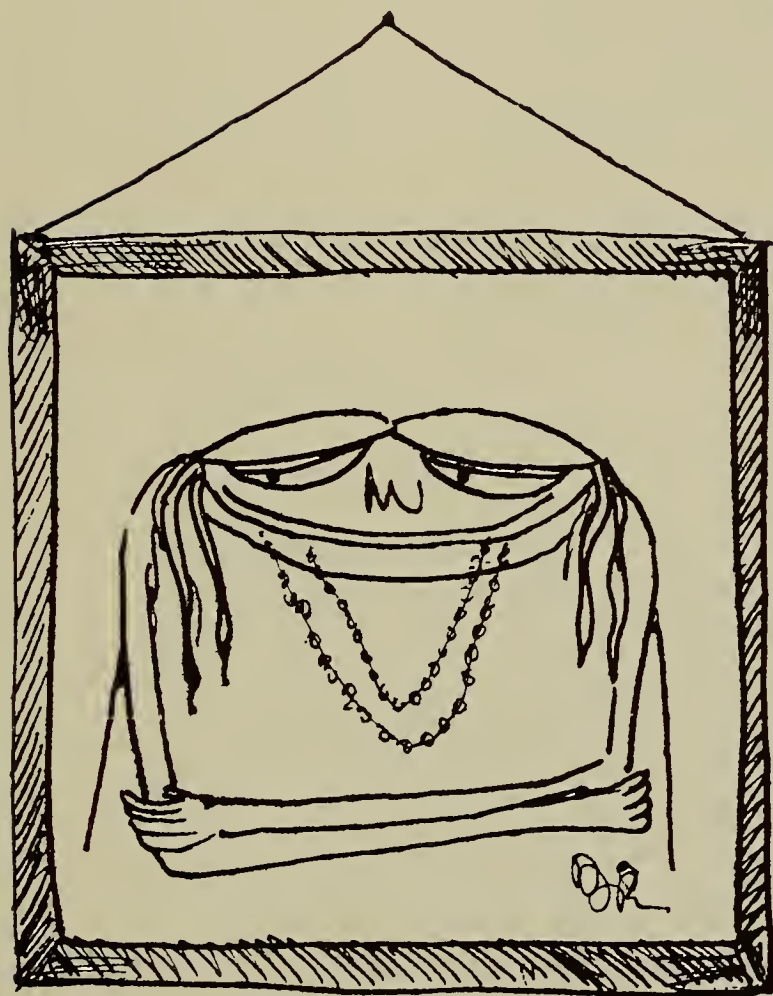
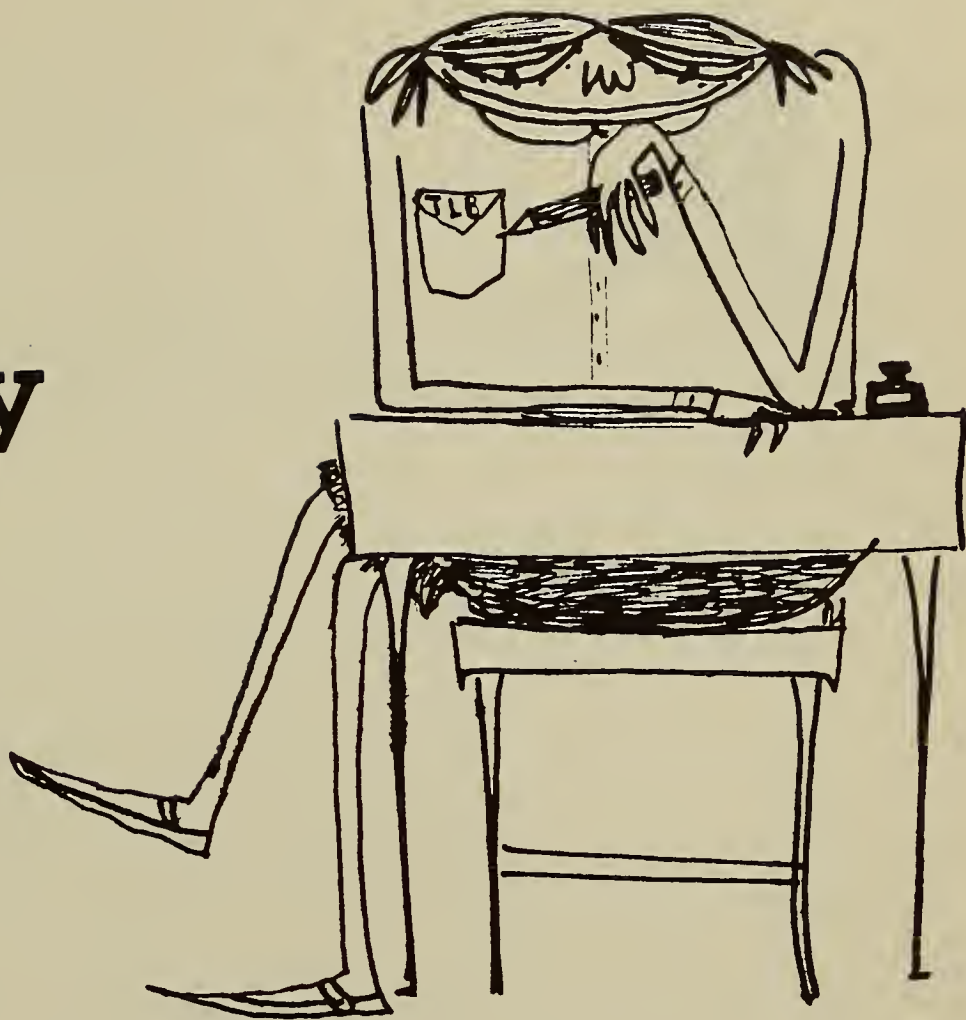
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*Illustrations by Turner Baker, Sue Fisher, Harriet Moore,
Melanie Sulouff and Linda Wiese, Alumnae.*

Literary



and Art



THE SEA

Beware, oh humans, lolling on the sand,
My cunning hand lathes many a land.
Come sit by my side to escape the strife
And the city's stench, and your routine life.

Here some find peace and there's quiet for all
As my foaming waves ripple and fall.
Each wave I neatly tuck under the others,
And the one beneath fades away and smothers.

Many a victim's in my briny deep
And my cover shades them while they sleep
Fish and seaweed lurk here in the sea,
Whilst seagulls fly so fearless and free.

Oh, mortal race, use me not as a toy,
To many I bring sweet rapture and joy;
Often I'm ruthless, cruel and untrue,
As I lap countless others out into the blue.

NAOMI SHERMAN, '56

FRIENDSHIP

One cannot touch or feel friendship, but it is one of the most magnificent things in the world. To me friendship means sympathy and understanding in adverse circumstances. It means tactfulness in helping others and liking them in spite of their faults. Friendship means companionship and happiness. It gives one a feeling of security and being wanted. As has been said, "Friendship is like a melon; one must go through a hundred to find a good one." Fortunate is the person who finds two true friends in a lifetime. Indeed, we have many acquaintances, but very few friends.

NANCY O'CONNELL, '58

NOVEMBER NIGHT

A mere drizzle —
A subconscious intensity —
My confused, disordered mind —
The rain increases
As does my pace.
My hands thrust further in my pockets,
The wind rises,
My shoulders hunch.
Now a torrential downpour —
A driving intensity —
My confused, disordered mind
Becomes alerted to my mission.
My footsteps hasten
Keeping time with the rainfall.
I round the corner of a building.
In the dimness of a rain drenched street lamp
I see that moving shadow.
The rain stops —
My hands relax —
I look to God
And with heartfelt thanks
I walk the other way . . .

BARBARA ANN MORSE, '56

TO ONE UNKNOWN

To me as yet you are unknown,
A hazy vision not quite clear.
My fate I can't help but despair,
In wishing for your presence here.

Crisp hair of brown, a broad white grin,
Sparkling eyes of deepest blue.
A perfect boy I must insist,
Rather trite but also true.

If I only could be sure —
For college weekends hold no joy,
Unless I'm with my perfect prince,
Not just any other boy.

Dabble in love but don't drink deep,
You're still so young with so much to do.
It will come to be thrice enjoyed,
So hold your heart — to your dream be true.

JULIA HUTSON, '56

INGRATITUDE

His eyes were slightly lowered, his head bent, and his palms lifted upward. Tiny beads of perspiration glistened on his forehead. The moment was here. It was just a small reward for all the many hours of toiling whole-heartedly, of throwing his mind as well as his body into his God-bidden tasks. He was now being rewarded. It wasn't any great plaque or having his name read before a group of influential businessmen. It was merely a look of gratitude, unuttered thanks and the prize—a precious, religious medal. It was his dream come true. He silently breathed his relief and departed. His wondrous medal securely in his pocket, he crossed the street towards a lonely beggar. Instinctively his hand went to his pocket for change, but then he had remembered it was all over—he had gotten his medal. There wasn't a higher goal to seek. He put all his money back but his medal, the priceless medal—as if by some unseen force—leaped from his hand. It landed in the gutter with a tiny tinkle and went clinking down to the sewer. He tore after it like a man possessed—he began clawing at the sewer cover. But, it was no use. It was gone. Five years of toil—five lonely years that he had given of his own life. It was gone forever in a mere few seconds

Silently he cursed his Maker.

JOANNE DRAPER, '57

ON SOCIETY

Society rules our lives and whether it be consciously or subconsciously, we adhere to its stipulations to a certain extent. Much depends upon the individual of course. Some follow society's laws out of habit, some because they truly believe that its doctrines are right. Some adhere out of fear, fear of punishment or rejection by society, others out of worship. The degree to which they stick to the written and unwritten law varies with the individual. There are those who are complete non-conformists—who live their lives according to their own private beliefs, but these beings are few. A person might think himself a nonconformist and even convince others that he is one, but underneath it all he is, more likely than not, still influenced to some degree by the laws society sets down. On the other hand, there is the individual who is completely obsequious and is so oppressed by conforming to morality that he possesses no individuality, character and even sometimes no reason.

Some of the rules of society are considered by certain persons to be superfluous, misplaced or totally wrong and maybe some of them are—However, I do not believe that any individual should disregard the whole set of laws entirely and make up his own rules to suit himself. Most of the rules are basically sound and time-tested for fairness, and I think that no one has the right to give himself the power to go trampling down and blotting out a code that wiser and better men than he have set up.

SUE FISHER, '56

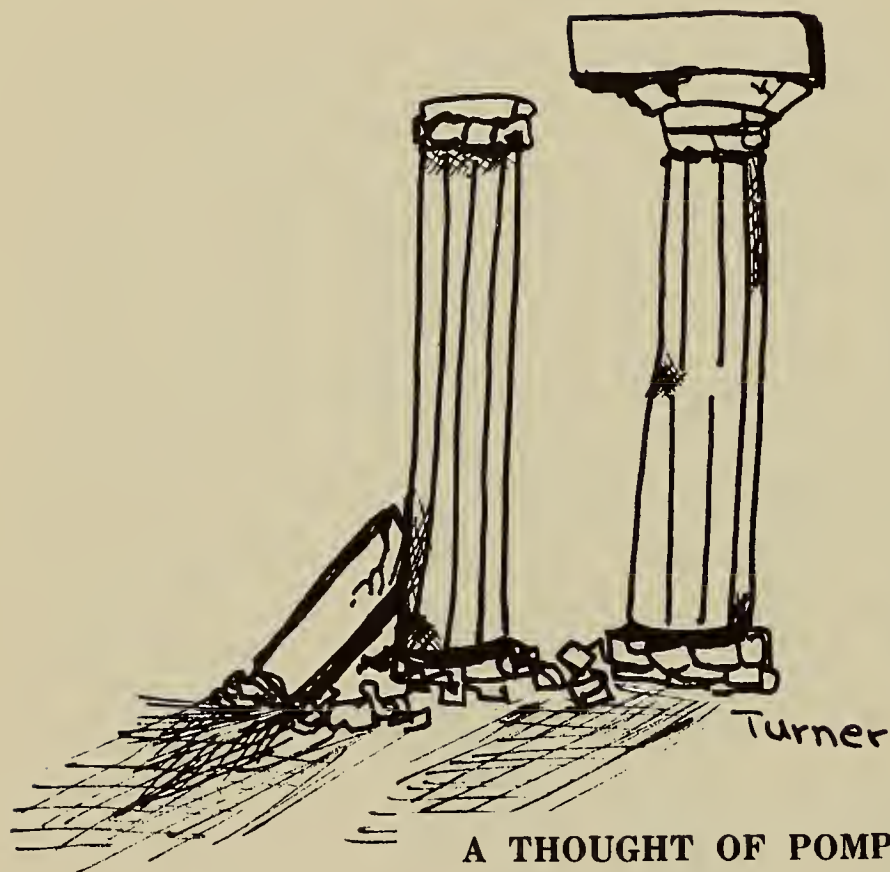


SILENT SHADOW OF BRONZE *

Mystic . . . mysterious . . . untouched by civilization
 Superstitious . . . strange creeds . . . old customs
 Tragedy . . . drama . . . sickness . . . poverty
 Pensive songs . . . drunken sprees . . . sad guitars
 Uneducated . . . suspicious . . . cautious
 Hard labor . . . routine lives . . . monotony
 Meager living scratched from the earth . . .
 Ignorant . . . dirty . . . good-for-nothing Indians,
 They are called —
 But, they are Mexico!

CHERYL POWERS, '56

* Mexican Indians found in primitive villages.



Sleeping ——
 Peacefully ——?
 Sleeping ——
 Shadows of age
 Patterned with mystery
 Magnificent in view
 But—— lifeless——
 Sleeping ——
 Peacefully?
 Sleeping ——.

VICKI KISER, '56

PATTERNS

Etched in obscurity
 Ghostlike, majestic
 Vindictive but dejected
 Material in form
 Yet immortal...

CAROLYN ABBOTT, '56



A PRECIOUS ANTIQUE

Covered by dust and cobwebs the volume lay,
Where a thin, trembling hand had put it away.
The pages were yellow, the binding was worn,
A neglected treasure — secluded, forlorn.

In the must of the room, forgotten it lay,
But the story it tells lives on in today.
The greatest story of all the ages
Unfurls itself from the fingered pages.

TURNER BAKER, '56

A PRAYER WITHOUT WORDS

The breeze, as it passes,
Stirs the emotion of vastness, the space
 of our world,
If ever so slightly whispering,
Whispering hope of a dawn.

The leaves mingle, as if to sweep
the earth of its untidiness —
spread the single breath of
this new hope, faith.

Grasp, grasp it, before it fades
beyond, beyond the vastness,
escaping the today.

The tears of rejoining,
With the learning of its sorrow,
Moisten the earth, closing the door
of doubt, opening to serenity,
growing in the strength of today.

I, man, oblivious,
Watch with naked eye — closed mind.

VANESSA NOBLE, '57

FREEDOM'S SAKE

A man of valor died tonight
To give us what he thought was right.
And on his chest a cross he bore
To weight on him forever more.

His skin was black, his hair was dark
And when he died, he left his mark;
A bleached white cross was thus inscribed,
"Emanuel, for his country, died."

Across the miles the wood pegs stand.
A chain they form, linked hand and hand,
And signify, the staunch white stake,
A battle won for freedom's sake.

JUDITH KOCHS, '56



THE LIGHT

Beneath the closed portholes of life
There slithers a light —
A light of hope to pacify the doubt
And wash the hate in love.

JUDITH KOCHS, '56

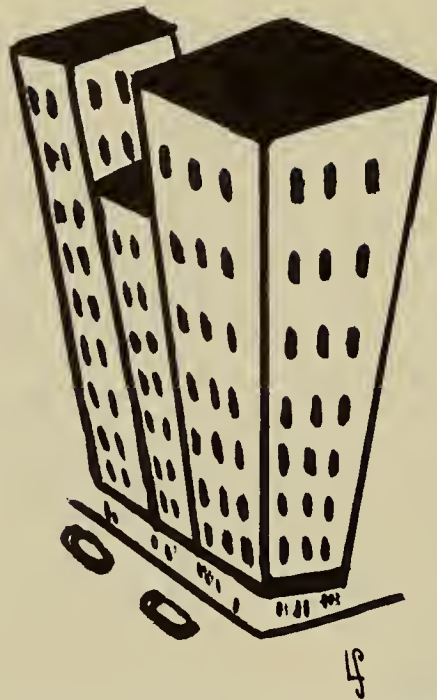
RETURN

The street was lighted with garish neon signs that reflected blearily on the wet pavement. The night was noisy with taxi horns and people were talking in impersonal voices all around the place where the man stood on the sidewalk. He was dressed in dark colors — a black coat, frayed at the elbows with a scrawny velvet collar, but looking at it, you could tell that it had once been fine and was meant to be worn with a tall hat. Now the hat that was pulled over his invisible features was a shapeless fedora with the dampness of the night dripping from it. His body was hunched and motionless, and instinctively people gave him a wide berth as they passed him on their way. Only once did I see him move and that was when he took one hand out of his pocket to look at his watch.

The man in the lunch wagon on the corner called out and asked him if he wanted "a cup of java", but turned away with a shrug when he got no response.

Then, as I was about to leave this man with his solitude and troubles, he raised his head and the look on his aged but sensitive face made me pause. From inside the concert hall doors he was standing near, came the sound of muted applause for the orchestra leader taking his final bow. And as I watched this man, his body inclined forward a little as if he too were bowing regally to a sea of faces. As the applause died out, the strange look left his face and when the people began pouring out of the doors, he slumped into his coat once again, turned, and was lost in the crowd.

SUE FISHER, '56



NEW YORK, NEW YORK

New York, New York, a city of fire,
She has enjoyment to fit every desire.
Her buildings tall that kiss the sky,
Fascinate the hearts of each passer-by.
The streets and avenues are alive with people,
From the lowly gallery to the high church steeple.
The famed Rockefeller Center with all its fun
Has won the hearts of everyone.
The theatres on Broadway with all their lights,
Is one of the world's most glorious sights.
Her Yankee Stadium and Polo Grounds,
Where our famous baseball teams play,
Are full of excitement during each summer day.
The United Nations building, overlooking the East River,
Is full of ideas for peace to deliver.
Her Majesty, the Empire State Building,
Has won her way to fame;
As we all know, New York is called the Empire State,
Taken from her name.
Then there is her guardian, the regal Statue of Liberty,
Who holds her torch for peace and protection,
For all of New York, and throughout every section.
New York, New York, I shall never forget you —
Your traits so fine will be here in my mind.

CHARLOTTE MARSH, '58

MY CITY

Wings of New England,
Toolmaker for wars,
Toolmaker for food,
Toolmaker for tools,
Industrial center — great in quantity and in quality;
City of pegged pants and fine-tailored suits,
City of rich,
City of poor,
Slums and mansions —
These both doth my city possess.

Gangsters roam her streets, that is true,
Juveniles follow in their wicked ways, this also is true —
But my city is not cold,
She is not brutal and uncaring;
I do not say that she is warm, and gentle, and all-caring,
But she is not as the cold wind which drives on the poor
souls who have no one to care for them.
She is not a hard, icy, and unhomey place, as is Chicago.
She is a soft city,
But she is one that has vitality and is growing
But most of all —
She is the place of my birth and the place on the face
of this great earth where my humble and love-
filled home lies,
She is my city.

BARBARA SACK, '58



DIETING

Many people believe that one step can change a lifetime. Some believe that step is your first date. Others believe that it is marriage. Others still, believe it is your first child. To me, that step is the step on your bathroom scales that shows in plain poundage that you are a slob.

From that day on you are a changed person. Not only does your complete way of living change, but things even go so far as a new vocabulary. You learn that a piece of cake no longer means just a dessert. Now it is a large bundle of calories that adds ugly poundage to your hips. You learn that a small piece of fudge will cause ugly blotches on your face, commonly known as pimples. All this new knowledge goes along with your very earnest decision to diet. At the moment of this great transformation, you are a picture of solemnness, and you begin dilligently to set down the rules of your diet. It takes a long time and a large amount of writing to arrive at the statements. After all, they are to be your creed for the following months. But even the most hearty efforts arrive at the standard solution—don't eat!

Of course along with your new way of living comes the unavoidable exercise. No matter how much it disagrees with you the first few days, the true dieter knows that exercise is a necessity. Your bones creek and you ache, but you keep going at the thought of a new you—a slim you.

The first two or three days are triumphant for you. You announce to all those within shouting distance how wonderful you are. Through all the ice cream and pie you have remained silent, and you are not even hungry. But eventually things begin to creep up on you. You can not really help the loud cries of pain from your stomach, and it is not your fault that you accidentally drool on the bread as it passes by. It is your greatest obstacle, and for many it is too big. This phase is, naturally, hunger.

You are in ecstasy. The scale has registered the difference of a pound. You are so proud, and are trying hard to tell yourself that all is worth it. But sooner or later it is inevitable. One night the peppermint stick ice cream gets too close to you. A desperate attempt to right your conscience says that one bite won't hurt. But it is too late now. The spoon is in your hand, the plate is in front of you, and at last, ah - - - food again!



THE SUBWAY

Pushing . . . shoving . . . swearing
Gramming . . . talking . . . glaring
Reading . . . sitting . . . staring
Sprinting . . . standing . . . tearing
Thinking . . . walking . . . despairing
Jamming . . . running . . . comparing
Dashing . . . waiting . . . sweating
Hurrying . . . jostling . . . letting
Others go first?

SUE FISHER, '56

WHY DO I LOVE HIM

His chubby lil' hands,
The look in his eyes,
His gentle wet kisses,
How seldom he cries.

The way that he talks,
The sound of his voice while
He trips when he walks,
And gets up with a smile.

Oh, why do I love him,
This nephew of mine?
Oh, how can I love him,
When he's not yet nine?

I'll tell you just why,
And how it can be,
I'm in love with this boy
Who is just over three.

He runs and he plays,
He sings through the days,
The way that I did,
When I was his age.

His eyes are a blue,
As deep as the sky's,
His hair is so curly,
He laughs when he cries.

Yes, that's why I love him,
That nephew of mine.
Yes, that's how I love him,
Though he's not yet nine.

PAMELA RAND, '60

THE LOCKED DOOR

The door had been locked for as long as I could remember. You rounded the corner by the attic and there it was—a narrow little door with a step leading up to it. Of course this was just the type of house where you'd expect to find an always locked door.

Outside it was big and frowning with little windows sticking out all over and lots of scalloped edges. It had a big yard going down to the beach. Sometimes the house and ocean would have fights. The waves would jump right up and roar like you do when you're really mad at someone and the house would answer back with creaking noises that you just knew were nasty remarks.

Inside there were little shelves all over filled with painted glass jars and small ladies with puckered lips and pink skirts on them. There was a pin which was supposed to have the Lord's prayer written on it but I could never read it. And there were silky fans and polished sea shells and a bronze temple bell from India. The furniture was old and dark with prickly covers. The wallpaper was dark too and you couldn't see the houses and people on it unless you really looked. It doesn't matter what is on it anyway because people never see the pattern—they look at the pictures. I wonder sometimes why all grandmothers keep so many pictures. Well, anyway, these are horrible but there is one on the landing that's really bad. It's a picture of a tree with droopy branches and a lady in black, but the funny thing is the frame—it's all made of human hair. Some of it's white and some a sort of goldy-brown like my mother's. One day I asked Granny if it were Grace's hair but she just looked at me sadly and said, "No, dear, we never found Grace." I hope I didn't hurt Granny's feelings because actually I knew that but had forgotten.

My father told me after the first time I saw Granny this summer. She'd been in Europe for two years and hadn't seen me in a while. I guess I'd changed a lot because when she saw me she started to cry. Then Daddy told me that Granny had had another little girl besides my mother. Her name had been Grace and she would be two years younger than mother, but when she was my age she had drowned. I'm supposed to look a lot like her but I really don't. I look in the mirror and then I look at Grace and we both laugh because we don't look at all alike.

She's my best friend now. I'd been awfully lonesome before I met her because there's no one around here my age. I'd just put on my suit and was going down to the beach when I saw this girl standing in front of the locked door trying to get it open.

"You can't get it open," I said, "It's always locked."

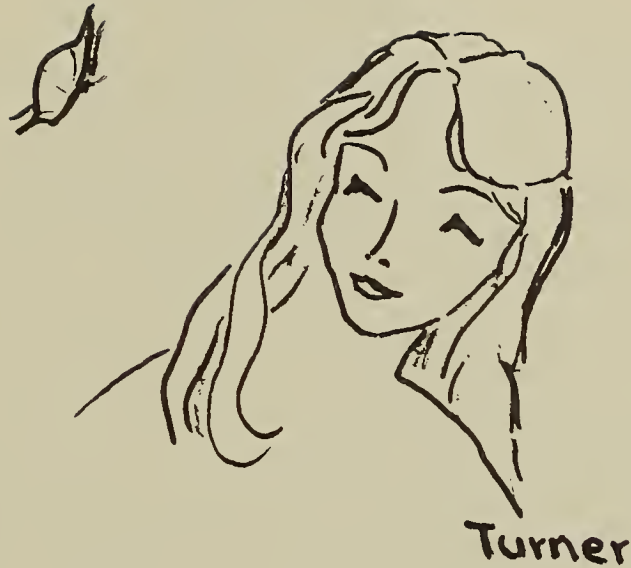
She turned around and looked at me then went back to the handle saying, "I've got my dolls in there."

"How'd they get in there?" I wanted to know.

"I've always kept them in there. It's a sort of play-house. I've got a stove and a table and some chairs and all my dolls."

"Oh. What's your name?"

"Grace."



I thought a minute and then said, "But you're supposed to be dead."

"Oh, I am!" she said still twisting the handle.

And that was how we got to be friends. Almost every afternoon after that we'd go down to the ocean for a swim and lie on the beach sunning. We'd think of wonderful plans to get through the door and play house like Grace used to. She really missed her dolls. She told me all about when she drowned and how the ocean only had done it to get even with the house for some remark it had made. I think a mermaid or something had told her that.

One afternoon Grace didn't meet me in the garden as she usually did and I looked all over for her. She wasn't by the old stables or on the beach or anywhere. Then I thought of the door. She was probably trying that again. I went running into the house to see and as I came around the corner I saw that the door was open. At last, I thought as I rushed in, Grace can have her dolls. But instead of Grace in her funny, old yellow bathing suit there was Granny, surrounded on all sides by old furniture and other cast-offs. I just stood there and stared. Granny looked up from her lists and smiled at me, "Well dear," she said, "you seem a little out of breath."

"Where are they," I screamed, "Grace's dolls and stove and table? This is her room, why aren't they here?"

Granny looked around in surprise, "Why, yes, this did used to be her play room but we gave all her things away after the accident. I suppose we should have saved them for you but . . . my dear, where are you going?"

But she was too late. I was gone down the stairs and across the lawn, for from the upstairs window I'd seen a speck of yellow running toward the sea.

"Wait," I screamed, "Grace, wait for me."

PINKIE

Night was ascending. Gray-blue clouds were settling themselves quietly upon the wide valley and the hazy English horizon. The willowly form of a young girl was silhouetted against the darkening sky. Her sheer white gown rippled softly in the gentle evening breeze. The ribbons of her pink satin bonnet flowed softly away from her face. The rich, deep brown of her wavy hair brushed her young forehead and fell about her neck—almost to kiss her fair shoulders. Filling her lungs with the sweet country air, she slowly raised her left hand to her bosom and erect, motionless, stood as if listening to the evening's music. The face was one of tender wondering. Her solemn dark eyes, shadowed by heavy lashes, gazed into the beauty of the surrounding world. If one watched long enough and closely enough, the sweet curved lips seemed almost to part and ask the silent viewer . . . "Why . . . why must I remain posed for all eternity when I long to run and dance and laugh and sing? I must stand like a sentinel upon this hilltop for all posterity to see—watching . . . waiting. My young heart questions, 'Why, oh, why?' "

TURNER BAKER, '56

TWO VOICES

A BRONZE CHRYSANTHEMUM

A sunlit corner,
Dreary in its dusty rays.
The sunbeam travels clockwise as time must,
And now that golden ray caresses its warmth
Focusing on a single bronze chrysanthemum,
Lying destitute—cast aside
Beautiful as a lone autumn leaf
Reflecting its glory.
Yet like a fragile human,
Grasping, clinging, trying so very hard to survive;
Conscious and proud of its beauty—
Yet aware and fearful of its destiny—
The sunbeam travels clockwise as time must.

BARBARA ANN MORSE, '56

Dark alleys . . .
Broad avenues of neon light.
A garish, brawling bar . . .
A shadowed Park.
Coarse laughter . . .
Whispered, tender words.
An unshaven tramp . . .
Billowing dresses and tuxedos.
Jazz, wailing from a back room . . .
Music of a muted orchestra.
Night was not meant for sleep . . .

* * *

A more regular tempo . . .
Impatient, blaring horns . . .
Brawling, swearing cabbies.
Hotel lobbies scrubbed . . .
Pianos covered and tables stacked.
Sidewalks jammed with shoppers . . .
Sailboats in Central Park . . .
A visit to the Statue of Liberty . . .
The U. N., tall across the river.
Grand Central, a melting pot of races,
Daytime was not meant for sleep . . .

SUE FISHER, '56



THE BLACKEST NIGHT

Philip sat pensively looking out of his small windows at the solemn face of Big Ben. He saw the long, black arms pointing to two o'clock, and he heard the minutes ticking away over the sleeping city. Yes, everyone was asleep and knew nothing of this poor man's thoughts and fears. Unknowingly they were all a part of this scene, trapped by the dark blanket that enveloped them and the tall sombre buildings of the city into one compact cluster.

The cold perspiration dripped slowly down his face in little trickles, as he realized he had only two hours in which he could relive his life. He stared listlessly out of his small window into the cold, black river that lay silent before him like an unknown pit of destiny. He saw a tall, dark figure pace rigidly back and forth over the big stone bridge, light a cigarette, take a few drags, and then aimlessly flick it into that bewitching water, making a final hiss—then all was quiet, except for the slow clicking of his heels on the stone. There was no moon that night. No, the gods wouldn't let such an illuminating object appear on a night like this, which was supposed to be still and dull and gloomy. Nor was there a star in the sky, nor a wind in the trees—no, all was still, listening and waiting.

As time passed slowly onward, the ticking of the fatal time piece became more prevalent until it was resounding in his mind like a bell—ringing, ringing, ringing—it could never stop, only get louder. However, it was soon absorbed by the noise of the cell doors being opened and shut, and the horrifying sound of chains being dragged down the passageway—and the click of the turnkey outside his own dingy cell.

Ideas and images flashed through his mind, his face lost all expression, and his eyes lost their reminiscent glaze. He realized they had come to get him now and it was his turn to walk down that long, cold passageway to Hell unknown. The only difference was that his chains didn't drag along the floor like the others—they made a heavy clanking noise that followed him through the halls, out the door, and over that stone bridge.

It was still dark out when Philip took his one-way walk over the "Bridge of Sighs", but it was more effective that way, looking as cold and drab to him now as from his little window. No, time waits for no one, not even for the first rays of sun to come up and put a cheerful tint on this man's last few hours.



THE BATTLE WON AND LOST

The phone rang and rang and rang. Sally sat in her bed, her fingers tapping her book nervously. Where is Anna, she thought, beginning to get annoyed.

"Anna."

"Yas'm, I's answerin' it, Miss Sally," came the sound of Anna's voice as she lumbered up from the basement.

If I could walk, thought Sally, I would be able to answer the phone myself. Anna is getting so slow and when Mother isn't here——.

Sally's mind wandered back to two years ago when she had been able to walk and date just like every other girl at fifteen. Now, two years later at seventeen, Sally felt as if life was passing her by; she had got polio the summer she was fifteen and hadn't been able to walk since. The doctor had told her that if she did her exercises faithfully every day, her leg muscles would strengthen and she would have a very good chance of being able to walk again. Well, that doesn't work, she thought bitterly; hadn't she done her exercises every day? It hadn't done her one bit of good; she had even tried to get out of bed and walk and if she hadn't been hanging on to the bed, she would have fallen over; her legs just wouldn't move. Her father always said, half-jokingly of course, "Sally, one of these days you're going to hear the phone ring. This ring will be a special kind; it will tease you and dare you to answer it, and you'll do it!"

"No, Dad, I'll never walk again," Sally would say, avoiding the hurt look in his eyes.

At this moment Anna came shuffling into her room waking Sally out of her daze by saying, "Miss Sally, ma sister Anastasia jus' called an' tole me that ma mother has the misery real bad an' for me to hurry right on home, so I's got to go real quick like. Your mama, she be heah real soon; you don' mind do you?" Her kindly brown face was wrinkled and her large dark eyes wordlessly pleaded with Sally.

Sally had a moment's panic; what if the doorbell rings, or I need something, or, worse yet, what if the phone rings? But there was such a forlorn look on Anna's face that she pushed all her worries aside and bravely told Anna to go ahead; after all, mother had said that she wouldn't stay downtown too long. Anna hurried out, her face thanking Sally more than any of her words ever could.

She heard the door slam a few minutes later and guessed that Anna must have gone. This was the first time Sally had been left alone for two years and she rather liked it.

No sooner had she thought that than the phone began to ring. Sally jumped when it first rang; as it kept on, she decided to ignore it, until finally it stopped. A little while later it rang again. This time, by turning her radio up loud, she drowned the noise out. The third time that it rang, Sally was so tantalized that in a moment of daring, she threw back the covers of her bed. But at that moment the phone stopped ringing. Flushed with heat, Sally grimly decided that the next time the phone rang, she was going to answer it if she had to crawl. The doctor had said that she would walk someday, hadn't he?

Sally sat and tried to concentrate on reading a book, waiting to hear the phone ring; she even turned off her radio, but the house was silent. She began to relax a little; maybe mother will get here before it rings again, she thought. This relieved her a bit because she really didn't want to answer the phone.

But no, it came again, the shrill ring of the telephone. After one frantic look toward the hall, Sally threw back her covers. As soon as her bare feet hit the cold floor, she felt more composed.

"Steady," Sally whispered to herself; "take your time; it'll keep on ringing. Now bend your knee and pick up your foot. She held her breath while she did this, it worked! "Do it again," she said aloud; "do it again." By the time she reached the telephone, she had tears running down her face, but she was unconscious of them and she was smiling.

As she picked up the receiver she thought, Daddy was right; it was the ring of the telephone that got me to walk again. I can't wait until he gets home tonight to tell him.

"Hello?"

"Is this the J. Fred McDonald residence?"

"Yes."

"This is the city hospital. We have a man here whose identification gives this name and address. We regret to inform you that Mr. McDonald suffered a heart attack while he was working at his office and died enroute to the hospital."

Sally dropped the receiver. She was aware of her tears now; they tasted salty and rather bitter.

TAMSEN SEARS, '56

THE WALL

The blankets and sheets rumped and twisted about her body showed a dearth of attention. The glass of water on the table was clouded with bubbles. A damp musty odor hung about the unaired room. She was alone, alone in spirit and alone in body. Lying there to die in selfish misery. Her eyes rested on the window through which she saw only the bleak wall of a nearby structure. There came a gentle rap at the door. It startled her for an instant but then she again sank deep into the covers.

Always staring blankly through the window. As darkness flooded over the scene, her eyes fluttered and then closed, shutting out her present existence. As her immediate thoughts drifted away, she lived again a segment of her life . . .

The minute was drawing close and the suspense thickened, filling the air with peculiar sounds. Jessica eyed the door with anxious anticipation. The organ strained an unconvincing tune and then she appeared, dressed simply but her face outshining all. Jessica looked deeply into her sister's eyes and saw there a happiness she never had experienced. Jealousy welled up and caused her face to turn a flushed pink. A pain cramped her stomach and made her gasp. Then a mixture of anger and revenge filled her empty soul. Jessica's thoughts mounted up and up forming an unsurmountable peak and then crumbled down as again the music strained feebly and the people slowly emptied out of the church.

And so she sinned. No, I won't delve into how she sinned. Jessica ran. Ran from everything good and just and right. Running blindly until she came face to face with a gray bleak wall

CAROLYN ABBOTT, '56



I WONDER

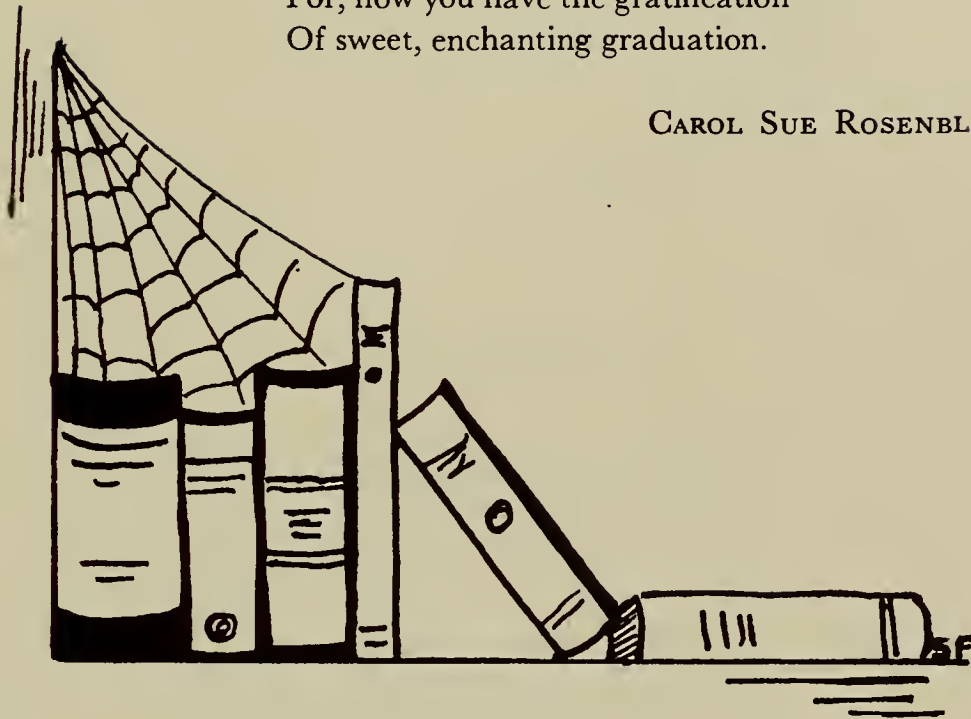
If mountains were always green,
As in the days of springtime,
Could the artist ever know,
The sorrow of melting snow?
If flowers bloomed forever,
Being such a common thing,
Could there be the glory of
Summer or the miracle
Of spring?

RITA LAMONTAGNE, '56

AN EVALUATION

You entered here, full of elation,
Green and white, your decoration;
Learned about each gallant nation,
And each famous man's oration.
Studied workman's compensation,
Strove for teacher's recommendation,
Received instead a condemnation
For your term theme's condensation.
Then, within, rose expectation
Of a coming innovation
For, now you have the gratification
Of sweet, enchanting graduation.

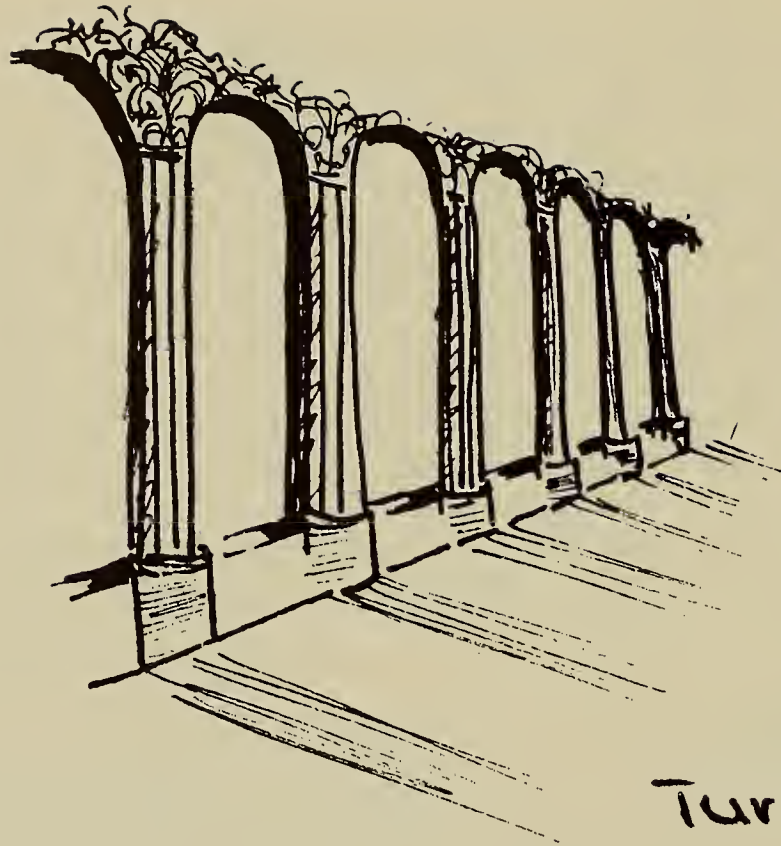
CAROL SUE ROSENBLUM, '56



BOOKS

Books, books, why do I read them?
Surely the devil must have conceived them!
They make me so mad I could scream—
Their endings seem all too extreme.
Yet I find I'm forsaking my work
To pour over books like a clerk.
For when all else is against me,
And nothing is as it should be,
I find on the shelf in the corner,
A place to rest the tired voyager.

HARRIET MOORE, '56



Turner

MY MIND AND I

My mind and I go wandering
Through a castle far from care,
Its shining turrets ascending
As sketched in a minstrel's air.

The stately marble columns
Cast shadows on the walls,
And friendly echoes answer
As we tiptoe through the halls.

From many high arched windows
The golden sun does shine,
And slips her tiny sunbeams
Into this castle, mine.

My mind and I love wondering
Through these halls so far from care,
Surely we will some day meet
God walking, silent there.

TURNER BAKER, '56



CACOPHONY

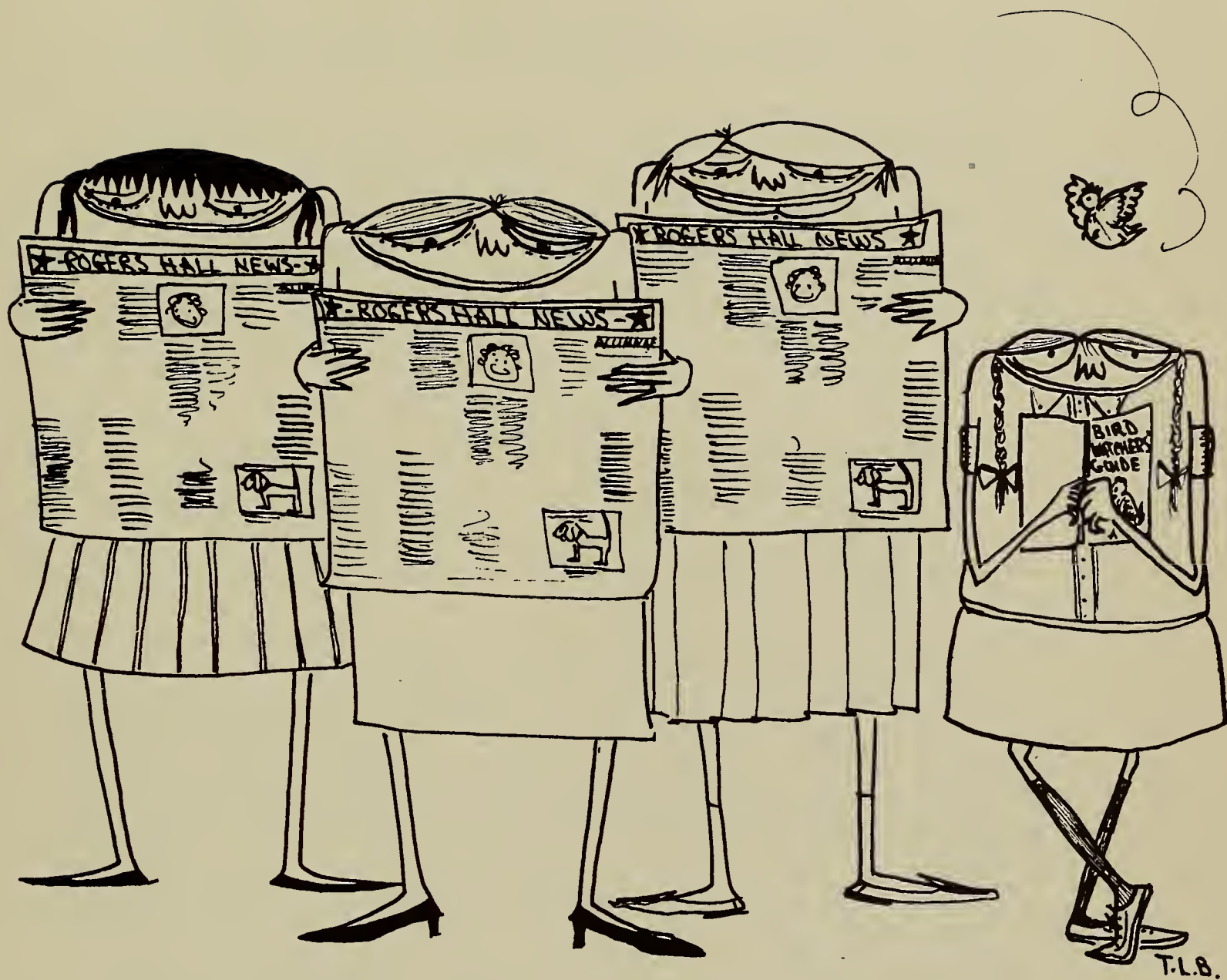
..... Beep——Honk——Beep Beep——
Cars and trucks in their mad rush to nowhere!
Do let's dash, daarrling——Step on it, doll——
Depechons-nous——
People, stampeding over the narrow, cement plain!!!
Wheeeeeee roo Wheeeeeec roo——
The blood-curdling scream of a siren!!
Like a ROARRRing torrent, the elevated train!!
On—and—off—and—on—again—
The staccato blink of lights!
Gargantuan monsters with hundreds of gaping eyes——
Buildings!!!!
An eddy——A cruel labyrinth——
Oh to break its bonds and find the freedom of oblivion!

ROSAMOND WILE, '56

A PRAYER

Until we know that the world is God's vast temple
And we give to this world the best we have,
Until we know we are one flock
And that all are equal in His sight,
Until we know that He is our strength and spirit
And we are nothing without Him,
Until we put aside our petty bitternesses
And abide in Faith, Hope, and Love,
"Until we come, at last, to His everlasting kingdom"
And are holy in His sight——
Let us not be proud.

ROSAMOND WILE, '56



Nearly everyone reads ...

THE ALUMNAE NEWS

ALUMNAE NEWS

Engagements

Dorothy Fairbanks to Mr. Alden French, Jr., of Concord, Massachusetts. Mr. French is a member of the senior class at Harvard College and is President of the Owl Club.

Nancy Harvey to Mr. David V. Shaw of Bay Shore, New York. Mr. Shaw, who served with the armed forces during World War II and in Korea, is a graduate of Denison University. He has also received a master's degree in public health from the Hospital Administration Section of the Yale University School of Medicine.

Phyllis Heifetz to Mr. Howard D. Pouty of Andover, Massachusetts. Mr. Pouty attends the Graduate School at Boston University College of Business Administration. He is a second lieutenant in the United States Air Force Reserve. A spring wedding is planned.

Marriages

July 30, 1955—Mary Elizabeth Sharp to Mr. Philip Jones in Lowell, Massachusetts.

August 13, 1955—Judith Mereness to Mr. David de Zouche Wilcox in Westfield, New Jersey.

August 23, 1955—Marianna Schaupp to Mr. Charles Allen Wells in Glen, New York.

September 17, 1955—Deborah Smith to Mr. Edmund Whitaker in Pretoria, South Africa. As Debby's father was unable to be at the wedding, she was given in marriage by Ambassador Edward T. Wailes of the American Embassy. Following the service, Ambassador and Mrs. Wailes were hosts at a wedding reception at their residence in Pretoria. Mr. Whitaker is a graduate of Johannesburg University in Johannesburg, South Africa, and took post-graduate work in London, England. He is associated with the Shell Oil Company in Johannesburg where Debby and he are residing.

October 1, 1955—Jean Osmun to Mr. Carl John Luz, Jr., in Madison, New Jersey.

November 6, 1955—Roberta Sherman to Mr. Harold Mason Rosenthal in Lowell, Massachusetts. Naomi Sherman was her sister's maid of honor and Joanne Rodman was a bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal are making their home at 101 Nahant Street, Lynn, Massachusetts.

November 26, 1955—Linda Hazzard to Harry Melville Brading, Jr., Lieutenant, United States Air Force, in Pelham Manor, New York. Eleanor Eyre was maid of honor. The Bradings live at 5703 Gross Drive in Dayton, Ohio.

February 1, 1956—Cynthia Burrage to Mr. George Louis Schofield, Jr., in Lowell, Massachusetts. Mr. and Mrs. Schofield will live in Ithaca, New York.

February 11, 1956—Robert Fielding to Mr. Walter Whitman Bregman in Belmont, Massachusetts. After a wedding trip through the South, the Bregmans will

go to Frankfurt, Germany, where Mr. Bregman will be stationed with the United States Army.

February 25, 1956—Susanne Robertson to Mr. James Perrin Gork in Lowell, Massachusetts. Mr. Gork is an alumnus of Michigan State University. He served in the United States Navy in the second World War and was a lieutenant in the Army during the Korean War.

March 9, 1956—Sally McDonald to Mr. Dean Vincent Firth in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan.

Mercy Haskell to Mr. Bancroft Richmond Wheeler in Moosup, Connecticut.

Births

A son, Martin Depoian, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chicknavorian (Elizabeth Depoian) on January 7, 1955.

A son, Robert Douglas Quinn, 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Quinn, Jr., (Frances Rogers) on August 16, 1955, in Cleveland, Ohio.

A son, John Abbott, to Mr. and Mrs. Harlan P. Kelsey (Susan Abbott) on August 21, 1955, in Albuquerque, New Mexico. The Kelseys now live at 10512 Love Lane N. E. in Albuquerque.

A daughter, Dorothy Allegra, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dioguardi (Dorothy Chrystal) on September 14, 1955. The Dioguardis make their home in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

A son, William Christian, 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. William J. Lamparter (Thalia Johnson) on November 4, 1955.

A son, Steven Clark, to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond C. Hutson (Emily Ann Cowles) on January 7, 1956, in La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Twin sons, Andre Nicholas Reggio, 2nd, and Charles Dowse Reggio, to Mr. and Mrs. Andre C. Reggio (Elizabeth Dowse) on January 10, 1956.

A daughter, Suzanne Du Vivier, to Mr. and Mrs. Abner Bartlett Stryker, Jr., (Catharine Duane) on January 17, 1956, in Wilmington, Delaware. The Strykers have a new home in Chaddsford, Pennsylvania.

A son, Anthony T., to Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Andrews (Judith Enos) on January 20, 1956, in Norfolk, Virginia. During this year the Andrews moved to Norfolk where their address is 8544 Mervis Court, Roosevelt Shores.

A son, Earl Wayne, to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Nixon (Margaret Sellger) on January 24, 1956, in Norfolk, Virginia. The Nixons also live in Norfolk, at 5909 Oetjen Boulevard. By strange coincidence, Margaret and Judy Andrews, who had not known each other before, found themselves after the births of their sons, in the next bed to each other in the De Paul Hospital in Norfolk. They had a wonderful time talking about Rogers Hall and of course planned to get together when they left the hospital.

Deaths

On October 3, 1955—Mrs. Warren Lewis (Iranette Leighton) in Boston, Massachusetts.

On February 20, 1956—Mrs. Charles F. Fairbanks, 2nd (Dorothy Marden) in Lowell, Massachusetts.

General

Last summer we spent a day with Katharine Wood Van Amburg, better known as "Tat", at the home of her father and mother in Maine. "Tat" was soon to leave for Germany to join her husband who is there with the United States Army. They were to be stationed in Neubiberg by Munich, which is in "Beautiful Bavaria", and "Tat" was excited and pleased with the prospect of being there for the next two years.

Lynne Patrick Griggs has recently moved to Knowlton Avenue, Mount Kisco, New York. We are happy to have Lynne's sister, Jane Jefferson, as a member of this year's senior class. We are also glad to have Suellen McCarthy, the granddaughter of Caroline Quincy Davis, and Pamela Rand, the youngest daughter of Mary Page Rand, in our school this year.

Elaine Leary has transferred from Wheaton College to the University of Connecticut.

The Class of 1955 is represented at the following schools and colleges: Charlotte Atwood at Colorado College; Judy Drick at Vassar College; Edwina Duane, Mary Ann Morgan, Pamela Pence, and Constance Veevers at Pine Manor Junior College; Carol Hedblom and Lois Zelickman at Lasell Junior College; Patricia James at Marjorie Webster Junior College; Martha Milan at the University of Massachusetts; Ruth Nitschelm at the H. W. Putnam Hospital in Bennington, Vermont; Marjorie Robinson at Boston University; Joanne Rodman at Emerson College; Barbara Scobie at Cazenovia Junior College; Cecelia Smith at the University of Florida; Janet Tipton at Skidmore College; and Helen Yafa at Brandeis University.

At Cazenovia Barbara Scobie has been elected President of the freshman class. She writes that she is very happy but also busy, as being President of the class automatically makes her a member of the Judiciary Board and the Student Council. She also made the Glee Club and "The Cazoos", the Cazenovia octet. Oh, yes, she does do some studying! She says that she is very satisfied with her Medical Secretarial Course.

A letter from Thalia Johnson Lamparter tells us that the Lamparters are still living in the country in Franklinton, Pennsylvania. They had planned to raise boxer puppies, but as they now have two children, Thalia has been too busy to take on an added burden. Besides, they are to move nearer to the city this winter.

Last October Sylvia Wilson was graduated from the Colegio Americano de Guatemala.

Mary Ann Morgan and Connie Veevers are both on the dean's list at Pine Manor. Demi Tikellis, last year Vice President of Pine Manor's Spanish Club, has been elected its President this year.

Another Pine Manor student, Nina Duane, recently spent a weekend with us. It is always fun to have girls come to visit and we are glad to welcome them. During the summer Anne and Judy Kirby stopped in on their way to the cape where they were to be bridesmaids at Marcia Clifton Steven's wedding. Sue Robertson Gork was Marcia's maid of honor. After the wedding Judy and Anne drove West, visiting Sandy Eager Methven, Louise Lee, and Ingrid Petersen, en route. Judy, who graduated from Middlebury College last June, is now training to be a nurse at The Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, Canada. This training involves classes at McGill University. From what Judy writes, it all sounds most difficult.

This winter, Miss Dorothy LeButt, while watching a television program given by the Maine Medical Center in Portland, was amazed to see Roberta Johnson as the medical technician who was making the tests. Last June Roberta was graduated from Lasell Junior College where she took the medical technician's course, but we had not known that she had taken a position in Portland until she appeared on the television program.

At the traditional Smith College celebration of Washington's birthday, Pam Hollingworth was a member of the Sophomore Rally Day show, which was written by Posh Thompson. Posh also headed the Sophomore Committee for the Rally Day celebration.

Pat Keegan writes from Washington that she left her job at "Congressional Quarterly" on the spur of the moment as she was offered a fabulous job as "Chaperon" to two seventeen-year-old Americans touring Europe. To quote directly from her letter—"First class travel, wonderful places seen, and, all in all, a fantastic experience, and quite worthwhile." Since her return, Pat has been running the Washington office of The Experiment in International Living and has found it most interesting. As she only agreed to do this for an eight-month period, she says that she will be on the loose again in April when she plans to "chaperon" her mother on her first trip to England. After that Pat expects to work with "some slightly political organization for election year". No wonder she finds Washington wonderful fun and most interesting all the time. Her life sounds fascinating!

Peter Baron Wilson, much to her delight, has moved back to the East Coast. She is living at 15 Lee Avenue, White Plains, New York, in a house with trees and a mountain, neither of which, she says, could be found in Cleveland. Cynthia Kellogg Skipp and her family had been to Peter's recently for dinner and Peter says that Cynthia is the perfect minister's wife! The Skipp's have a son, born a year ago last November.

Cynthia's sister, Judy Kellogg, having graduated from Colby Junior College last June, is now at Michigan State University. She writes that she loves it. University life is far different from what she has experienced before and Judy feels that her education has now become well-rounded.

The Third Annual Christmas Letter from the Fred Porters (Ann Underhill) told of Ann's wonderful six weeks tour via Air France with her mother this fall.

They had two hours in Paris, which they say remains a mystery, a longer stay in Italy, and a month in Spain and Portugal. Ann's comments are most interesting. She says there are no real bargains in any of the countries she visited—travel folders do not always tell the truth—dollar dinners do not exist—bull fights are fascinating—and so are the men!

A Christmas card from Janice Smith Post from Germany tells that the Posts are living in Munich and are enjoying it tremendously. The Army sent them over in June and they expect to be there until January of 1957 when John will return to the rank of a civilian. They hope to do some traveling during this spring and summer, but at Christmas they were staying close to home, awaiting a call from the stork.

Louise Lee has a job in Detroit with three orthopedists as a medical assistant and loves it.

Doris Jones Miller is also delighted with her new position. She is head of the house-keeping department at The Woman's Athletic Club in Chicago. Not too long ago, Doris moved to Evanston, Illinois. Her address is 820 Mulford Avenue.

Mary Lou Kilborn has also joined the ranks of the workers. Mary Lou is secretary to the head pathologist in Greenwich, Connecticut. She says that she has been asked many times from which school she has been graduated because of her very beautiful Rogers Hall ring!

Nancy Elliott is working at The Breakers Hotel in Palm Beach, Florida, this winter. Being a telephone operator is a good profession, she says. During the summer she was at The Mountain View House in Whitefield, New Hampshire, so she certainly gets around.

A Christmas card from Betty Gene Hutchins Draper said that the Drapers were having a merry holiday in their own little house for the first time. They now live in Chicago.

Roberta Fielding Bregman had a preview of her future home, as she wrote that last summer she had a wonderful trip through Europe.

Having graduated from Bennett Junior College last June, Carol Ganem is now at The American Theatre Wing in New York.

Ruth Mesics is spending this year at home and is working for an insurance agent in Lebanon, Pennsylvania. She says that she likes it well enough, but she believes that she will probably give up the position in order to continue her education at a secretarial school.

From Baltimore, Maryland, Anne Wellesley Howes writes that she is studying at The Peabody Institute of Music and loves it. As her father accepted a position there this year, the Howes family have taken a house in the suburbs of Baltimore. However, they plan to come back to North Andover for the summer.

Josette Racine has returned to Georgetown University in Washington, D. C., where she is taking the foreign service course.

A Christmas message from Jo Bishop Sibley shows that once again the Sibleys have moved. They are now proud and happy home-owners in Santa Clara, California, where their address is 392 Hayes Avenue.

Further word from California comes from Emily Palmer Du Piza. Emily says that sunny California seems wonderful compared to the cold weather in New England. She is hoping, however, that her husband, Jules, will be sent to M. I. T. for post-graduate work, as that would mean three years of being settled in one spot. The Du Pizas have two daughters—prospects for Rogers Hall in 1970, Emily says!

Libby Filer Anderson lives in Cambridge since her marriage. Tim, her husband, is at the Harvard School of Architecture and Libby has a position as secretary to the President of Simmons College. The other Filers are back in Erie; Margarita at home, while Mary Jane Platt lives next door.

Two other Rogers Hall alumnae have secretarial positions in Boston. Elinor Hosmer is with the D. C. Heath Company as secretary to the manager of public relations and Nancy Harvey is working in the office at Boston University.

Anne Adams is busy at Marjorie Webster as she is Secretary of the sophomore class. Anne visited Sara Lea Callaway at Hood College recently, where Sara Lea is also a sophomore.

This year Starr Fowler Peck and her husband, Bill, moved from Buffalo to Sturbridge, Massachusetts. Starr writes that she hopes to get to Rogers Hall sometime in the not too distant future, now that she lives so much nearer.

Among our foreign travelers is Cynthia Dadmun. Cynthia is spending this year in England as an exchange student from Sargent College. She loves it and is having a marvelous experience.

After an illness which forced her to leave D'Youville College, Kay Welch this year began the training course at the A. G. Pollard Company in Lowell. In addition to the practical experience received from working in all departments in the store, the course includes classes given at night at Northeastern University. When we saw Kay in charge of the extra salespeople in one of the busiest departments during the Christmas rush, she seemed most efficient and apparently loves her job. Dorcas Farrington is also working at Pollard's, where she is connected with the interior decorating department.

Many alumnae will be interested to learn that our former dietitian, Mrs. Mary Tremble, has come back to us after having retired to California three years ago. Mrs. Tremble found that she wasn't very happy in her retirement after all, so when Mrs. Bernice Cozad, who had followed her at Rogers Hall as dietitian, resigned to take a position near her family in Washington, D. C., Mrs. Tremble was happy to come back. Needless to say, since Mrs. Cozad was leaving, we all at school were also very happy that Mrs. Tremble wished to return. Mrs. Cozad is a member of the staff of the Hillcrest School and finds her work most satisfying.

As Mr. Johnson, Pastor of all Souls Church, said so simply and fittingly at the funeral service of Dorothy Marden Fairbanks, one of our alumnae trustees since 1947, "her life needs no eulogy". Dot, as everyone called her, was universally beloved. Rarely have those of us who had the privilege of her friendship known a more radiant personality. Her unbounded enthusiasms, her vital interest in people, and her gallant spirit not only through her long illness but always, endeared her to her host of friends. We, who loved her, have been blessed by her presence in our lives.

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A WORD FROM MRS. MacGAY

“At least in thought, interest and love I have shared each and every festivity . . ”.



DEDICATION

To Miss Levesque we dedicate our yearbook in sincere appreciation of her generosity, patience and continual help throughout the year.

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LITERARY

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SPRING *Lu Ann Sundin*

PROGRESS *Turner Baker*

LIFE *Virginia Kiser*

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BEAUTY HAS BEEN GIVEN *Barbara Sack*

SCHOOL NOTES

ALUMNAE NEWS



EDITORIAL

As echoes diminish

And the Seniors depart,

There is but one thought . . .

Emptiness reigns temporarily

In the wake of transition,

But thoughts always turn back

With the revelation of years.

There is something indefinable here.

Keep it that way . . .

Senior Class

SENIOR-UNDERGRAD SONG

Tune: "If I Loved You"

Time is nearing;
From Rogers Hall we will soon depart
Keeping memories anew.

CAE and KAVA,
Their fellowship always in our hearts,
To them we will be true.

The sunshine of our youth we've spent with you;
Now looking back the years seem all too few.

Inspiration,
Lighting our ways through the future years,
We will never forget.

Loving you,
We bid adieu.

B.A.M.
C.M.A.
R.W.

JULIA CLARK HUTSON

5505 Northwestern Avenue
Racine, Wisconsin

President

Bennington College

Cae Club; Senior Lifesaving, '55; Folk Dancing, '55; Glee Club, '55; '56; Dramatics, '55; '56; Backstage, '55; '56; French Play, '55; Christmas Pageant, '55; '56; *Splinters* Literary Board, '55; '56; Commencement Usher, '55; Student Council, '56; Prom Chairman, '56; Dramatics Prize, '55; '56; Current Events Prize, '55.

"Quiet dignity, with proper words in proper places"



RITA ANNETTE LAMONTAGNE

440 Coolidge Avenue
Manchester, New Hampshire

Vice-president

Skidmore College

Kava Club; Hockey, '56; Swimming, '56; Volleyball, '56; Badminton, '56; Water Ballet, '56; Cheerleading, '56; Andover Dance, '56; Exeter Dance, '56; Senior Prom, '56; Senior-Undergrad Party, '56; Christmas Pageant, '56; Glee Club, '56; R.H., '56; Posture Cup, '56.

"She walks in beauty as the night"





CAROLYN MAWDSLEY ABBOTT

101 Chestnut Street
Camden, Maine

Vice-president of Kava Club

Wheaton College

Kava Club; Hockey, '55, '56; Basketball, '55, '56; Captain, '56; Volleyball, '55, '56; Softball, '55, '56; Manager, '55; Cheerleading, '56; Intermediate Swimmers, '56; Christmas pageant, '55, '56; Backstage work, '55; Stage Manager in Fall play, '56; Christmas Vespers, '55; Senior Luncheon Committee, '55; Music Appreciation award, '55; *Splinters* Literary Board, '55; Editor-in-Chief of *Splinters*, '56; Senior Prom Committee, '56; Glee Club, '55, '56; Commencement Play, '56; R.H. Award, '55, '56; Honor Roll, '55; Tennis, '55, '56; Helen Hill Award, '56.

"A quiet tongue shows a wise head"

PENNY MARIE ALLEN

1207 Jackson Avenue
River Forest, Illinois

Elmira College

Kava Club; Hockey, '56; Basketball, '56; Swimming, '55, '56; Volleyball, '55, '56; Captain, '56; Softball, '55, '56; Water Ballet, '55, '56; Andover Dance, '56; Commencement Play, '56; *Splinters*, '55; Business Manager, '56; Senior Reception Committee, '55; Glee Club, '55, '56; R.H., '56.

*"Have a good time living
'cause you're a long time dead."*



SALLY ANN ALLEN

R.D. #1, Dutch Road
Lake City, Pennsylvania

Mary Washington College

Cae Club; Hockey, '56; Basketball, '56; Second Volleyball, '56; Badminton, '56; Senior Life Saving, '56; Exeter Dance, '56; Dramatics, '56; Christmas Pageant, '56; Commencement Play, '56; Cheerleading, '56; *Splinters* Business Board, '56; Current Events Prize, '56; R.H., '56.

*"Although a sturdy mind,
there's a mischievous twinkle in her eye."*



PRISCILLA BABSON

69 Park Road
Chelmsford, Massachusetts

President of Kava Club

Elmira College

Kava Club; Hockey, '53, '54, '55; sub, '53; Captain, '55; Basketball, '55, '56; Volleyball, '53, '55, '56; sub, '53; Swimming, '55, '56; Co-captain, '55; Softball, '55, '56; Senior Life Saving Award, '55; Water Ballet, '54, '55, '56; Advanced Swimming, '56; Senior Prom Committee, '56; Head Usher of Reception Committee, '55; Christmas Pageant, '53, '54, '55; Glee Club, '53, '54, '55, '56; Cheerleader, '54, '55, '56; Operetta, '53; R.H., '55, '56; Christmas Vespers, '55; Folk Dancing, '4; French Play, '55; Spanish Play, '55; Senior-Undergrad Party, '56; Athletic Cup, '56.

"He who plays the game fair wins when he loses"





TURNER LANE BAKER

Orchard Acres
Rochester, Minnesota

Hollins College

Cae Club; Swimming, '55; Life Saving, '55; Water Ballet, '55; Second Volleyball sub, '55; Glee Club, '55, '56; Exeter Dance, '55; Senior Luncheon Committee, '55; Art Award, '55, '56; *Splinters* Business Board, '55; Art Editor of *Splinters*, '56; Scenery for Dramatics, '55, '56; Honorable Mention for the Neatness Award, '55; Commencement Play, '56; Senior Prom, '56; Mrs. MacGay's Marshal, '55; *Splinters* Illustrations, '55; Class Will, '56.

"There is not a moment without some fun"

SONDRA RUTH BYAM

51 Fiske Street
North Tewksbury, Massachusetts

Kava Club; Volleyball, '55 sub; Exeter Dance, '56; Usher at Christmas Play, '54, '55; Christmas Pageant, '56; Senior-Undergrad Party, '56; Swimming Manager, '56; Dramatics Backstage, '55, '56; Commencement Play, '56; Usher at Glee Club Dances, '54, '55, '56.

*"I think to myself, I play to myself,
and nobody knows what I say to myself"*



DIANE SYLVIA COLLINS

32 Olive Street
Methuen, Massachusetts

Lasell Junior College

Kava Club; Volleyball, '55, '56, sub, '55; Swimming, '55; Tennis, '55, '56; Basketball, '55, '56, sub, '55; Exeter Dance, '55; Andover Dance, '56; Senior-Undergrad Party, '56; Current Events Prize, '56.

"The will to do, the soul to dare"



ELIZABETH ANDERTON COOK

88-44 62nd Drive
Rego Park, Long Island
New York

Endicott Junior College

Cae Club, Second Volleyball Team, '56; Second Basketball Team, '56; Exeter Prom Committee, '56; Christmas Pageant, '56; Senior-Undergrad Party, '56.

"Let the good times roll"



SARAH FISHER

North Street
Greenwich, Connecticut

Wheaton College

Kava Club; Second Valleyball, '55, '56; Second Basketball, '56; Softball Manager, '56; Folk Dancing, '55; Cheerleading, '55, '56; Andover Dance, '56; Glee Club, '55, '56; Class Day Usher, '55; Senior Luncheon, '55; Christmas Vespers, '56; French Play, '55; Spanish Play, '55; Christmas Pageant, '55, '56; Commencement Play, '56; Backstage, '55, '56; *Splinters* Literary Board, '56; Honor Roll, '55, '56; Advanced Swimming, '56; Underhill Honor, '56.

"A spirit of pertness, gentleness, and intelligence"

HELEN LOUISE HANSON

169 Chestnut Street
North Andover, Massachusetts

President of Student Council

Pine Manor Junior College

Kava Club; Life Saving, '55; Advanced Swimming, '56; Water Ballet, '55, '56; Softball, '55; Captain, '55; Andover Dance, '56; Glee Club, '55, '56; Christmas Pageant, '55, '56; Time Magazine Award, '56; R.H., '55; Honor Roll, '55; Parsons Award, '56.

"Friendliness finds its own road"



JANE JEFFERSON

436 Louella Avenue
Wayne, Pennsylvania

Bennett Junior College

Kava Club; Cheerleader, '56; Hockey sub, '56; Andover Dance, '56; Senior-Undergrad Party, '56; Neatness Award, '56.

"Modesty is the true beauty of a woman"



VIRGINIA ENGLISH KISER

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Atlanta, Georgia

The Garland School

Cae Club; Hockey, '54, sub, '55, '56; Volleyball, '54, '56; sub, '53; Second Team, '55; Swimming sub, '53; Cheerleader, '55, '56; sub, '54; Head, '56; Usher for Glee Club Concert, '53, '54, '55; Dramatics Club, '53, '54, '55, '56; Commencement Play, '54, '56; Backstage, '54, '55, '56; Christmas Pageant, '54, '55, '56; Undergrad Song, '4; Undergrad-Senior Party, '53, '54, '55; Poetry Prize, '54; Honorable Mention Music Appreciation, '55; Christmas Vespers, '55, '56; Chairman of Senior Luncheon Committee, '55; Andover Dance Committee, '55; Senior Reception, '54; School Marshal, '55; Student Council, '55, '56; Secretary, '55; Senior Prom Committee, '56; Special Dramatics Award, '56.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath"





JUDITH ANN KOCHS

999 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Illinois

Briarcliff Junior College

Kava Club; Hockey, '55, '56; Basketball Second Team, '56, Manager, '55; Volleyball Second, '55, '56; Baseball, '55, '56; Commencement Reception Committee, '55; Dramatics, '56; Commencement Play, '56; Andover Dance Committee, '56; Spanish Play, '55; Dramatics Backstage, '56; Swimmers Award, '56; Halloween Party, '55; R.H., '56.

"There was a language in her every gesture"

LUCIE BAKER MEYER

123 North Washington Street
Hinsdale, Illinois

Randolph Macon Woman's College

Cae Club; Cheerleader, '56; Life Saving, '56; Water Ballet, '56; Andover Dance Committee, '56; Christmas Pageant, '56; Senior-Undergrad Party, '56; Dramatics Backstage, '56; Christmas Vespers, '56.

"Mischievous with an understanding heart"



HARRIET HALLOCK MOORE

1 Lynn Street
Salem, Massachusetts

Boston University

Cae Club; Volleyball Manager, '56; Basketball Second Team, '56; Andover Dance, '54; Exeter Dance, '56; Christmas Pageant, '54, '55; Commencement Play, '56; Senior Luncheon Committee, '55; Folk Dancing, '55; Spanish Play, '55; Senior-Undergrad Party, '56; Place Cards for Hockey Banquet, '55; Scenery for Dramatics, '54, '55; *Splinters* Illustrations, '55, '56; Dramatics, '55, '56.

"Merry and wise, brimful of mischief, spirit, and glee"



BARBARA ANN MORSE

122 Princeton Boulevard
Lowell, Massachusetts

Vice-president of Cae Club

Skidmore College

Cae Club; Hockey, '55, '56; Basketball, '54, '55, '56; Captain, '56; Volleyball, '56; Swimming, '53, '54, '55, '56; Softball, '54, '55; Captain, '55; Water Ballet, '54; Tennis, '56; Cheerleading, '55, '56; Modern Dance, '53, '54; R.H., '54, '55, '56; *Splinters* Business Board, '55; Dramatics, '53, '54, '55, '56; Commencement Play, '54, '55, '56; Operetta, '53; Head Usher at Graduation, '55; Glee Club, '53, '54, '55, '56; Rogers Hall Octet '55, '56; Manager, '56; Cae Club Song, '55; Undergraduate Song, '55; Senior Prom, '56.

"The reward of a thing well done is to have done it"





CHERYL POWERS

266 Rivard Boulevard
Grosse Pointe, Michigan

Randolph-Macon Woman's College

Kava Club; Manager of Hockey, '56; Second Volleyball, '56; Second Baseball, '56; Advanced Swimming Award, '56; Senior Life Saving Award, '56; Backstage Dramatics, '55, '56; Dramatics Club, '56; Commencement Play, '56; Spanish Play, '55, '56; Christmas Pageant, '56; Christmas Vesper Service, '56; Undergrad-Senior Party, '55; Senior Undergrad Party, '56; Halloween Party, '55; Chairman Exeter Dance, '56; *Splinters* Literary Board, '56; Poetry Prize, '56.

"Fair as a star when one is shining"

ABIGAIL FORBES ROCKWELL

370 Summer Street
North Andover, Massachusetts

Stephens College

Kava Club; Badminton, '53, '54, '56; Basketball, '56; Senior Life Saving, '56; Swimmers Award, '56; Dramatics Club, '56; Christmas Pageant, '56; Commencement Play, '56; Backstage Dramatics, '56; Senior Prom, '56; Place Cards for Banquets, '53, '54, '55, '56; Spanish Play, '55.

"Life is a picture, so paint it well"



ANNE GARWOOD ROLFE

8 Clifton Avenue
Marblehead, Massachusetts

Elmira College

Cae Club; Hockey, '55, '56; Basketball, '55, '56; Swimming, '55; Tennis, '55, '56; Second Team Volleyball, '55; Volleyball, '56; Undergrad Senior Party, '55; Glee Club, '55, '56; Exeter Dance Committee, '55, '56; R.H. Award, '55, '56; Badminton Team, '56; Badminton Award, '56; Christmas Pageant, '55, '56; Senior Play, '56; Advanced Swimming, '55; Water Ballet, '55, '56; Student Council, '56.

*"The true strong and sound mind is the mind
that can embrace equally great things and small"*



CAROL SUE ROSENBLUM

152 Coolidge Road
Worcester, Massachusetts

Emerson College

Cae Club; Student Council, '53, '56; Volleyball sub, '53; Second Team, '55, '56; Basketball Manager, '56; Softball Team, '56; Andover Dance, '54; Exeter Dance, '56; Folk Dance, '55; Cheerleading sub, '54, '55, '56; Dramatics Club, '56; Backstage, '54; Old Girl-New Girl Party, '53; Halloween Party, '55; Water Ballet, '54, '56; Senior-Undergrad Party, '56; Christmas Pageant, '56; Christmas Vespers, '56; *Splinters* Business Board, '56; Commencement Play, '56; Neatness Award, '54, '55, '56.

"A kind and gentle heart"



TAMSEN ELDRIDGE SEARS

254 South College Avenue
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Hollins College

Cae Club; Hockey, '56; Baseball Manager, '55; Exeter Dance, '55; Dramatic Club, '56; Christmas Pageant, '56; Commencement Play, '56; Folk Dance, '55; Chairman of Commencement Ushers, '55; Honorable Mention for the Neatness Award, '55; Splinters Business Board, '56; Senior Prom, '56; Typing Award, '55.

"An understanding friend"

NAOMI MERLE SHERMAN

84 Florence Road
Lowell, Massachusetts

Bowdoin-Boston School

Kava Club; Hockey Sub, '54; Team, '55, '56; Volleyball, '54, '55, '56; Captain, '54; Softball, '54, '55; Second Team, '56; Captain, '56; Cheerleader, '55, '56; Basketball, '54, '55, '56; Kava Badminton Tournament, '56; Folk Dancing, '54, '55; R.H. Award, '54, '55, '56; Kava Song, '55; Dramatics, '54, '55; Undergrad-Senior Party, '54, '55; Glee Club, '54, '55, '56; Octet, '55, '56; Christmas Pageant, '54, '55; Commencement Play, '54, '56; French Play, '55; Student Council, '56; Senior Luncheon Committee, '54; Andover Dance Committee, '56; Usher for Commencement Play, '55; Honor Roll, '54, '55, '56; Bible and Music Appreciation Awards, '56.

"Always ready to help at something"



GAIL NICHOLLS STAINSBY

649 Bloom Road
Danville, Pennsylvania

Lake Erie College

Cae Club; Advanced Swimmers, '56; Andover Dance, '56; Dramatics, '55, '56; Christmas Pageant, '55, '56; Commencement Play, '56; Glee Club, '55, '56; Octet, '55, '56, Undergrad Party, '56; Student Council, '55, '56.

"If we are sincere, fortune is ours"



NOLA EDITH SUNDIN

50 South Flagg Street
Worcester, Massachusetts

Becker Junior College

Cae Club; Andover Prom, '56; Dramatic Club, '56; Christmas Pageant, '56; Christmas Vespers, '56; Commencement Play, '56; Glee Club, '56; Neatness Award, Essay Prize, '56.

"All doors open to courtesy"



RUTH SCRIBNER TRAUB

Balmville
Newburgh, New York

Colorado Woman's College

Cae Club; Volleyball, sub, '55, Team, '56; Basketball, Manager, '55, Team, '56; Swimming, '55; Life Saving, '55; Advanced Swimming, '56; Hockey, '56; Modern Dance, '55; Christmas Pageant, '55, '56; Andover Dance, '56; Commencement Play, '56; Glee Club, '55, '56; R.H., '55, '56; Tennis Cup, '56; Tennis, '56.

"Speaking generally, she's generally speaking"

LINDA LEE WIESE

French Hill Farm
Baldwin Road
Yorktown Heights
New York

Centenary Junior College

Cae Club; Hockey, Sub, '56; Second Volleyball, '56; Captain, '56; Basketball, Sub, '56; Baseball, Sub, '55; Swimming Manager, '56; Cheerleading, '56; Senior Life Saving, '56; Backstage Dramatics, '55; Dramatics Club, '55, '56; Christmas Pageant, '55, '56; Spanish Play, '55; Commencement Play, '56; Glee Club, '55, '56; Halloween Party, '55; Exeter Dance, '56; Sketches for *Splinters*, '56; R.H., '56.

"So free, so kind, so blessed a disposition"



ROSAMOND WILE

727 East Merrimack Street
Lowell, Massachusetts

President of Cae

Bennington College

Cae Club; Hockey, '54, '55, '56; Captain, '56; Volleyball, '55, '56; Basketball, '56; Swimming, '55, '56; Softball, '54, '55, '56; Captain, '54; Badminton, '56; Tennis, '56; Cheerleading, '56; R.H., '54, '55, '56; Dramatics, '54, '55, '56; Christmas Play, '55, '56; Commencement Play, '54, '55, '56; Glee Club, '54, '55, '56; Octet, '55, '56; Undergrad Song, '55; Prom, '56; Senior Luncheon, '54, '55; Senior Class Marshal, '55.

"... in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity"



UNDERGRAD-SENIOR SONG

Tune of "Beautiful Dreamer"

To our big sisters
We sing to you,
For all the good times
The whole year through.

Your help, your guidance,
Your love and care,
We love and cherish you
In every prayer.

In every problem
That comes our way,
You've always helped us
That's not hard to say.

Now as you're leaving,
Parting is here,
Your friendship and courage
We'll always hold dear.

C. M.

Class

NAME	PECULIARITY	PASTIME	DISLIKES
Abbott, Lyn	Blond hair	making out teams	inefficiency
Allen, Penny	squeezing Terry	tantalizing	eavesdroppers
Allen, Sally	snowmen!	sitting in Grand Central watching "feet"	pink
Babson, Priscilla	sincerity	eating ice cream	sophistication
Baker, Turner	Gertrude Greenbean	creating creatures	glasses
Byam, Sandra	generosity	getting excused from gym	posture class
Collins, Kim	Cadillacs	making the rounds	restrictions
Cook, Betty	Rock & Roll	talking to her sleeping roommates	Queenie
Fisher, Sue	Boola-Boola!	writing letters	Andover
Hanson, Louise	long eyelashes	sheep	Democrats
Hutson, Julie	sophistication	organizing	triteness
Jefferson, Jane	efficiency	watching us make this up!	unfinished homework
Kiser, Vicki	losing suitcases	receiving mail	gossips
Kochs, Judy	two colleges in one weekend!	worrying	domineering people
Lamontagne, Rita	three letters at once!	entertaining roommates in sleep	moody people
Meyer, Lucie	studying in trunkroom	climbing fire escapes	Virgil and his cronies
Moore, Happy	gray hairs	letters to Germany	New England snobs
Morse, Barbara	Cleo	congeniality	summer trips to Europe
Powers, Cherry	anything casual	studying?	people who owe letters
Rockwell, Gail	fixing up girls with Andover dates	watching Brooks crew races from Louise's boat	bells
Rolfe, Anne	her driving (?)	playing drums	peeping toms on porch roof
Rosenblum, Carol Sue	speedboats at night	clandestine meetings in Boston	her disturbing suite mates
Sears, Tammy	princes	collecting keys!!	Gret
Sherman, Nicki	regulations	studying	swimming
Stainsby, Gail	her turtles	listening to late news broadcasts	noisy "Big 4"
Sundin, Lou Ann	her ailments	curling her hair	people who put their feet on her chair
Traub, Ruthie	medicines	sleeping under her Mexican serape	Emma Willard
Wiese, Linda	keeping dates waiting	washing her hair at midnight	dictionaries
Wile, Roz	Eccentricity Emerson	discussing poetry with Miss Ramsay	kid stuff

Statistics

PLACE	PHRASE	WILL BE IN '66
Maine	"I'm really going to work this Saturday"	playing in Carnegie Hall
drive-ins	"Jon is so sweet!"	modeling maternity clothes for Bramson's
Biltmore lounge	"As soon as war is declared, I'm getting married!"	living in Hawaii
Westminster	"Oh, you guys . . ."	sporting a whiffle
Andover sanctuary	"One more like that and you'll turn to stone."	skiing in Colorado
Problems class	"I haven't done my Chemistry yet."	teaching swimming
beauty parlor	" . . . the fellas down at the beach."	having parties in her living room
Marblehead	"Smoke gets in your eyes."	dreaming about picnics
The Barge	"A-choo!"	still snake hunting at 6:00 A. M.
haystacks	"Now down at the Cape . . ."	still trying to float
theaters	"Shut up and deal!"	still reading for vocabulary and author's style
her desk	"I know I'll flunk that test tomorrow."	still naive
infirmary	"Miss Hall, you know . . ."	singing Yankee Doodle in the Met.
the 3rd floor	"You know . . ."	pinned to a PHI GAM
dentist	"Wish I had another weekend!"	still explaining baseball
museums and the Touraine	"Treats all over!"	only female on Yale swimming team
Anne's house	"Look how long my hair is getting."	running the Salem Submarine Sandwich Shop
Kappa Sig house at Dartmouth	"Was your grade as low as mine?"	singing with the Whiffenpoofs
W & L, Yale, Brown	"Bad news!"	a buyer for Bonwit's shoes
kitchens	"But, Miss Ramsay, I didn't know."	still handing papers in late
Ware Lane	"Okay, Hon . . ."	psychoanalyzing others
Statler	"Think this makes me look fat?"	still trailing her string behind
Grand Rapids	"You know I'm impressed!"	still remembering
Florida	"Study hall has begun."	managing the Olympics
Oldsmobile convertibles	"Close that door!"	still hoarding new magazines
Worcester	"Isn't he sweet."	married with six children
West Point	"Most remarkable powder rooms in the Biltmore!"	Married
golf courses	"Can I set the alarm for 6:30, Cherry?"	still reading History in the bathtub
Number 6 Club	"Gross!"	inviting us to Bennington parties

C. P.
L. B. M.
A. G. R.

PROPHECY

Pressmen from all corners of the world are rushing to the Yukon, where Prince Reindeer, one of the world's most eligible bachelors, will marry the princess of the movie world, Julia Hutson. Prince Reindeer and Miss Hutson met in 1956 when she was touring Alaska gathering data for her term paper. (It was love at first sight).

And now, from that snow-covered land of the frozen north, we shall hear an on-the-spot report.

* * * * *

Here we are, just in time to greet the ice-breaker which is bringing the lovely bride and her 27 attendants to shore. Isn't it just too romantic? Miss Hutson has her entire class from Rogers Hall in the wedding party!

The boat has docked—and whatever in the world is that ball of fur waddling down the gang-plank? Ah—ha—correction—that is not a ball of fur—it's Miss Hutson. She's wearing a goat skin coat—no doubt a gift from Gail Rockwell's goat farms. Gail finally settled down, and devotes her life to "Billy" and "Nanny" and all that crew.

I see Miss Hutson isn't the only celebrity in the group. Here comes C. Modsley Abbott and S. Postlethwaite Fisher, those famous co-authors of that bigoted novel *My Ancestors are English*.

Next we see Priscilla Babson, the bride's personal hairstylist ('nough said). We understand that the hair for Miss Hutson's chignon was bought from Betty Cook. Once Betty made the big step and cut, she sold. And now she is in the growing, cutting, and selling business. Incidentally, she couldn't come—she's bald at the moment.

By the way, Barbie Ann Morse won't be here for a few days—she's trailing over land in "Cleo". Barbie finally started to put a slight charge on rides in Cleo, and now she's built up quite a business.

And there's another celebrity walking sedately from the ship—Miss Tamsen Sears, who is currently serving the U.S. Government as ambassador to Russia, that "Rustic" little country somewhere in the continent. Walking with Miss Sears is Turner Baker. Turner hasn't done as well as Tammy, but none the less she is happy. She runs a small refreshment stand somewhere in the Colorado mine district.

Oh, here's Happy Moore. You know Happy is an official "Bill collector" now. This is confidential, but I understand that the person who gives Happy the hardest time is Cherry Powers. It seems that Cherry is still over-drawing on her bank account, and once again she has had her allowance cut off—Ah, well, we all have our troubles!

It looks as though Jane Jefferson and Sally Allen plan to do a little skiing during their stay in the Yukon. They first became interested in skiing during a school trip to North Conway and now, would you believe it—they are both Olympic skiers!

By the way, it's too bad Roz Wile couldn't come to the grand affair. It seems she is still at Rogers Hall. She just *cannot* leave the French table until she has spoken one sentence in French. Parlez, Rosamond!

Ah, Miss Rosenblum, whatever is the reason for washing your hair now? "I'm *still* trying to wash those men right out of my hair!"

Because of Rita Lamontagne's magnificent ability to keep from getting "snowed"—in, for several years she has been a weather predictor and, of course, will be ordering the weather for the wedding. In this case, the weather will be perfect for the morning push-ups, directed by Miss Naomi Sherman. Everyone will be required to attend the calisthenics classes except, of course, Lou Ann Sundin, who will be very busy minding everyone's children.

Here comes Miss Hutson's private dance instructor, Kim Collins, beep-bopping down the gang-plank. What is it she's saying—"Dig those crazy penguins, dadio!"

We understand that one of the members of the ice-breakers crew is a parson's son. He joined the crew just to be near Sondra Byam—Sondra came on this trip for the main purpose of getting away from him.

Louise Hanson has come to tend the various dog teams. Louise too has devoted her life to animals. We hear that she plans to discipline the dogs by the demerit system.

Landa goshin, here's Vicki Kiser. She's fryin' eggs and baking hammy—her cookin's lousy and her hands are clammy, but . . . we're glad she's here. Here's Ruth Traub. Ruthie has spent her life being an IMpractical nurse, and is here with all her pills, to administer to anyone in need.

Hark! the trill of a nightingale! Correction—it's Gail Stainsby, practicing her solo for the wedding.

The whirlwind of the social world, Lucy Meyer, is arriving, and that's Anne Rolfe with her. Anne is "looking for a new love"—she's been out on a limb since Pogo left her!

Out of the pages of yesteryear comes Judy Kochs, portraying the television version of Annie Oakley. The "Kiddies" just love her. Directly behind her is Penny Allen, swinging and swaying down the gang-plank. She is a school teacher but, dear me, she certainly isn't conducting herself as one.

It looks as if everyone is here now and they have started to lift the gang-plank—Oh! wait a minute, here comes Linda Weise. By now, Linda has perfected the art of tardiness.

Well, that seems to be all. Wait! from over the hill comes a clatter of paws. Whatever can it be? Why it's Mrs. MacGay—and isn't that typical—a one-dog dog-team! the dog? Queenie, of course!!!

E. A.
H. M.
R. W.

SENIOR PLACECARDS

LYNN

Tennis, anyone?
He's so young!
Eavesdropper

PENNY

Dear Jon
Andover authority
Always true to you in my fashion

SALLY

Under theclock . . .
Arma virumque cano
Hmm . . . those equations

HAPPY

Just Plain Bill
Birdwatcher watcher
I'll never tell!

BARBY ANN

Long jaunts in Cleo
Bewitched, Bothered and
Bewildered
Always on the go

CHERRY

Is he collegiate?
Whatever Lola wants . . .
Hello

PRISCILLA

Who's lying?
Another love crept in
Turtle, anyone?

SONDRA

Running from Terry
On your mark, get ready . . .
Symbol of sweetness

KIM

Hep cat
Growing "D.A."
Waiting to go home

BETTY

"Moonglow" mania
O.K. roomies . . .
Millions of petticoats

SUE

We are coming, Uncle Owl . . .
Sloping dance floors
Sign of true love—a gearshift

LOUISE

Resounding laughs
Dreams of the farm
Summertime!

JULIE

Eskimo expert
"Suture self"
Eyes like a hawk

JANE

Who says there are males in
Florida!
Plodding down Cranmore
Lookout, a wasp!

VICKI

Rings on her fingers, bells on her
toes
The Seven Year Itch
The South will rise again!

JUDY

Power one!
Jellybean crazy
Stylish grey skirt

RITA

California, here I come!
But she wore *braces* then . . .
Nabisco Honey Chile Graham

LUCY

Well, in Chicago . . .
Mother to the masses
If *I* were you . . .

ABIGAIL

For sale—Andover accessories
Little Bo Peep
Will you please do your solo?

ANNE

Harmony, my honey, harmony
I go Pogo . . . ?
Letters by the score

CAROL SUE

I asked him Spring Vacation . . .
Short snow storms
After four years . . .

TAMMY

P.A. problems
'Ya *know*
European confidant

NICKI

Where's Miss Ramsay's Pen?
But he *likes* long socks!
Review, review, review

GAIL

O.K., who's got the new *Life*?
Met material
Guided kitchen tours

LU ANN

The little kidnapper
Is it Kenny or Dave?
I'm so made!

RUTH

Talk, talk, talk
Yale? Amherst? Army?
But he's not a doctor!

LINDA

Ad for an icebox
Snow bunny
Why?

ROZ

Ode to R.W. Emerson
About face
Pensive thoughts in study hall

MRS. MACGAY

Let *them* chase *you*!
Words of wisdom
Always a true friend

S. F.

B. A. M.

C. M. A.

KEEPSAKES OF MEMORY

Remember . . .

Remember your first day?

That queer feeling inside as you entered Rogers Hall for the first time. . . .

You felt good though . . . very important and grown-up.

Until—Until you saw how confident everyone else seemed, the old and new girls alike. Summer experiences, and tall tales of all were tossed between one another that first evening back. . . . And as that first good-nite of the season was said, you were suddenly afraid.

But that didn't last. . . .

Strangers became friends,

And you could laugh about the illegal pizza parties and those absolutely handsome boys from Andover, that suddenly upon arrival seemed to change into unbearable monsters for an evening of dancing under the starlit roof of the gym.

Remember . . .

Remember running to your first period class each morning. . . .

And that time you were caught l-a-t-e.

Remember mid-terms and finals.

And that odd feeling at the pit of your stomach just before.

We feel it now . . . just remembering.

Remember . . .

Remember the library?

PICK UP THAT MAGAZINE—PLEASE.

Frantic studying before a test—the closet, the nearest dark cubby-hole. . . .
Remember?

Remember - - - Rogers Hall presents - - -

Our annual spring play.

Remember basketball games and baseball games, needless to mention the water ballet and the softball game. Boy, will you ever forget the genuine spirit that Cae and Kava showed through out. And most of all, Remember the hockey game and banquet.

And seniors, will you ever forget those last memorable weeks of Spring term.

Remember . . .

Remember . . . the Senior Prom

Each girl clad in her very best frock - - - and accompanied by her gallant escort.
You can be sure, eyes were sparkling and extremely proud that night.

Remember . . .

Remember, as the weeks progressed into days . . .

Old girls that graduated when you were here were back . . . It was Founder's Day . . .

Will you ever forget, without a slight pang of sadness, that tradition of delicious chicken or lobster salad and home-made ice-cream so awaited for all year.

Remember . . .

Remember, before we knew it, the undergrads were having a party for us - - -
A huge success at that!!

Remember . . .

Our joint club supper—and the anxiously awaited anticipation of all its fun.
As the days grew countable on one hand . . .

Remember . . . Senior . . .
 Remember the elegant supper at Mrs. MacGay's.
 Our place cards scrawled with "wee" idiosyncrasies.
 And remember . . .
 Afterward our beautiful nose-gay bouquets dampened with slight tears of
 nostalgia that we threw to our undergrads.
 Then remember as if the year had never been - - - Commencement weekend . . .
 Remember . . . Singing Beach
 Shoes full of sand, roasted marshmallows and the attempts at that first swim of
 the season.
 Brrrrrrr, was that water cold!!
 Remember . . .
 Before we knew it . . . Parents were arriving - - -
 Yes, remember . . .
 The Senior Luncheon, Class Day exercises and the Commencement Play that
 night. The time went frightfully fast.
 June 5, 1956 . . . yes, remember . . .
 Graduation Day . . .
 Out of the gym to the tune of "March Militaire" walked many a tearful, yet
 happy Senior, each one headed in her own direction.
 But with the memories of Rogers Hall, thanks to Mrs. MacGay, the faculty and
 the undergrads, in the minds of all, each little memory forever a treasured keepsake.

C. S. R.

THE CLASS WILL OF 1956

We, the graduating class of nineteen fifty-six, now deceased, do hereby declare
 that the tangible and intangible objects below are to be deposited on our followers
 to be used in moderation and discretion . . .

Lyn Abbott—reluctantly leaves a piano key to Pepper, in case Dartmouth never
 quite pulls through.

Penny Allen—gladly bequeaths here social triangles to any square who thinks
 that she can round off the edges.

Sally Allen—wills to Diane Stone her graceful walk in hopes that maybe "Di"
 will be able to make a "Foote" step in the sands of time.

Turner Baker is willing her well-thumbed Andover Address Book to Gertrude
 Greenbean. (We are hoping Gert will be able to locate a date for next year's senior
 prom.)

Sally Sternberg will sortly receive a *large* package marked—FRAGILE—This
 Side Up—Do Not Disturb, SLEEPING - - - Why, it's *Julie Hutson's* outstanding
 athletic ability. Ah, hadn't you heard?? Sports are not compulsory at Bennington!

Jane Jefferson—donates her neatness to Tory, hoping that the fruit flies will
 cease to inhabit the cedar chest.

Rita Lamontagne—bequests to Queenie a large box of Nabisco Graham crack-
 ers. It seems that she's on a diet.

Barby Ann Morse—leaves her well-worn green and white scarf to Swamp Alley
 to be used as a carpet runner.

Judy Kochs—donates to Miss Ramsey another of Gunther's books, hot off the
 presses. It is the very latest of his series of "Insides"—Inside Yale.

Gail Rockwell—is happy to place her brother's phone number in the hands of any trusty undergrad who can make better use of it than she.

Anne Rolf—will her Uncle Liberace's candelabra to Kitsy in order that it might brighten up her room.

Cherry Powers—is willing . . . Etes-vous?

Lucy Meyer—leaves her bottom dresser drawer that is full of lovely cashmere sweaters to the moths who "love 'em dearly."

Priscilla Babson—will give the basketball trophy to any Cae who thinks she has a strong enough stomach to out-ice cream her at any one sitting.

Sondra Byam—kindly leaves her placid disposition to Carolyn Renolds. Can her roommate's hearing be regained in time?

Betty Cook—is forced to leave her borrowed victrola to Lanny Souloff, providing she likes "Moonglow." The record seems to have melted and stuck to the turntable.

As a result of her numerous trips to New Haven, which were purely of an archeological nature, *Sue Fisher* leaves in the hand of Mrs. Bently papers compiled during her stays there concerning the missing link. It seems that she has found a new race to add to those existing—Negroids, Caucasians, Mongolians, American Indians and now—YALIES.

"Ya know" *Tammy Sears*—loans her dapper ability to parlez-francais to any poor victims that might reach the French table next year.

Carol Sue Rosenblum—wills her casual side glance to Patsy Rosenshine in hopes that Pat's will become more subtle.

Naomi Sherman—must give up her long search for the whites of Miss Virkler's eyes. However she wishes it to be carried on by anyone wanting to find out what's the matter with them.

Lu Ann Sundin—leaves Nola.

Gail Stainsby—wills her amazing technique of magazine snatching to Mam'zelle, who can never quite out-distance her.

Ruth Traub—wills her wild imagination to Mariella, who might be able to occupy her spare moments next year trying to tame it.

Roz Wile—"Kenard-ly" wait to get to Bennington. Thus, she exits extending an open invitation to all undergrads and their friends and their friends' friends to whip up to Vermont and partake in a little modern dancing.

Vickie Kiser—bequests her always overflowing mail box to Sue Morse, who seems to need the extra space.

Kim Collins—leaves her knowledge of the W.W.W. to J.B.C. in case T.N.K. is more successful at T.I.S.H. than she was.

Harriet Moore—wills a "flappin' eagle" to Julie Eisman but hopes that she won't get carried away.

Linda Wiese—Leaves . . .

Signed and witnessed this fourth day of June, nineteen hundred and fifty-six by:

TURNER BAKER

JULIA HUTSON

JUDY KOCHS

for the departing Senior Class.

Literary

EYES

Eyes . . .
 commanding . . .
 hard . . . dark . . .
 deep . . .
 possessing . . .
 magnetic . . .
Seeing . . . ever seeing . . .
Knowing . . . ever knowing . . .
Eyes are life . . .
Eyes are the mirrors of the soul
Eyes are truth . . .
Eyes are the present and the goal
Eyes foretell . . .
Eyes can conceal nothing inside
Eyes can not hide . . .
Eyes reveal the past and are
Telling . . . ever telling . . .
Showing . . . ever showing . . .
 standing alone . . .
 strong . . . mighty . . .
 cruel . . . inhuman . . .
Eyes . . .

CHERYL POWERS, '56

SINCERITY

The elm —
 The rain —
 On the wing of the bird
and the rays of the sun and the stars,
 Bach and one friend.

ROSAMOND WILE, '56

SPRING

I saw Spring early in May just as the bell was ringing for dinner. I paused by the white painted fence and watched her come down from the hill. Her golden hair cascaded daintily to her shoulders and down her back in a beautiful mass of curls. She came across the green carpet with a purposeful stride, her faint figure casting no shadow at all. She wore a pretty cotton dress, which rippled in the cool breeze. She looked calm, unhurried and capable. The sun rested gently on her and her eyes sparkled like pin point stars of gold.

Hearing a voice, I turned to see Mary standing in the doorway. She was calling, "They're going in!", as she had done many times in the past. I looked once more across the park and saw only the breeze bending the grasses with invisible footsteps and a faint form silhouetted against the sky at the crest of the hill.

LU ANN SUNDIN, '56

PROGRESS

A solitary traveler wound his way
Through swamp and wood and prairie
Halting upon the edge of the earth.
A lonely cabin . . . silent, peaceful, watching —
Clusters then became a burg.
Adventure-loving people joined the chink-logged village
Thus it grew,
 It grew,
 It grew.

Ancestors of these brave in heart
Lived yesterday in a town expanding.
The traders, the trappers, the merchants, the physicians—
Today their grandchildren inhabit a city.
Smoke stacks and young buildings reach their chubby fingers
To the clouds.
Greedy houses engulf the stretching horizon.
Coggs click, saws . . . drills devour lifeless trees,
Riveting drowns the pounding.
Wheeled metal relentlessly hammers asphalt.
Fleeting fourth dimension—
 Tick,
 Tick,
 Tick.

TURNER LANE BAKER, '56

LIFE

God sought . . .
 He found . . .
 Man . . .

Man sought . . .
 He found . . .
 Woman . . .

Woman sought
 She found . . .
 Man . . .

Man sought . . .
 Woman sought . . .
 They found . . .
 Love . . .

Love sought . . .
 Love found . . .
 The world . . .

VIRGINIA KISER, '56

TWO CINQUAINS

DAWN

Slowly
Wakes Aurora,
Engulfing horizons
With her sweet, golden shadows —
Silent.

TWILIGHT

Chiffon
Curtains blushing
Unfurl from velvet skies.
I watch the new glowing canvas
And weep.

TURNER LANE BAKER, '56

PUZZLE

The waves creep up the endless sands
Groping blindly, ever sifting.
They then are smoothed by unseen hands
And murmur, gurgle and recede.

They beat and leap against the shore
Fearsome, powerful and strong;
Then crash and break and are no more,
Confused, defeated, lost again.

Relentless, sly and never tiring,
Their cunning makes the sands give way.
Their strength is false; yet they destroy
By luring innocence astray.

The waves are man; the sands are life.
If man could only see the wrong
And put an end to futile strife,
Would he be strong? Would he be free?

SUE FISHER, '56

A MOMENT

A moment's thought
A few flowery phrases
A jot of a pen
- - - poetry

A moment's hastiness
A few abrupt words
A span of repentance
- - - uncertainty

A moment's torture
A complicated system
A brief memory
- - - man

A moment
An experience
A revelation
- - - God

BARBARA MORSE, '56

A GLIMPSE OF PARADISE

"Hurry, hurry—step right up and see the twelve beauties from Paradise," Charlie Burnam's barking voice could be heard over the whir of the blinking ferris wheel. Twelve women walked onto a platform from the tent. They were all fat, peroxide-blondes with make-up caked on their faces. Their bright florescent pink costumes were scanty and showed a bare, flabby midriff. A few were chewing gum as they stood there and wiggled their bodies to the music of an unknown band, which only made them appear all the cheaper.

A circle of men had gathered around the platform, their eyes drinking in everything they possibly could. The odor of liquor, sweat, smoke, and dirt could be smelled in the mingling crowd.

The women started back into the tent. One of them took the gum from her mouth. She looked as though she contemplated throwing it away, then rolling it into a little ball, tossed it to the ground. It landed on an old sticky caramelized apple wrapper not far from a discarded orange popcicle which was slowly melting.

Fifty cent pieces jingled as Charlie Burnam started selling the tickets. Men pushed and shoved their way through the dimly lighted doorway. Unknown to Charlie, a few young boys were sneaking in to get their first taste of a cheap burlesque show.

It was late that night when Charlie left his job and trudged to his trailer. One by one the various sideshows closed and amusements of other sorts stopped. Switches were thrown which turned off their many multi-colored lights. The merry-go-round was the last to cease moving, its cheerful music silenced and half of its prancing, wooden horses left suspended in air.

Charlie poured himself a cup of black coffee and wearily sat down on a creaking old cot he had once purchased at an army surplus store. He took a gulp of the scalding liquid, once more feeling the pain come. The cough was accompanied by a throbbing, dull sensation that spread through his chest. Somehow it was impossible to refrain from coughing again and again. Several minutes elapsed. The spasm ceased and Charlie was left exhausted, his breath coming in gasps.

Reading the notice he had taken from his pants pocket, once more his face grew red and beads of perspiration clung to his forehead. With effort he managed to stand up and pull the string hanging from the bare light bulb. Letting his clothes fall to the worn linoleum, he dropped onto his hard bed before the coughing came again.

By seven o'clock the next morning the carnival was having its face lifted. Men were picking up much of the debris left from the night before. Swearing, one man was soon peeling a sticky paper cone, which had once held pink cotton candy, from the sole of his dirty, brown shoe.

Slowly Charlie closed the door of his trailer. Glancing again at the postcard notice that he held in his hand, he boarded the bus that ran into the city. The day was bright and hot even as early as it was. Women were having a difficult time trying to keep their children in hand and the men attempting to read their newspapers were noticeably irritated by the squirming youngsters. Occasionally a man or two would fold up his morning paper and tilting back the brim of his hat would slowly, methodically wipe his brow with a large white handkerchief.

The bus stopped only a block from the clinic. Charlie swiftly walked the short distance. Upon reaching the large doors, he straightened his faded green tie that had once been the dull background for a cheap oil painting of a nude woman. The nude had worn off long ago and now all that was left was a light silhouette of her slender form . . . unnoticed unless one looked very closely.

In an almost tip-toe-like manner Charlie moved to the registration desk, fishing in his pocket for the, by this time, rather tattered appointment card. A young nurse in a starched uniform said in a starched voice, "Right this way, Mr. Burnam." She led him down a dim corridor smelling faintly of disinfectants and various medications. This was only a yearly check up, thought Charlie, but nevertheless, the farther he got from the front door, the faster his heart beat. An intern met him at desk D-2 and ushered him into a tiny room telling him to strip to the waist. The sheet-like affair that Charlie had to drape himself in made him feel absolutely foolish. And thus began his annual examination.

Several days later Charlie returned to the clinic. This time he didn't seem quite so nervous. The fact was he even had a rather superior feeling as he glanced around the waiting room. After he was at last called into the doctor's office, he was told to make himself comfortable on a hard little chair. Charlie folded his legs, then his arms while glancing at the wall that was covered with an assortment of degrees the doctor had received. The doctor casually looked at the X-ray and then at the history that he had on his desk. Slowly the good doctor broke the news that Charlie had a young case of tuberculosis. "Thank God, it ain't consumption!" was all that Charlie could say.

Almost immediately Charlie was sent to the county hospital. He remained there for the duration of a year. By that time he was completely cured although his hair had grayed considerably.

One warm evening during the following summer Charlie boarded a bus and headed for the country. Somehow, before he knew it, the bus had come to a halt directly in front of the carnival grounds. As if compelled by a great magnet, he climbed off the vehicle . . . no, it wasn't so strange.

The shows had just opened for the season. While wandering around Charlie ran into the old manager, who actually begged him to return to his former job . . . even that very night. "There's never been a barker like you, Charlie." Yes, that's exactly what he said.

The lights on all the booths were outlined against the almost dark sky. Music of the merry-go-round, side shows, and the indefinable noises of the Tilt-A-Whirl, Caterpillar, Rocket, and Roller Coaster were all to be heard intermingled with sharp staccato shots from the shooting gallery. Charlie just stood there, taking it all in . . . like a small child seeing it for the first time.

A new group of people was coming in. They were mainly young couples—eating hot dogs and caramel corn; laughing and shouting as they boarded one thrill ride after another.

"Guess maybe this always meant to be my home," thought Charlie and as he stood there a tear or two trickled down his aging face.

Even though he had been away for a year, his voice was still loud and strong as he announced the twelve beauties from Paradise the next night. They were all new girls and now they wore bright orange costumes, even brighter than before.

As Charlie began selling tickets, a warm breeze brought him a whiff of cheap perfume. Yes, it was almost nauseating, but somehow it and all the filth of the place was temporarily forgotten as he gazed wonderously out upon the blazing midway. And while he did so—three young boys slipped in to get their first glimpse of Paradise.

THE WORLD IS A BRIDGE

The world is a bridge —
Possibly between dust and dust,
As many believe —
The world is a bridge —
Though I know not what two points it joins,
But the world is a bridge,
Of this I am sure.

BARBARA SACK, '58

THE CHOICE

At this moment in our lives,
We stand at the gateway of life.
As Janus, we gaze behind
At foolish, carefree days of youth;
The sadness, joys, fears and fun
And we smile at how we wasted time.
Our face is also turned toward the future
Vague and distant yet ever near at hand.
Proud and firm we stand alone
And await the coming challenge.
Though uncertainly leaving the nest of security,
We are eager to try the new wings of freedom.
The choice is ours to make
And this is the hour of decisions
 To be a glorious oak
 Or forever a dormant acorn.

SUE FISHER, '56

IMMORTALITY

The room is silent, but for the whirl of an electric clock, carrying on its business of stealing time. Yet nature in her rhythmic rain and crafty wind playing at my window pane, soon makes my mind oblivious to mortal tools - - - For even in the human mind nature rules.

CAROL SUE ROSENBLUM, '56

DEATH

I heard your cry, beyond the windless stars,
Beyond the quakes of earth, beyond infinity:
Like strengthless wings, pirating down
the wall of night . . .

I fell . . . a fleeting shadow.
Death, an interlude, a moment only
touched my eyes . . .

VIRGINIA KISER, '56

BEAUTY HAS BEEN GIVEN

My heart is bursting with love,
Not for any one person, this love of mine,
Not only for man-kind, this love of mine,
But for the beauty of the Universe, the beauty of the breath of life.

Oh Lord, how kind and generous Thou hast been
To let me enjoy life sublime, for in all I see beauty —
There is beauty in birth—a tender young thing has entered life and has now been
made capable of supreme happiness;
There is beauty in everyday living,

And there is beauty in that which is not beautiful;
There is beauty in a human heart and a human soul;
There is beauty in joy and in sorrow;
And beauty is also to be found in death,

For there has been life and so there has been beauty, and love, and warmth,
And the dead one has given, as well as received them—whether it be apparent or not,
And with these, one may never have fear.
Oh Lord, how wonderful Thou art and the life Thou has given.

BARBARA SACK, '58

School Notes

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

- 21—Round eyes, pinched faces . . . shrieks of reunion . . . a new dorm . . . Mrs. MacGay welcomes you.
24—Dismal day . . . buses leave for Singing Beach . . . hot dogs and more hot dogs . . . diets forgotten.
25—Harvey Davies . . . music Liberace style . . . Mrs. MacGay, don't leave so soon!

OCTOBER

- 2—Dr. Gerald . . . many numbers . . . red faces . . . marriage plans
11—Lipstick . . . powder . . . liver . . . new Caes and Kavas.
17—Darkened gym . . . parading candles . . . two just in time . . . hi there, sis!
29—Traditional round robin . . . delicious food . . . Happy Halloween!

NOVEMBER

- 6—Wells . . . a short trip to Germany and back.
10—Perfect weather . . . how's Bunny? . . . whistle blown . . . great game, Kava . . . congratulations, Cae!
22—Tension high . . . where's the corsage? . . . curtain rises . . . success . . . thank you, Mrs. Koelsh.
23—A shout of joy . . . a lot of rushing . . . taxies galore . . . be good . . . don't eat too much . . . a break at last!

DECEMBER

- 3—Shining faces . . . Andover arrives . . . concert well done . . . dance begins . . . "good night, ladies" . . . sighs of happiness . . . oh, my aching feet.
11—Christmas Carols . . . do you know the words? . . . short stories . . . Mrs. MacGay speaks to the seniors . . . flashes of gold . . . just one more year.
13—"Deck the Halls" . . . Pageant runs smoothly . . . "Adeste Fideles".
14—Vacation!!!! Merry Christmas . . . See you next year.

JANUARY

- 4—New year . . . old faces . . . "I'm in love"
7—Bouncing bus . . . oxygen tent . . . swirling colors on mass of white . . . where's the bus? . . . Ice Capades of 1956.
15—Mrs. Bassett brings North Conway . . . shall I go? . . . indecision reigns.
18—Cae and Kava meet again . . . Cae-seconds beat a fighting Kava . . . Kava leads in first team game to be beaten by Rolfe and Rand.
20—Windy Boston Woodwind Ensemble . . . second of Celeb. Series.
21—Maroon and white . . . "time" as theme, and, oh, how it flew . . . my, it's "snowy" around here.
22—Dr. Wells returns . . . we journey to Munich in a red shirt.
30—Slaughter begins . . . grim faces . . . oh, I *have* to pass.



CAE CLUB



KAVA CLUB



JUNIOR CLASS



FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE CLASSES

FEBRUARY

- 3—Dreaded day . . . exams returned . . . but I *thought* I did well . . . luxurious plans begin.
- 6—Up to the North Country . . . did you remember your skis?
- 8—Back to the old routine . . . great time . . . one casualty . . . no boys

MARCH

- 13—Second team on the floor . . . wild shouts and screams to no avail . . . twice a tie . . . good going both Cae and Kava.
- 14—Tradition is broken . . . Mrs. MacGay cheers loudly . . . Kava beats Cae in first team game . . . Caes prove good sports, congratulations, Kava.
- 15—Shedd meets House . . . Undergrads meet Seniors . . . etc. . . . basketball ends for another year.
- 17—"Les Miserables" . . . "Tale of Two Cities" . . . "The Scarlet Letter."
- 18—Study hall converted to art museum compliments of Mrs. Weller . . . Mrs. Dillon brings us culture with wall paper.
- 20—Plays begin . . . did you hear that slap? . . . cast laughs more than audience.
- 21—Vacation at last . . . home to fall in love once more.

APRIL

- 11—Back to the land of blizzards . . . Harlem visits Rogers Hall, right Bunny?
- 13—Trip to Andover for last of Celeb. Series . . . Mr. Segovia with the Spanish guitar.
- 14—"Cinerama Holiday" in a bob sled.
- 15—Bad study habits . . . are you interested in art? . . . you *must* be a "B" or better student . . . Miss Drew with handwriting lesson #1.

MAY

- 3—Badminton tournament finally ends . . . Cae the victor . . . beautiful games, Nicky and Anne.
- 5—streamers galore . . . men at last . . . Prom has finally arrived .
- 5—Alumnae return . . . lobster and chicken . . . Glee Club concert . . . do you know the words? . . . Serenade to a Lemonade
- 24—Get set, go . . . furious splashing . . . beautiful form . . . tie, tie, tie . . . Kava wins swimming meet of 1956 by two point margin.
- 25—Catch that fly . . . watch that pitch . . . it's over the fence . . . Cae beats Kava in second team baseball game.
- 25—Honor your partner, honor your corner . . . dig for the oyster, dig for the clam . . . gallons of punch . . . noisy fun.
- 28—Kava revenges Cae . . . sends ball into bushes, over fences . . . Cae tries to come back, but Kava crashes through 41 to 17.
- 31—Cae and Kava suppers . . . raw hamburgers, ice cream grab bag . . . nominations for offices.

JUNE

- 1—Senior class . . . 29 undergrads . . . down you go . . . hurrah for the seniors.
- 1—Senior Supper at Mrs. MacGay's . . . singing at dusk . . . look!! There I am! . . . movies of past to present.
- 2—Singing Beach in the semi-semi-sun . . . hot dogs galore . . . but you have had three already!! .
- 3—Rogers Hall is honored at All Souls Church . . . Baccalaureate.
- 4—Crazy verses . . . tons of food . . . Senior Luncheon . . . screeches and screams as new offices announced . . . Will and Prophecy read.
- 4—Commencement play commences . . . Southern Belle as Precious Stream . . . curtain closes for 1956.



CAE HOCKEY

Left to right, row one: Patsy Rosenshine, Barbara Morse, Rosamond Wile, Virginia Kiser.
Left to right, row two: Tamsen Sears, Sally Allen, Ruth Traub, Linda Wiese, Julie Eiseman, Susan Morse, Anne Rolfe, Vanessa Noble (Manager).



KAVA HOCKEY

Left to right, row one: Penny Allen, Priscilla Babson, Carolyn Abbott, Rita Lamontagne.
Left to right, row two: Jane Jefferson, Carolyn Bowes, Appley Adams, Judith Kochs, Naomi Sherman, Cherry Powers (Manager).



BEAR AND LION

Left to right, row one: Melanie Sulouff, Lyn Robinson; *Left to right, row two:* Diana Purdy, Barbara Sack, Pamela Rand; *row three:* Stephanie Healey, Julie Eiseman.



STUDENT COUNCIL

Left to right, row one: Naomi Sherman, Anne Rolfe; *Left to right, row two:* Barbara Sack, Louise Hanson, Carol Sue Rosenblum; *Left to right, row three:* Virginia Kiser, Julia Hutson, Constance Shoesmith.



SPLINTERS BOARD

Left to right, row one: Vanessa Noble, Audrey Hockmeyer, Carol Sue Rosenblum, Carolyn Abbott, Penny Allen, Turner Baker, Cherry Powers, Constance Shoesmith. *Left to right, row two:* Julie Eiseman, Julia Hutson, Tamsen Sears, Sally Allen, Virginia Brown, Judith Parker.

<i>Papa</i>	Judith Kochs
<i>Dagmar</i>	Barbara Morse
<i>Christine</i>	Linda Wiese
<i>Nels</i>	Joanne Draper
<i>Mr. Hyde</i>	Marie Bright
<i>Aunt Trina</i>	Rosamond Wile
<i>Aunt Sigrid</i>	Sally Allen
<i>Aunt Jenny</i>	Barbara Sack
<i>Bell Boy</i>	Sarah Robinson
<i>Hotel Guest</i>	Nancy McGrath
<i>Hotel Guest</i>	Pamela Rand
<i>Hotel Guest</i>	Cheryl Powers
<i>Florence Dana Moorehead</i>	Gail Stainsby

STAFF

<i>Lights</i>	Mariam Rand Carolyn Abbott
<i>Make up</i>	Sarah Fisher Lucy Meyer Carol Sue Rosenblum
<i>Scenery</i>	Carolyn Bowes Sondra Byam Charlotte Marsh Nancy McGrath Elaine Vargis
<i>Properties</i>	Vanessa Noble Gail Rockwell Patricia Rosenshine Naomi Sherman Tamsen Sears

V. A. B.

ANDOVER DANCE

On December 4, a "long, (oxford) gray line" was seen disappearing into the gymnasium and various curious heads bedecked with curlers peeping out the front windows—eyes agog!

Yes, the Andover Glee Club had finally arrived—and the 8'n 1, I might add! After remarks like—"They're here!" . . . "Oh, but I didn't see _____!" . . . "Maybe there's another bus.", and a few last minute touches (and changes), we found ourselves being serenaded by eighty masculine voices in a gym transformed to the theme of "Blue Moon"—"Begin the Beguine" seemed to be favorite!

After introductions and a delicious dinner we returned to the gym for the highly anticipated dance—which filled all our expectations. Everyone seemed to be having a wonderful time!

During intermission the hopeful octet made their debut of 1955, which put the finishing touches on a most successful evening!

C. P.

CHRISTMAS VESPERS

Candles glowed softly from every corner of the transformed study hall as the annual Christmas service got off to a start with the singing of "It Came Upon A Midnight Clear." The Glee Club sang several carols and various literary selections were presented by students to show all aspects of Christmas. Louise Hanson, president of Student Council, did a wonderful job of reading the traditional selection from the Bible and conducting the service.

Then the seniors' big moment had arrived . . . Mrs. MacGay took charge of the proceedings and presented each senior with a heavy gold ring bearing the Rogers family crest and the inscription, "NOS NOSTRAQUE DEO"—Ourselves and all our possessions for God.

Thus ended the beautiful vesper service but a long time will pass before anyone forgets it—especially the seniors.

S. F.

THE CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

Bit by bit, hour by hour the great day approached. After weeks of rehearsals, caroling sessions, peacock making and tree cutting, the time had come. Tuesday night, December 13, 1955, Rogers Hall School presented its Christmas Pageant with everyone participating. A sizeable audience came to watch us perform our dances, carols and dramatic acts. We are sure that there has never been a better, more successful 'Pageant'.

SAINT FRANCIS KEEPS CHRISTMAS AT GRECCIO 1223

A Christmas Pageant BY CONSTANCE ALEXANDER

Characters in the order of appearance

<i>Well boy</i>	Barbara Morse
<i>Lame boy</i>	Rosamund Wile
<i>Old Man</i>	Victoria Kiser
<i>Peasant</i>	Barbara Sack
<i>Seneschetl</i>	Julie Eiseman
<i>Seneschal</i>	Julie Eiseman
<i>Sir John of Greccio</i>	Maria Bright
<i>Lady of Sir John</i>	Tamsen Sears
<i>Children of Sir John</i>	Carolyn Reynolds Sarah Robinson
<i>Jester</i>	Patricia Chalmers
<i>Lord of Misrule</i>	Linda Wiese
<i>Foresters</i>	Lucy Meyer Apply Adams
<i>The Cooks</i>	Carol Sue Rosenblum Cheryl Powers Pamela Rand Nancy McGrath Sally Allen
<i>Child</i>	Suellen MacCarthy
<i>Leader of Carollers</i>	Ruth Traub
<i>Strolling Singer</i>	Gail Stainsby
<i>Saint Francis</i>	Julie Hutson
<i>Brother Massio</i>	Jennifer Gang
<i>Monk</i>	Carol Bowes
<i>Priest</i>	Stephanie Healy
<i>Acolyte</i>	Edna Studley

V. A. G.



THREE SCENES FROM "ST. FRANCIS"



CAE VOLLEYBALL

Left to right, row one: Charlotte Marsh, Patsy Rosenshine, Mariella Pomar.
Left to right, row two: Barbara Morse, Rosamond Wile, Ruth Traub, Anne Rolfe, Virginia Kiser, Susan Morse, Harriet Moore (Manager).



KAVA VOLLEYBALL

Left to right, row one: Rita Lamontagne, Penny Allen, Maria Bright.
Left to right, row two: Priscilla Babson, Carolyn Abbott, Judy Kochs, Georgene Walkley, Naomi Sherman, Nicole Barson, Nena Lindenberg (Manager).

THE VOLLEYBALL GAME

Red skirts, white blouses, blue skirts, yellow sweaters. Must be a game today. There is, the middle of January is always when we have the volleyball game and today is the eighteenth. Kava had the balcony and Cae the stage when the second teams squared off facing each other across the net. The reds took the blues with a margin of 13 points, leaving the final score 47-34.

The next game, however, was not such a definite victory for the Caes won with a close score of 37-34. With much good spirit the teams parted with cries of, "Wait for the basketball game." Congratulations to both teams.

FIRST TEAM

KAVA

Lindenberg, Manager
Allen, P., Captain
Babson
Barson
Abbott
Draper
Bright
Kochs
Sherman

SUBS

Lamontagne
Walkley

CAE

Moore, Manager
Rand, M., Captain
Kiser
Marsh
Morse, S.
Rolfe
Wile
Pomar
Traub

SUBS

Morse, B.
Rosenshine

SECOND TEAM

CAE

Van Horne
Allen, S.
Cook
Rand, P.
Rosenblum
Parker
Jacques
Sulouff

SUBS

Wiese, Captain
Stone

KAVA

Adams
Bowes
Purdy
Collins
Fisher
Powers
Capen
Lancaster

SUBS

Hockmeyer, Captain
Sternberg

J. H.

EXETER DANCE

Anticipation . . . aspiration . . . action!!
Buses . . . bustle . . . boys!!
Decorations . . . dreams . . . dance!!
January 21 . . . (what is it?)
EXETER GLEE CLUB DANCE!!!

C. P.

THREE PILLS IN A BOTTLE

BY
RACHEL FIELD

The first of two plays given at the close of winter term set the mood for an evening of comedy with a play which dealt with pills, posies, pains and souls. The play was directed by Mrs. Koelsch and the characters were:

Time: Now or Then

Place: Anywhere or nowhere

<i>Tony Sims</i>	Joanne Draper
<i>The Widow Sims</i>	Joan Goodale
<i>A Middle-Aged Gentleman</i>	Nancy MaGrath
<i>His Soul</i>	Sally Robinson
<i>A Scissors Grinder</i>	Pamela Rand
<i>His Soul</i>	Maria Bright
<i>A Scrubwoman</i>	Elaine Vargis
<i>Her Soul</i>	Vicki Kiser

SUNDAY COSTS FIVE PESOS!!

Sunday Costs Five Pesos!! How and why this was true was revealed to us in a short but very enjoyable space of time. This funny farce was talked of long after its performance on the twentieth day of March. The play was skillfully directed by Mrs. Koelsch and ably enacted by the following players:

Scene: Northern Mexico

Time: The present

[illegible]

V. A. B.

CAE-KAVA BASKETBALL GAME

The club caps at breakfast on the fourteenth of March were heralds of what the ensuing afternoons would bring. The second teams were amazingly well matched and after about twenty minutes of seeing them play no one was surprised that the outcome was a 15 to 15 tie.

At 3:30 the following afternoon the biggest game of the winter term got underway. The two teams matched each other for the first half, then the Caes pulled ahead. At this point some people settled back in their seats expecting the same outcome as last year's game but these foolish few were soon jolted out of their respective states of lethargy. The red seemed to almost stand still while the Kavas climbed slowly up until they had tied and then passed the mighty Caes, who for the rest of the game never recovered from the shock. However, any lingering doubts **that people had about Cae spirit** went up in smoke, for the red and blue joined together in congratulation and regret.

FIRST TEAM

KAVA

Bright, Manager
Bowes, Captain
Babson
Abbott
Allen, P.
Draper
Sherman

CAE

Rosenblum, Manager
Morse, B., Captain
Wile
Allen, S.
Traub
Rolfe
Rand, B.



SCENES FROM "I REMEMBER MAMA" AND "SUNDAY COSTS FIVE PESOS"



CAE BASKETBALL

Left to right, row one: Charlotte Marsh, Barbara Morse, Patsy Rosenshine,
Left to right, row two: Rosamond Wile, Ruth Traub, Anne Rolfe, Sally Allen, Susan Morse,
 Barbara Van Horne, Carol Sue Rosenblum (Manager).



KAVA BASKETBALL

Left to right, row one: Carolyn Abbott, Priscilla Babson, Carolyn Bowes, Penny Allen, Patricia Lancaster.
Left to right, row two: Kim Collins, Appley Adams, Patsy Chalmers, Naomi Sherman, Nicole Barson, Maria Bright, (Manager).

SUBS

Collins
Barson
Lancaster
Adams
Chalmers

SUBS

Morse, S.
Marsh
Van Horne
Rosenshine

29-22

SECOND TEAM

KAVA

Walkley, Captain
Robinson, L.
Chalmers
Kochs
Rockwell
McGrath

SUBS

Gang
Hockmeyer
Fisher
Sternberg

CAE

Churchill, Captain
Moore
Eiseman
Cook
Puckett
Rand, P.

SUBS

Shoesmith
Brown
Parker
Jacques

15-15

J. H.

PROM

Along came May fifth bringing slews of males to our doorstep once again. With senior porch the main attraction (for seniors!) and the melodious music of Ken Reeves, a delightful time was had by all. Although it poured on Sunday, Mrs. Tremble's traditional steak breakfast tasted just as good in the dining room as it would have if eaten out on the lawn.

C. P.

CAE-KAVA SWIM MEET

The swim meet was this year, as others, a splashing success. The Kava Queens and the Cae Cuties did dampish battle with each other for a little over one-half hour. Both teams were so evenly matched (weight, height, hair and eye color included) that there were four ties. "It was a good meet!" quote Carol Bowes, who swam off the tie which broke the Cae lead of one point and pushed Kava over the line giving them a two-point winning margin.

CAE

Wiese, Manager
Meyer, Captain
Wile
Baker
Morse, B.
Rand, P.
Parker
Van Horne

SUB

Traub

KAVA

Byam, Manager
Purdy, Captain
Lamontagne
Babson
Allen, P.
Bowes
Estes
Bright

SUB

Hockmeyer

87½ to 85½

J. H.

CAE-KAVA SOFTBALL GAME

I am the Cae bear. You've probably seen me at all of the games because I am always displayed in a prominent place. That is, I always have been until recently. Last year I was carried to the games with screaming and cheering. This year, however, I have been treated with barely passing respect. As a result, the Caes have faltered. This was the case at the baseball game. To show you what I mean—at the second team game I was sitting up the whole game, and as a result the Caes won 25-13. At the first team game when I was finally picked up off the ground where I had been lying flat on my back since the beginning, it was the seventh inning and my Caes were trailing 39-4. As soon as I could see what was going on, there was an amazing rally and we surged on to make it 39-21. Of course, by then it was almost no use because the blues had played a terrific game and had a huge margin. When the game was over I said "hello" to the Kava lion, gave Bill my best and then joined the circle around Miss Miltimore to watch her unwrap her wedding gift from the clubs—a beautiful, silver, sandwich plate. I wish we could end every game with such fun. Heigh-ho, perhaps next year.

FIRST TEAM

KAVA

Fisher, Manager
Adams, Captain
Babson
Abbott
Healey
Kochs
Bowes
Barson
Allen, P.
Hanson, L.

SUB

Sternberg

CAE

Rosenblum, Manager
Allen, S., Captain
Noble
Meyer
Wile
Morse, S.
Morse, B.
Eiesman
Marsh
Wiese

SUBS

Rand, P
Churchill
Rolfe

SECOND TEAM

KAVA

Sherman, Captain
Collins
Powers
Purdy
LaMontagne
Bright
Walkley
Chalmers
Freeman

SUB

Fiske

CAE

Traub, Captain
McCarthy
Wolf
Rosenblum
Sears
Puckett
Parker
Van Horne
Cook

SUBS

Stainsby
Shoesmith

J. H.



CAE SOFTBALL

Left to right, row one: Vanessa Noble, Anne Rolfe, Sally Allen, Susan Morse, Charlotte Marsh.

Left to right, row two: Linda Wiese, Lucy Meyer, Pamela Rand, Rosamond Wile, Barbara Morse, Avis Churchill, Julie Eiseman, Patsy Rosenshine (Manager).



KAVA SOFTBALL

Left to right, row one: Priscilla Babson, Carolyn Bowes, Appley Adams, Penny Allen, Nicole Barson.

Left to right, row two: Suzie Fisher (Manager), Stephanie Healey, Carolyn Abbott, Judith Kochs, Sally Sternberg, Louise Hanson.



CAE SWIMMING

Left to right, row one: Ruth Traub, Barbara Van Horne; *row two:* Pamela Rand, Lucy Meyer, Judith Parker; *row three:* Turner Baker, Rosamond Wile, Barbara Morse, Linda Wiese (Manager).



KAVA SWIMMING

Left to right, row one: Tory Estes, Audrey Hockmeyer; *row two:* Carolyn Bowes, Diana Purdy, Penny Allen; *row three:* Rita Lamontagne, Maria Bright, Priscilla Babson, Sondra Byam (Manager).



CAE CHEERLEADERS

Left to right, row one: Lucy Meyer, Virginia



KAVA CHEERLEADERS

Left to right, row one: Naomi Sherman, Elaine

BACCALAUREATE

All Souls Church was nearly filled when the two rows of seniors took their places in the pews marked with white ribbon. It was a solemn occasion, as it was the last Sunday we would all be together. Although Mrs. MacGay was not able to be with us physically, we realized that she was indeed with us emotionally and spiritually throughout the service.

Mr. Johnson gave us a thoughtful address entitled, "Where Two Roads Meet", and following the service, punch and cookies were served for everyone. Afterward, the group broke up a bit reluctantly for most of us realized that things would never again be quite the same.

S. F.

CLASS DAY

At one-fifteen on June fourth, an overflowing crowd of parents, teachers and students sat down to the traditional senior luncheon. Each senior read her amusing verse and then it was Miss Ramsey's turn to carry on for our absent lady principal. After having "some of her thunder stolen" in the form of a note written to us from Mrs. MacGay, Miss Ramsay made an amusing, informal speech that was a fitting climax to a wonderful meal.

Everyone then went to the study-hall for the annual awarding of the athletic prizes and club cups. We were all proud and happy to learn that Appley Adams is Kava's president for next year with Maria Bright as vice-president, and Julie Eisman president for Cae with Patsy Rosenshine as vice-president.

Then the seniors presented the prophecy and will and Carol Sue Rosenblum read a poem that recalled happy times at Rogers Hall. The singing of the undergrad and senior songs ended the exercises for another year.

CLUB CUPS

CAE
Hockey
Volleyball

KAVA
Basketball
Swimming
Softball

INDIVIDUAL AWARDS

Badminton
Tennis Cup
Posture Cup

Anne Rolfe
Ruth Traub
Rita Lamontagne

RED CROSS ADVANCED SWIMMERS AWARDS

Priscilla Babson
Suth Fisher
Jennifer Gang
Audrey Hockmeyer
Rita Lamontagne

Cheryl Powers
Gail Stainsby
Ruth Traub
Barbara Van Horne
Rosamond Wile

RED CROSS SWIMMERS AWARDS

Judy Kochs
Gail Rockwell

Deborah Hanson
Pamela Rand

RED CROSS INTERMEDIATES AWARDS

Carolyn Abbott

Nicole Barson

RED CROSS LIFE SAVING AWARDS

Sally Allen
Carol Bowes
Julie Eiseman
Audrey Hockmeyer
Lucy Meyer

Cheryl Powers
Gail Rockwell
Barbara Van Horne
Linda Wiese

R.H. AWARDS—Given to those who have earned a total of fifty or more points given for athletic ability, captains, managers, water-ballet, life-saving, good sportsmanship, posture, attitude and neatness.

CAE

Sally Allen
Barbara Ann Morse
Susan Morse
Ann Rolfe
Patsy Rosenshine
Ruth Traub
Barbara Van Horne
Linda Wiese
Rosamond Wile

KAVA

Carolyn Abbott
Appley Adams
Penny Allen
Priscilla Babson
Carolyn Bowes
Maria Bright
Audrey Hockmeyer
Judy Kochs
Rita Lamontagne
Naomi Sherman

NEATNESS AWARDS

Hall Jane Jefferson and Carol Sue Rosenblum
House Connie Shoemith and Nicole Barson
Shedd Nola Sundin

S. F.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM

BY S. I. HSIUNG

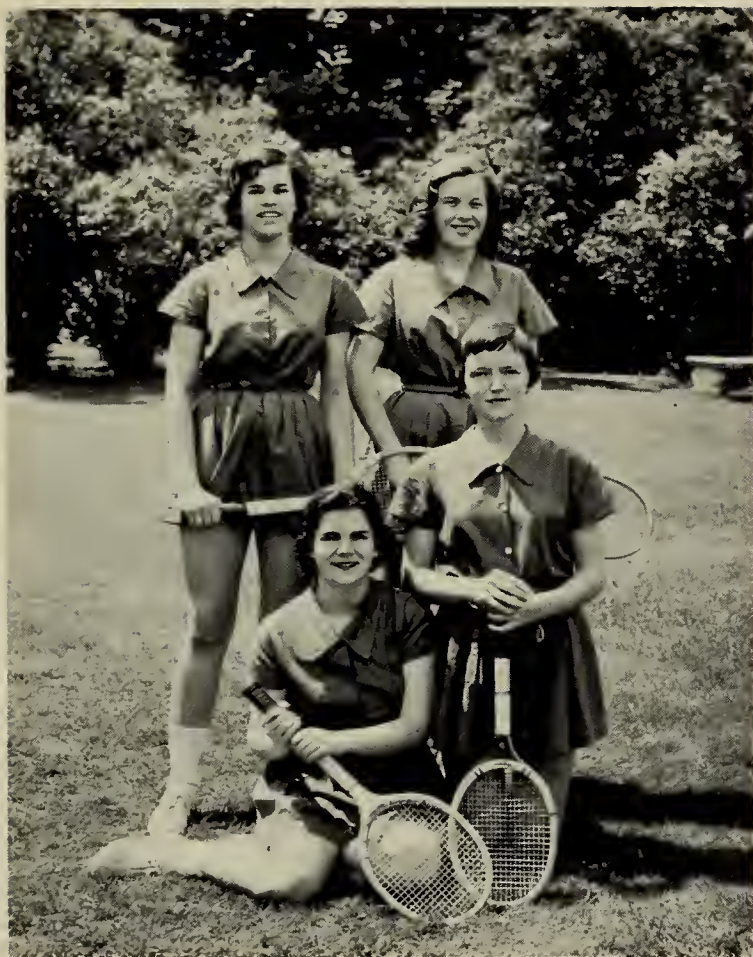
An Old Chinese Play Done in the Traditional Style

The night of June 4 was the big night. After weeks of hectic rehearsals, through exams and a little muggy weather the time had finally come for the ultimate test. It was a success! The seniors bowed their way amusingly through their Oriental lines while the undergraduates swept across the stage.

Mrs. Koelsch's patience and guidance were appreciated and we thank her sincerely for her hard work which was well done.

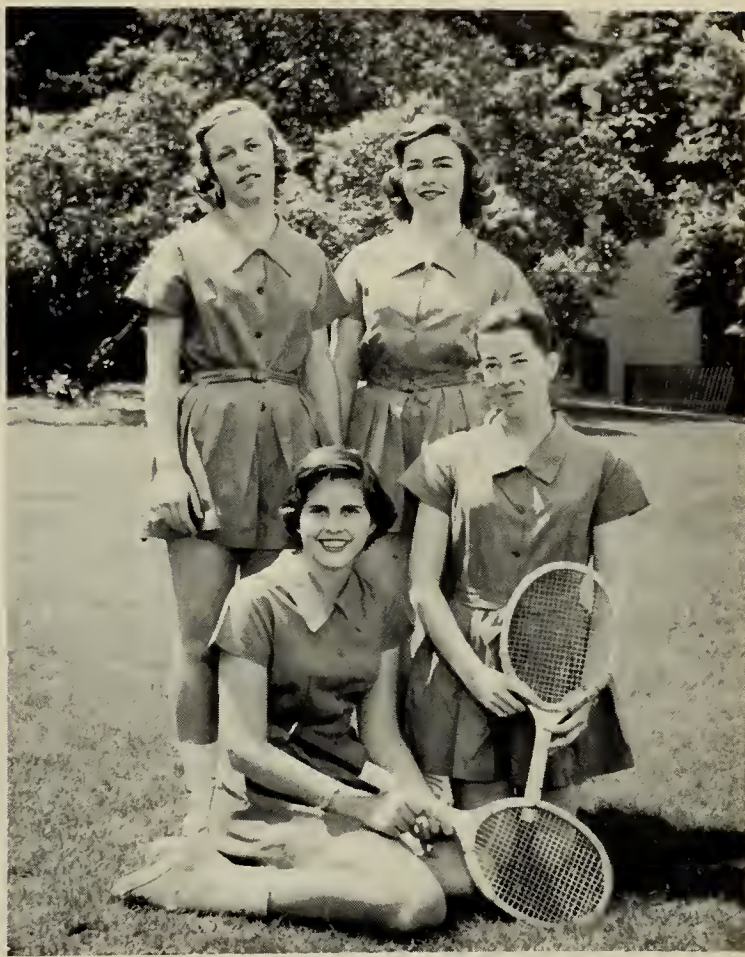
CAST OF CHARACTERS

<i>Honorable Readers</i>	Carolyn Abbott, Julie Eiseman, Anne Rolfe
<i>Property Men</i>	Carolyn Bowes, Gail Rockwell
<i>1st Attendant</i>	Barbara Morse
<i>2nd Attendant</i>	Nola Sundin
<i>His Excellency Wang Yun, the Prime Minister</i>	Judith Kochs
<i>Madame Wang, his wife</i>	Gail Stainsby
<i>Her Maid</i>	Carolyn Reynolds
<i>Su, the Dragon General, elder son-in-law</i>	Penny Allen
<i>Wei, the Tiger General, second son-in-law</i>	Harriet Moore
<i>Golden Stream, the eldest daughter</i>	Sue Fisher



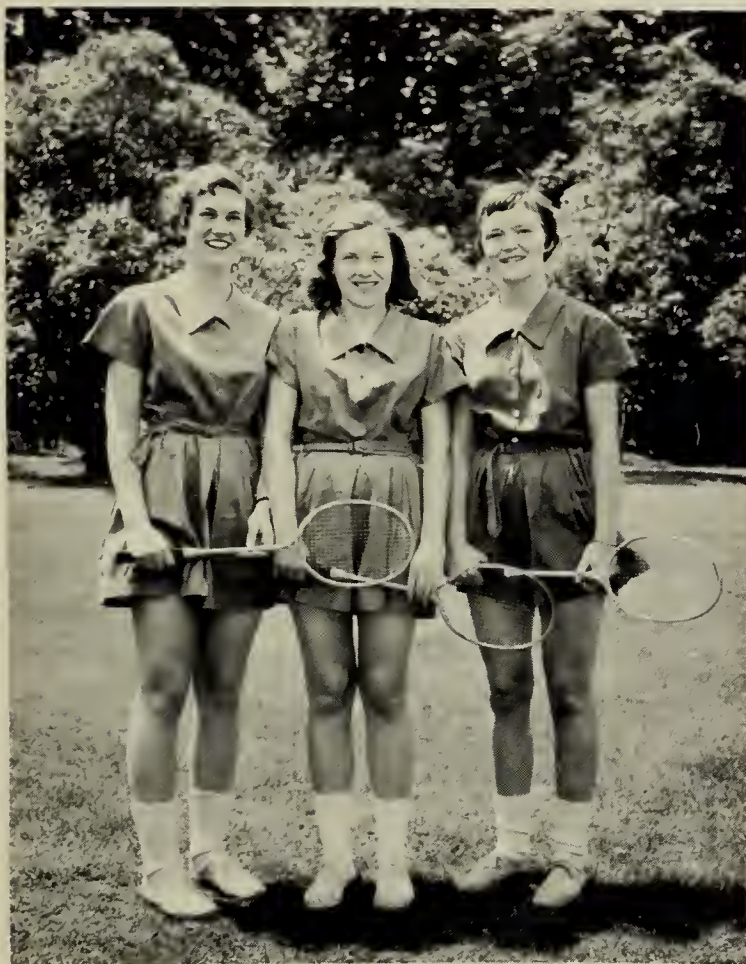
CAE TENNIS

Left to right, row one: Ruth Traub, Rosamond Wile; row two: Barbara Morse, Anne Rolfe.



KAVA TENNIS

Left to right, row one: Maria Bright, Kim Collins; row two: Carolyn Abbott, Appley Adams.



CAE BADMINTON

Barbara Morse, Anne Rolfe, Rosamond Wile, Kim Collins (missing).



KAVA BADMINTON

Maria Bright, Carolyn Bowes, Naomi Sherman, Rita Lamontagne.



THREE SCENES FROM "LADY PRECIOUS STREAM"

<i>Silver Stream, the second daughter</i>	Ruth Traub
<i>Precious Stream, the third daughter</i>	Vicki Kiser
<i>Her Maid</i>	Barbara Sack
<i>Hsieh Ping-Kuei, the gardener</i>	Julie Hutson
<i>Suitors</i>	Sally Allen, Maria Bright, Sondra Byam, Linda Wiese
<i>1st Soldier</i>	Sally Sternberg
<i>2nd Soldier</i>	Naomi Sherman
<i>Western Attendants</i>	Nola Sundin, Elaine Vargis
<i>Princess of the Western Regions</i>	Rosamond Wile
<i>Her Maids</i>	Cheryl Powers, Carol Sue Rosenblum
<i>Ma Ta</i>	
<i>Kiang Hai</i> <i>her aides-de-camp</i>	Stephanie Healey, Barbara Morse
<i>Warden</i>	Sally Allen
<i>General Mu</i>	Turner Baker
<i>Edict Bearer</i>	Pamela Rand
<i>Executioner</i>	Linda Wiese
<i>Minister of Foreign Affairs</i>	Roselynn Puckett

STAFF

<i>Director</i>	Mrs. Beulah Hubbard Koelsch
<i>Musical Effects</i>	Charlotte Marsh
<i>Painting of Scenery</i>	Art Department, Mrs. Katherine Weller Turner Baker, Sondra Byam, Harriet Moore
<i>Lights</i>	Carolyn Abbott, Elizabeth Cook
<i>Make-up</i>	Cynthia Capen, Pamela Rand, Carol Sue Rosenblum
<i>Properties</i>	Carol Bowes, Gail Rockwell, Appley Adams
<i>Stage Calls</i>	Elaine Vargis
<i>Costumes</i>	Carolyn Abbott, Penny Allen, Gail Stainsby

V. A. B.

COMMENCEMENT

June fifth dawned bright and clear to greet the sixty-second Commencement Day at Rogers Hall. Mrs. MacGay was certainly missed by everyone on this beautiful morning, but it helped to have a personal word from her read to us by Miss Ramsay, who took her place in that respected position.

From our Commencement Speaker, Rev. A. Graham Baldwin of Andover, we were left thoughts of the significance of choice in our lives as they lay before us. Then, after the conferring of diplomas, the presentation of the Senior Gift to the school and the bestowing of honors, the Seniors went their way down the aisle.

To her Class of '56 Rogers Hall has indeed bid an unforgettable farewell!

AWARDS AND HONORS

The Underhill Honor—College Preparatory (85%)

SARAH FISHER

Parsons Award (80%)—General Course

LOUISE HANSON

Honor Roll—Average (85%) or above

JULIE EISEMAN

BABARA SACK

SARAH FISHER

NAOMI SHERMAN

JOAN GOODALE

CONSTANCE SHOESMITH

LYNNE ROBINSON

SALLY STERNBERG

SARAH ROBINSON

GEORGENE WALKLEY

PATRICIA ROSENSHINE

Helen Hill Award—CAROLYN ABBOTT

Athletic Cup—PRISCILLA BABSON

Art Prize—TURNER BAKER

Dramatics—JULIA HUTSON

Honorable Mention—VIRGINIA KISER

Bible—NAOMI SHERMAN

Honorable Mention

BARSON NICOLE

CHARLOTTE MARSH

VIRGINIA KISER

CONSTANCE SHOESMITH

Music Appreciation—NAOMI SHERMAN

Honorable Mention

CAROLYN ABBOTT — JUDITH KOCHS — ROSAMOND WILE

Current Events

DIANE COLLINS—Class and Assembly

SALLY ALLEN—Assembly only

Honorable Mention

LOUISE HANSON

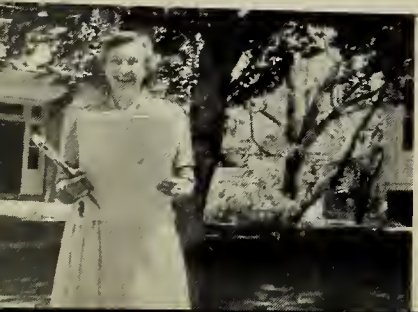
NAOMI SHERMAN

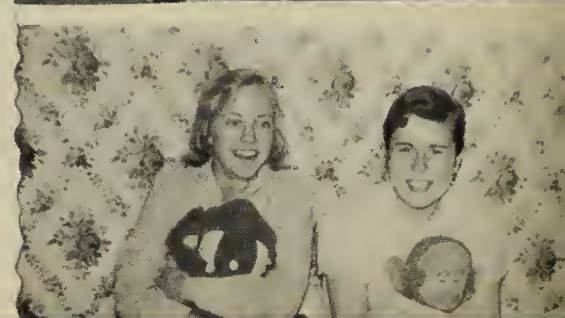
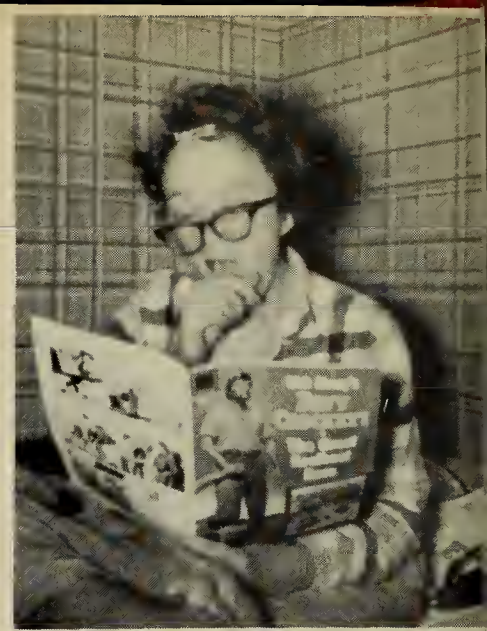
Splinters

Essay—NOLA SUNDIN

Poetry—CHERYL POWERS

C. A.









Alumnae News

Engagements

Mary Lou Kilbourn to Mr. Edward F. Duffy of Clinton, Massachusetts. Mr. Duffy attended the Newman Preparatory School. He served with the armed forces for two years during the Korean War.

Mary Patterson Lynch, better known as "Patty", to Mr. Albert Alexander of Andover, Massachusetts. Mr. Alexander was graduated from the Lawrenceville School and Brown University.

Marriages

March 9, 1956—Sally McDonald to Mr. Dean Vincent Firth in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan.

April 7, 1956—Catherine Welch to Mr. William Joseph Clancy in Lowell, Massachusetts. Mr. Clancy is stationed with the 6623rd test squadron at Hanscom Air Force base in Bedford, Massachusetts. For the present Mr. and Mrs. Clancy are living in an apartment in Lowell.

June 2, 1956—Nancy Harvey to Mr. David Vere Shaw in Lowell, Massachusetts. Dorcas Farrington was one of Nancy's bridesmaids. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw will make their home in Bay Shore, New York.

Births

A daughter, Cynthia Alice, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald J. Post, Jr., (Janice Smith) on January 1, 1956, in Germany.

Twin sons, Thomas Linton and Robert Walker, to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Kelly, Jr., (Jeanne Wise) on April 16, 1956. Jeanne writes, "I might have gotten started late in this married life, but sure am making up for lost time!"

General

The alumnae will be sorry to learn that, for the first time in twenty-five years, Mrs. MacGay was unable to be at school for Commencement. This has been a very strenuous spring term for her as our enlarged enrollment for the coming year proves, and unfortunately she did a little too much. On May 25th her doctor ordered her to go to The Lowell General Hospital for a complete rest. At that time she thought that she would be allowed to return to school for Commencement but the doctor wisely kept her in the hospital until June 11th. You may imagine that this did not appeal to "the Lady Principal" at all. She wrote or had her nurses telephone instructions to the school continuously. Of course she was terribly disappointed not to be on hand to say "Good-bye" to the Class of 1956 or to welcome personally their families and friends. In the account of Commencement in this issue you will read that Miss Ramsay did an excellent job of "pinch-hitting" for Mrs. MacGay. Shirley Coburn Wilson and Mr. Charles Fairbanks engineered a tape-recording of the entire Commencement exercises, so a day or two later, Mrs. MacGay had great pleasure in

hearing it all in her hospital room. As this is being written she is in her beloved Seal Harbor on the island of Mount Desert, Maine, for a few weeks. Her doctor assures us that after a restful summer she will be fully recuperated and completely ready for the fall term.

We were sorry to learn that Dorothy Hunter Higgons has also had a siege in the hospital and we hope that she, too, is feeling much better now. Dorothy wrote also that Joan Davidson has remarried and is now Mrs. Herbert Hartley. The Hartleys have a new home in Scarsdale, New York.

Margarita Filer has been at the University of Wisconsin this year getting her M. A. in English. Her mother wrote that Mary Jane Filer Platt will only be at her home in Erie, Pennsylvania, during vacation periods for the next two years, as Mary Jane's husband, "Skip", is returning to law school this September.

We were very much interested in a letter from Charmion Lyon Hardy, who lives at 205 Woodland Road, Kentfield, California. Charmion has a daughter, Susan, who is ten years old, and an eight year old son, Jeffery. Her letter was a request for a transcript of her secondary school education as she plans to take a course of study at The University of California in order to get her teacher's credential within about ten years. By that time her children will be grown-up enough for her to be able to devote her time to a career as an elementary school teacher, where the demand seems most acute. Charmion certainly is entitled to congratulations for having so much ambition in such a worthy cause!

Audrey Ward Atkins recently visited school with her two sons, Kim, nine years old, and Rodney, six. The Atkins family now live in a lovely old house on the shore in Saybrook, Connecticut, where their address is Oyster River Road. Her husband, Alfred, whom she calls "Tommy", has his office in Essex. All in all, Audrey says that life is very good in every way.

Dorothea Helt Brandon writes that she was happy to see Priscilla Ball Martin in Florida this winter and that occasionally she has a reunion with Lillian Andrew Barraclough. Dorothea wonders if it would be possible to have a BIG reunion sometime!

We were sorry that our very late spring kept Elizabeth Bennett from being with us on Founder's Day. Her trek to New England was delayed because of weather while she stayed on in her winter home in Beaufort, South Carolina.

Through our Founder's Day invitations we discovered that several of our alumnae have new addresses. Blanche Southwell Shipton has moved to 23 Waverly Street in Pittsfield, Massachusetts; Eleanor Williams Sloan to Woodside Road, Topsfield, Massachusetts. Susan Tuttle Griffith now lives at 54 Butler Street, Westbury, Long Island, New York. Ethel Gorton Kerr's new address in Gloucester, Massachusetts, is Eastern Point Boulevard, and Lorraine Dancause Means has moved from Holyoke to South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts, where her address is 75 Granby Road. We have also discovered that Nancy Robertson Wight now lives in Cranford, New Jersey.

We also learned from the Founder's Day responses the following bits of news: Martha Dow is at Chapel Hill in North Carolina where she is working for her M.A. in dramatic arts; Elizabeth Ann Edge has a position with The School for Advanced International Studies in Washington; Virginia Miner is a stewardess with American Airlines, based in New York; and Dorothy Drewson Puffer is now Mrs. James E. Haley. Dorothy still lives in Winchester, Massachusetts.

Ruth Nitschelm, who has been a student at The Henry W. Putnam Memorial Hospital School of Practical Nursing in Bennington, Vermont, has received her cap. Ruth was unable to be here for Founder's Day, as at that time she was attending a convention in Chicago. She did stop in to see us earlier this spring, however. She was most enthusiastic about her chosen field.

A letter from Adele "Topsy" Wieber Cuddihy to Mrs. MacGay tells us that she has three children and so, of course, is a very busy lady. The Cuddihys built a house in the country in Connecticut a few years ago which has quite a lot of land where the children can roam. Her husband, she says, isn't very fond of commuting to New York, but nevertheless he agrees that living in the country is wonderful.

Phyllis Heifetz Ponty, whose marriage took place last February, has been in Wyoming, where her husband was stationed with the United States Air Force. At the time this goes to press, the Pontys are visiting their families in Massachusetts before leaving for Mr. Ponty's new assignment in Wiesbaden, Germany. The Army certainly provides a wonderful way to see the world!

We were sorry to learn of the death last December of Alice Faulkner Hadley's husband in New Port Richey, Florida.

Mrs. MacGay was also particularly sorry not to be at school when Doris Jones Miller was in this area last May. It has been a long time since Doris has been able to visit Rogers Hall and it was most disappointing that she arrived in Boston at a time when Mrs. MacGay was not here. We, who were at school, were sorry that Doris didn't come out anyhow. We would have been so happy to welcome her back to her school. Better luck next trip!

A recent letter from Judy Enos Andrews tells us how very busy she is taking care of children, plus a dog, a cat, and a bird! The Andrews home is in Norfolk, Virginia.

In our last issue we reported the marriage of Susanne Robertson to Mr. James Perrin Gork. Several Rogers Hall alumnae were members of the wedding party. Nancy Robertson Wight and Jane Robertson were their sister's matron of honor and maid of honor, respectively. Feather Fairbanks, Ann Reilly, Janet Thibault, and Dorcas Farrington were bridesmaids. Nancy's two children served as flower girls. After a wedding trip to Bermuda, Mr. and Mrs. Gork went to East Grand Rapids, Michigan, where they will make their home.

A note from Elsa Freyer tells us that she has become engaged to her Nick—sorry, we don't know the lucky young man's last name—and they plan to be married in August.

Several recent graduates were here for Commencement and we were most happy to welcome them. Anne Wellesley Howes, who is back in Andover for the summer, was one of the group. She has been in Baltimore this winter studying at The Perkins Institute of Music. Another was Pam Hollingworth, who is much excited over the prospect of taking her junior year at Smith College as an exchange student in Italy. In preparation, Pam will take a brush-up course in Italian at Middlebury College during the first part of the summer. Elaine Leary, who also was at Commencement, is equally thrilled over her coming trip to Europe. She plans to leave soon and will travel with The Skidmore Glee Club. Karlyn Herrhammer, a sophomore at Skidmore, will be in the group, and Anne Hoff is going with them, too. It should be a wonderful experience as the Glee Club is scheduled to give several concerts in various places in Europe with The Harvard Glee Club. We have not seen their exact itinerary, but we understand that they will visit six countries. Other recent graduates who were here for our big day were Charlotte Atwood, Pat James, Roberta Sherman Rosenthal, "Posh" Thompson, and Helen Yafa.

Another recent alumna who was here for Commencement was Martha Milan. We understand that Martha plans to transfer this fall from The University of Massachusetts to Lesley College where she feels that she can take more of the courses in education which are her particular interest.

Although a number of Rogers Hall alumnae who might have received degrees from various colleges this June have taken up matrimony instead, we understand that the following girls will be graduated: Sandra Fishman from Jackson College; Murney Tyler from Skidmore College; Kay Wallace from Syracuse University;

Anne Adams from Marjorie Webster Junior College, where she received the Typewriting Award; Diana Doherty from Colby Junior College; Barbara Emmons from Endicott Junior College; Joan Kuppenheimer and Demetra Tikellis from Pine Manor Junior College. We hear that Joan is to return to Pine Manor for a third year in order to continue her elementary teacher major for a program of part teaching and part college work.

Once again we have lost our teacher of physical education! Graduates of last year's class will be interested to hear of the marriage of Miss Constance Miltimore to Mr. James Wilson Blanchard on June 17, 1956, in Danvers Massachusetts. For the past two years Miss Miltimore has been with us, doing a fine job of directing the athletic program of Cae and Kava. We are sorry to lose her, but we wish her happiness in her new life. To her "Tim" we say, "Congratulations!"

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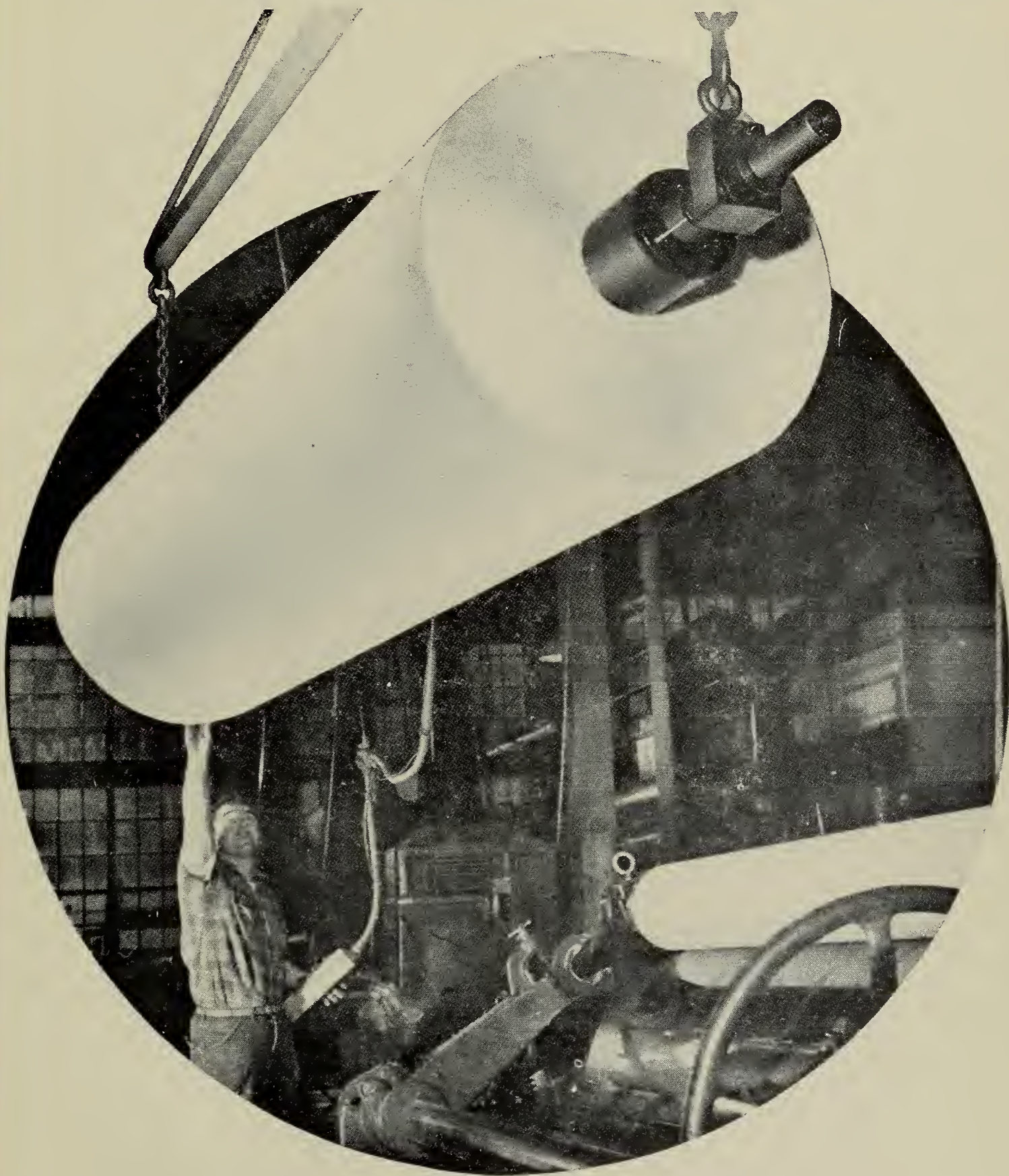
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